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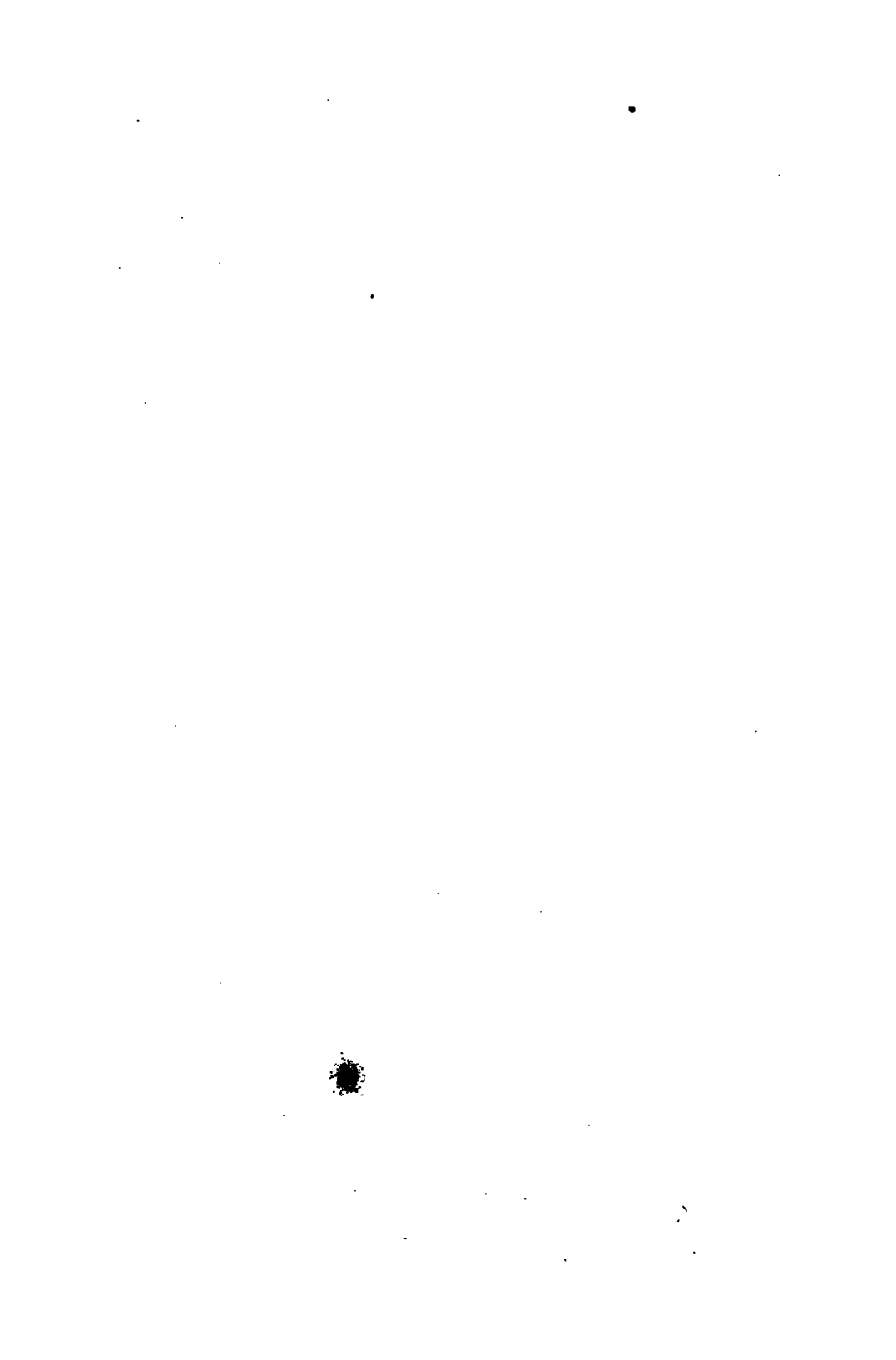
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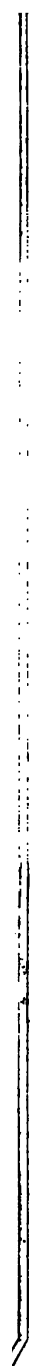
Pw. 2705 e. $\frac{487}{1829}$







THE
ANNIVERSARY.
1829.



ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECTS.	PAINTERS.	ENGRAVERS.
1. PSYCHE	Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.	J. H. Robinson
2. Vignette Title	Clarkson Stanfield . . .	W. R. Smith
3. The Lute	R. P. Bonnington . . .	C. Rolls
4. Morning	William Linton	E. Goodall
5. The Little Gleaner . . .	Sir Wm. Beechey, R. A.	E. Finden
6. The Earrings	M. A. Shee, Esq. R. A.	C. Rolls
7. The Author of Waverley*	W. Allan, A. R. A. . . .	E. Goodall
8. The Blackberry Boy . .	W. Hamilton, Esq. R. A.	W. Finden
9. The Travelled Monkey .	E. Landseer, A. R. A. . .	B. P. Gibbon
10. Chillon	Clarkson Stanfield . . :	R. Wallis
11. Pickaback	R. Westall, Esq. R. A. .	C. Rolls
12. Fonthill	J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A.	T. Croetick
13. Beatrice	H. Howard, Esq. R. A. .	S. Sangster
14. Newstead Abbey . . .	F. Danby, A. R. A. . . .	R. Wallis
15. Love me, love my Dog .	John Hoppner, Esq. R. A.	W. Greatbatch
16. The Snuffbox	F. P. Stephanoff	H. Robinson
17. The Young Cottagers . .	T. Gainsborough, Esq. R. A.	H. Robinson
18. Evening—Twilight† . .	G. Barrett	E. Goodall
19. First Presentation		
Vignette	W. Harvey	J. Thompson
20. Second Presentation		
Vignette	W. Harvey	J. Thompson

* Painted from sketches made for that purpose in Sir Walter Scott's Study at Abbotsford—a slight change has since taken place in some of the minor arrangements.

The 18th plate has been inserted in lieu of another to which an unfortunate accident has happened on the eve of its completion. This circumstance will account for its being without any Literary appendage, the volume having been previously printed off.

THE VIGNETTE on the opposite page is intended to suit the PRESENTATION of the Volume with the recurrence of ANY PARTICULAR DAY in the Year. It will be observed that the ancient "ANNIVERSARIE" has been taken to adapt it to the purpose; it is doubtful whether this expressive word of twelve letters might not as well have been spared the pruning-hook of the modern orthographer.

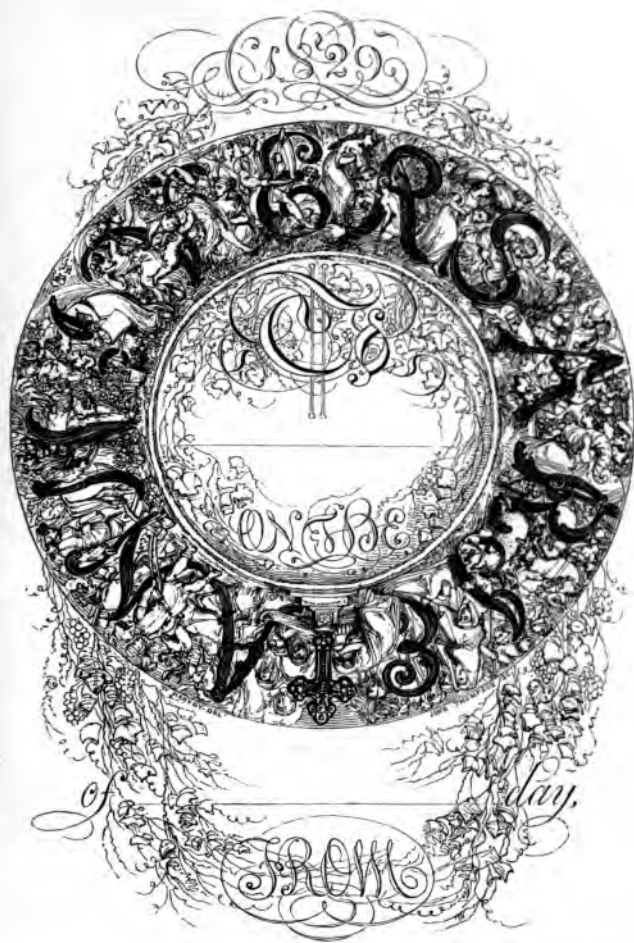
The subject matter of the circle being necessarily minute, an explanation of the figures introduced in it is subjoined.

- ♂ JAN. The Laplander and his Sledge.
- ♂ FEB. The Ploughman—The Woodman and his Dog.
- ♂ MAR. Sowing and Pruning.
- ♂ APRIL. Watering Flowers—The Rainbow.
- ♀ MAY. Dancing with Garlands.
- ♀ JUNE. Haymaking.
- ♂ JULY. Bathing.
- ♂ AUG. Reaping and Gleaning.
- ♂ SEPT. Sporting and the Vintage.
- ♂ OCT. Hunting the Boar.
- ♂ NOV. The Decline of the Year.
- ♀ DEC. Christmas—The return of THE ANNIVERSARIE.

It will be better to use the pencil, rather than the pen, for the purpose of inserting the names of the parties required.

As the first inspection of a design, of the conundrum class, sometimes occasions a momentary misconception or perplexity, it may be as well to remark that the wording, *when found out and filled up*, will resolve itself into something similar to the following

TO LADY TEAZLE, on the ANNIVERSARIE of HER WEDDING day, from SIR PETER.





Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A.

Engraved by John H. Johnson

P S Y C H E.

THE
ANNIVERSARY;

OR,

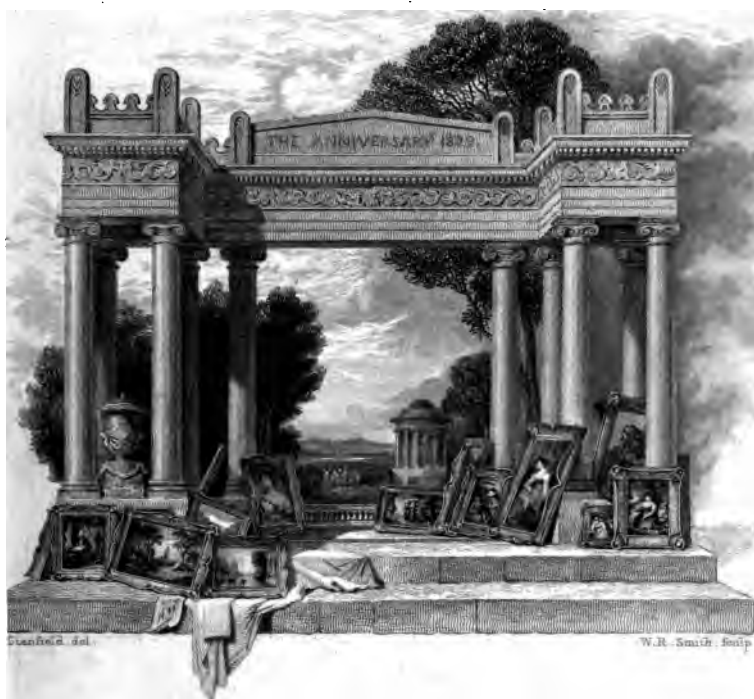
POETRY AND PROSE FOR MDCCCXXIX.

EDITED BY
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE,
DUKE STREET, PICCADILLY.
1829.

2

THE
ANNIVERSARY
1829



PUBLISHED NOV. 1. 1828. BY JOHN SHARPE.
LONDON.



TO THE
PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS
OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY,
THIS VOLUME
IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

I CANNOT dismiss this Book from my hands without expressing solicitude for its success, and my warmest thanks for the assistance of many distinguished friends. There are other works of this nature; but the Public is kind and indulgent—and while it rewards genius, allows dullness to pass quietly to oblivion. Though the country abounds with works of merit, both in art and literature, yet the land is not full; and where there is room for others, I would fain hope there may be a corner for me.

With this feeling, and confiding in the kindness of many literary friends, I undertook to collect and edit this volume; I proceeded to make my arrangements in openness and candour, and sought to accomplish all in that spirit of free trade which distinguishes the kingdom of which the pen is the sceptre. But this being the first season of my Book, I had various obstacles to surmount; there were not a few who desired my success, and yet could

only aid me with their wishes or assurances of future support; and one generous and illustrious friend, in particular, was prevented from assisting me by a circumstance which will not be in his way next year, when I shall have his effectual help. This volume, as it stands, will prove that I have friends, and good ones; men whose names would lend lustre to any undertaking, and whose personal regard, of which I am very proud, has in some instances been mingled with their communications to the "ANNIVERSARY."

I have incurred deep obligations, to the noble author of the two admirable scenes from Schiller—to the Laureate, for the honour of his pleasant poetic Epistle—to the author of the sweet and touching poem of Edderline—to the hand which supplied the very graphic description of Abbotsford—to the kindly pen which wrote the moving tale of the Martyrs, and to the translator of those simple and forcible things, the Farewell to the Year and the Prayer to the Virgin. But I must make short work with a list which ought in justice to be a long one. I have withheld, for want of space, various articles of merit, and omitted the names of the authors of several valuable communications, for reasons which pained while they satisfied me.

To the professional gentlemen whose works embellish this volume, the Proprietor expresses his grateful thanks, for their united exertions, and for many acts of individual kindness. For one, alas! this acknowledgment comes too late. Between the writing and revisal of this very page, death has deprived us of BONNINGTON—an artist, of great natural powers and rising eminence, who fell a victim to consumption in the twenty-seventh year of his age. The Lute, in this volume, is his last, and one of his happiest pictures; it was painted at Paris in May last. We looked forward with the hope of obtaining from his pencil many works of similar or higher excellence. It is too truly said, by a gifted friend, that

“ We may miss the merriest face
Among us 'gainst another year.”

While stating that this Work has been aided by men of eminence in art and in literature, I am not insensible of important obligations of another class. To the liberality of the Marquess of Stafford we owe the Earrings of Shee—to the kindness of Lord Grantham, the Psyche of Lawrence—to the Earl of Egremont, the Morning of Linton—to Sir Henry Bunbury, the Monkey that had seen the

World of Landseer—to Sir William Beechey, R. A. the Little Gleaner—to J. C. Denham, Esq. the Blackberry Boy of Hamilton; and to John Allnutt, Esq. the Fonthill of Turner.

The Publisher of this Book has been widely known these twenty-five years, from his connection with the embellished literature of the country. The works of our Poets and our Prose Classics have gained at his hand no small increase of external elegance; and artists have been largely and liberally employed in his undertakings. He has entered upon this Work with enthusiasm, pursued it with ardour, and, I hope, not altogether without success. For the next ANNIVERSARY, the Proprietor and Editor unite in promising a still more attractive volume, both in art and literature.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

27, LOWER BELGRAVE PLACE.

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THE
ANNIVERSARY.

OF the various subjects which have employed the thoughts and have been adorned by the pens of the moralist and the poet, few have been more frequently or more successfully treated than the subject of Time. The grand division of Time into the past, the present, and the future, is indeed of a character far too impressive for discussion in a page chiefly dedicated to amusement, and we leave it willingly to the philosopher and the divine. But the recurrence with the year, of the seasons, and the days of our joys and our sorrows—the theme of many a letter and many a lay—is so interwoven with our feelings that no one can upon reflection be surprised at the popular preference so manifestly shown for those Literary Works so happily united with the Arts and adapted to almost every circumstance of remembrance or presentation.

All mankind have their chosen moments, which, like the green hills touched first by the ascending sun, glow brighter than the rest of the landscape. On these they

love to think and to brood, and to recall images of departed joy and of early gladness. The man, thoughtful and sedate, tottering with years and reposing in hope, looks back with a glistening eye on one golden hour of pure enjoyment which influenced his life, and he holds ITS ANNIVERSARY in tranquil and devout joy. The matron, proud of the increasing number of her descendants, and old in years yet young in heart, when her marriage day returns, puts on her bridal jewels, clasps her husband's picture to her desolate bosom, and sees him in imagination when he bore her to the altar from the wishes of many a rival. Her flushed cheek and brightened eye tell you that she is holding her BRIDAL ANNIVERSARY.

The Youth carried by fortune to a foreign shore, when the hour of separation from his native land returns, stands and looks on one clear and stedfast star, and thinks on his mother and on the time when he left her bosom to work for her support and fulfil his vow to his dying father. He holds the ANNIVERSARY OF FILIAL AFFECTION. The wife sits in the domestic solitude of her chamber, or in the society of her husband, and lives over and over again one delicious hour, in which her heart was rewarded for its deep affection, and holds THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WELL-PLACED LOVE. The mother smiles amongst her children—sees them in imagination grow up in stature and in beauty, and thinks on the happy hour when they first came to her bosom, and holds THE ANNIVERSARY OF MATERNAL LOVE.

Behold!—if our glance may be permitted to invade

the palace of a monarch—behold the King, successful in a just war, and prosperous in an honourable peace. The hour is returned which gave him to his country, and he holds ITS ANNIVERSARY surrounded by the ambassadors of every land and of every tongue. Or see that stately figure—a man whose eye looks through you, and whose mind seems made up for all emergencies; to him the day has returned on which he saved his country on a perilous and well fought field. HIS ANNIVERSARY will never be forgotten.

But why proceed with particularizing? The three nations hold their ANNIVERSARIES individually and collectively; and, as a token to mark their remembrances, we beg to lay a volume annually before them, which for that purpose we have named THE ANNIVERSARY.

ON THE
PSYCHE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

FAIR Psyche, thou who wert renowned
Of old, and on Olympus crowned ;
Art thou come, gladsome goddess, now,
In beauty beaming, breast and brow ;
With lips like drop-ripe cherries cleft,
And tresses like Fate's charmed web ?
Art thou come with thy round white neck,
Which gold may dim, but never deck ;
Come back to man and earth again,
In loveliness to rule and reign ;
With looks too gently meek for mirth,
And more of heaven than's fit for earth ?

Thanks, Lawrence, thanks ! thy skill hath wrought
A form with soul and sense and thought.
O wondrous art ! which thus redeems
The glorious forms which glad our dreams ;
Arrests the vision when it dips
Itself in beauty to the lips :
Which calls from days far gone and dim,
Their loveliness to paint and limn.
Fair fall the art which gives of mind
And heaven as much as man can find.

Blind dreamer ! Thinkest thou Fancy e'er
Could frame a form so real and dear ?
No goddess this, with zone and star,
A baptized beauty—nobler far :
A wife—a word that's much to me,
A mother—what can brighter be ?
Can Fancy, in her happiest mood,
Like Nature work in flesh and blood ?
Create those fair ones who preside
In household state and matron pride ;
Who lull—in that dear duty blest,
The baby, happy at the breast ?
Or when man's chafed, can smile to flight
Wrath's darkness, and restore his light ?
Or when he's sick, can sit and shed
All wedlock's comfort round his bed ?
Or rise—should glory gild his name,
And share his love and feel his fame ?
Or live—should fortune frown, as one
Who ne'er had wealth or splendour known :
And trim his home and gently share
His woes and make his peace her prayer ?

Woe worth thee, Fancy ! who shall meet
Of thine aught so supremely sweet :
O'er others spread thy splendid wings,
I'm earthly, and love mortal things.

Ed.

THE WARRIOR.

His foot's in the stirrup,
 His hands on the mane—
 He is up and away,
 Shall we see him again?
 He thinks on his ladye-love,
 Little he heeds
 The levelling of lances
 Or rushing of steeds:
 He thinks on his true love,
 And rides in an armour
 Of proof woven sure
 By the spells of his charmer.

How young and how comely—
 Lo! look on him now,
 How stedfast his eye
 And how tranquil his brow;
 The gift of his ladye-love
 Glitters full gay,
 As down, like the eagle,
 He pours on his prey.
 Go, sing it in song;
 And go, tell it in story—
 He went in his strength
 And returned in his glory.

EPISTLE FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WELL, Heaven be thanked! friend Allan, here I am,
 Once more, to that dear dwelling place returned,
 Where I have passed the whole mid stage of life,
 Not idly, certes, . . not unworthily, . .
 So let me hope; where Time upon my head
 Hath laid his frore and monitory hand;
 And when this poor frail earthly tabernacle
 Shall be dissolved . . (it matters not how soon
 Or late, in God's good time;) . . where I would fain
 Be gathered to my children, earth to earth.

Needless it were to say how willingly
 I bade the huge metropolis farewell;
 Its dust and dirt and din and smoke and smut,
 Thames' water, paviments' ground, and London sky!
 Weary of hurried days and restless nights;
 Watchmen, whose office is to murder sleep,
 When sleep might else have "weighed one's eyelids
 down;"
 Rattle of carriages, and roll of carts,
 And tramp of iron hoofs; and worse than all,

(Confusion being worse confounded then
 With coachmen's quarrels, and with footmen's shouts)
 My next door neighbours, in a street not yet
 Macadamized (me miserable!) *at home!*
 For then had we, from midnight until morn,
 House-quakes, street thunders, and door batteries.
 (O Government, in thy wisdom and thy wants,
 Tax knockers! in compassion to the sick
 And those whose sober habits are not yet
 Inverted, topsy-turvyng night and day,
 Tax them more heavily than thou hast charged
 Armorial bearings and bepowdered pates!)
 Escaping from all this, the very whirl
 Of mail-coach wheels, bound outwards from Lad Lane,
 Was peace and quietness; three hundred miles
 Of homeward way, seemed to the body rest,
 And to the mind repose.

Donne did not hate
 More perfectly that city. Not for all
 Its social, all its intellectual joys,
 (Which having touched, I may not condescend
 To name aught else the demon of the place,
 Might as his lure hold forth); not even for these
 Would I forego gardens and green field walks,
 And hedgerow trees and stiles and shady lanes,
 And orchards, . . were such ordinary scenes
 Alone to me accessible, as those
 Wherein I learnt in infancy to love
 The sights and sounds of Nature; wholesome sights,
 Gladdening the eye that they refresh; and sounds,

Which when from life and happiness they spring,
Bear with them to the yet unhardened heart
A sense that thrills its cords of sympathy ;
Or, if proceeding from insensate things,
Give to tranquillity a voice wherewith
To woo the ear and win the soul attuned.
Oh not for all that London might bestow,
Would I renounce the genial influences
And thoughts and feelings, to be found where'er
We breathe beneath the open sky, and see
Earth's liberal bosom. Judge then from thyself,
Allan, true child of Scotland ; thou who art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills,
And yonder Solway shores ; a poet thou,
Judge from thyself how strong the ties which bind
A poet to his home, when . . making thus
Large recompense for all that, haply, else
Might seem perversely or unkindly done, . .
Fortune hath set his happy habitacle
Among the ancient hills, near mountain streams
And lakes pellucid ; in a land sublime
And lovely, as those regions of romance,
Where his young fancy in its day dreams roamed,
Expatiating in forests wild and wide,
Loegrian, or of dearest Faery land.

Yet, Allan, of the cup of social joy
No man drinks freelier ; nor with heartier thirst,
Nor keener relish, where I see around
Faces which I have known and loved so long,

That, when he prints a dream upon my brain,
Dan Morpheus takes them for his readiest types.
And therefore in that loathed metropolis
Time measured out to me some golden hours.
They were not leaden-footed while the clay,
Beneath the patient touch of Chantrey's hand,
Grew to the semblance of my lineaments.
Lit up in memory's landscape, like green spots
Of sunshine, are the mornings, when in talk
With him and thee and Bedford (my true friend
Of forty years) I saw the work proceed,
Subject the while myself to no restraint,
But pleasurably in frank discourse engaged ;
Pleased too, and with no unbecoming pride,
To think this countenance, such as it is,
So oft by rascally mislikeness wronged,
Should faithfully to those who in his works
Have seen the inner man portrayed, be shown ;
And in enduring marble should partake
Of our great sculptor's immortality.

I have been libelled, Allan, as thou knowest,
Through all degrees of calumny : but they
Who put one's name, for public sale, beneath
A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are our worst libellers. Against the wrong
Which they inflict, Time hath no remedy.
Injuries there are which Time redresseth best,
Being more sure in judgement, though perhaps
Slower in his process even than the Court,

Where Justice, tortoise-footed and mole-eyed,
 Sleeps undisturbed, fanned by the lulling wings
 Of harpies at their prey. We soon live down
 Evil or good report, if undeserved.
 Let then the dogs of faction bark and bay, . .
 Its bloodhounds savaged by a cross of wolf, . .
 Its full-bred kennel from the Blatant Beast, . .
 Its poodles by unlucky training marred, . .
 Mongrel and cur and bobtail ; . . let them yelp
 Till weariness and hoarseness shall at length
 Silence the noisy pack ; meantime be sure
 I shall not stoop for stones to cast among them !
 So too its founmarts and its skunks may " stink
 And be secure : " and its yet viler swarm,
 The vermin of the press, both those that skip
 And those that creep and crawl, . . I do not catch
 And pin them for exposure on the page ;
 Their filth is their defence.

But I appeal

Against the limner and the graver's wrong !
 Their evil works survive them. Bilderdyk
 (Whom I am privileged to call my friend),
 Suffering by graphic libels in like wise,
 Gave his wrath vent in verse. Would I could give
 The life and spirit of his vigorous Dutch,
 As his dear consort hath transfused my strains
 Into her native speech, and made them known
 On Rhine, and Yssel, and rich Amstel's banks,
 And wheresoe'er the voice of Vondel still
 Is heard ; and still Hooft and Antonides
 . Are living agencies ; and Father Cats,

The Household Poet, teacheth in his songs
The love of all things lovely, all things pure ;
Best poet, who delights the happy mind
Of childhood, stores with moral strength the heart
Of youth, with wisdom maketh mid life rich,
And fills with quiet tears the eyes of age.

Hear then, in English rhyme, how Bilderdyk
Describes his wicked portraits, one by one.

“ A madman, who from Bedlam hath broke loose ;
 An honest fellow of the numskull race ;
And, pappier-headed still, a very goose
 Staring with eyes aghast and vacant face ;
A Frenchman, who would mirthfully display
 On some poor idiot his malicious wit ;
And, lastly, one who, trained up in the way
 Of worldly craft, hath not forsaken it,
But hath served Mammon with his whole intent,
 (A thing of Nature’s worst materials made),
Low-minded, stupid, base, and insolent.

I . . I . . a poet, . . have been thus portrayed !
Can ye believe that my true effigy
 Among these vile varieties is found ?
What thought, or line, or word hath fallen from me
 In all my numerous works, whereon to ground
The opprobrious notion ? Safely I may smile
 At these, acknowledging no likeness here.
But worse is yet to come, so . . soft a while ! . .
 For now in potters’ earth must I appear,

And in such workmanship, that sooth to say,
 Humanity disowns the imitation,
 And the dolt image is not worth its clay.
 Then comes there one who will to admiration
 In plastic wax the perfect face present;
 And what of his performance comes at last?
 Folly itself in every lineament!
 Its consequential features overcast
 With the coxcombical and shallow laugh
 Of one who would, for condescension, hide,
 Yet in his best behaviour can but half
 Suppress the scornfulness of empty pride."

"And who is Bilderdyk?" methinks thou sayest:
 A ready question; yet which, trust me, Allan,
 Would not be asked, had not the curse that came
 From Babel, clipt the wings of Poetry.
 Napoleon asked him once, with cold fixed look,
 "Art thou then in the world of letters known?"
 And meeting his imperial look with eye
 As little wont to turn away before
 The face of man, the Hollander replied,
 "At least I have done that whereby I have
 There to be known deserved."

A man he is
 Who hath received upon his constant breast
 The sharpest arrows of adversity.
 Whom not the clamours of the multitude,
 Demanding, in their madness and their might,
 Iniquitous things, could shake in his firm mind;
 Nor the strong hand of instant tyranny

From the straight path of duty turn aside :
 But who, in public troubles, in the wreck
 Of his own fortunes, in proscription, exile,
 Want, obloquy, ingrate neglect, and what
 Of yet severer trials Providence
 Sometimes inflicteth, chastening whom it loves, . .
 In all, through all, and over all, hath borne
 An equal heart ; as resolute toward
 The world, as humbly and religiously
 Beneath his heavenly Father's rod resigned.
 Right-minded, happy-minded, righteous man !
 True lover of his country and his kind ;
 In knowledge and in inexhaustive stores
 Of native genius rich ; philosopher,
 Poet, and sage. The language of a state
 Inferior in illustrious deeds to none,
 But circumscribed by narrow bounds, and now
 Sinking in irrecoverable decline,
 Hath pent within its sphere a name, with which
 Europe should else have rung from side to side.

Such, Allan, is the Hollander to whom
 Esteem and admiration have attached
 My soul, not less than pre-consent of mind
 And gratitude for benefits, when being
 A stranger, sick, and in a foreign land,
 He took me, like a brother, to his house,
 And ministered to me, and made the weeks
 Which had been wearisome and careful else,
 So pleasurable, that in my kalendar
 There are no whiter days. "Twill be a joy

For us to meet in heaven, though we should look
 Upon each other's earthly face no more.
 —Such is this world's complexion! “cheerful thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind,” and these again
 Give place to calm content, and stedfast hope,
 And happy faith, assured. . . . Return we now,
 With such transition as our daily life
 Imposes in its wholesome discipline,
 To a lighter strain; and from the Gallery
 Of the Dutch poet's misresemblances,
 Pass into mine; where I will show thee, Allan,
 Such an array of villainous visages,
 That if among them all there were but one
 Which as a likeness could be proved upon me,
 It were enough to make me in mere shame,
 Take up an alias and forswear myself.

Whom have we first? a dainty gentleman,
 His sleepy eyes half closed, and countenance
 To no expression stronger than might suit
 A simper, capable of being moved;
 Sauney and sentimental, with an air
 So lack-thought and so lack-a-daisycal,
 That one might guess the book which in his hand
 He holds were Zimmerman on Solitude.

Then comes a jovial Landlord, who hath made it
 Part of his trade to be the shoeing horn
 For his commercial customers. God Bacchus
 Hath not a thirstier votary. Many a pipe
 Of Porto's vintage hath contributed

To give his cheeks that deep carmine engrained ;
And many a runlet of right Nantes, I ween,
Hath suffered percolation through that trunk,
Leaving behind it in the boozy eyes
A swoln and red suffusion, glazed and dim.

Our next is in the evangelical line, . .
A leaden-visaged specimen, . . demure,
Because he hath put on his Sunday's face ;
Dull by formation, by complexion sad,
By bile, opinions, and dyspepsy sour.
One of the sons of Jack, . . I know not which,
For Jack hath a most numerous progeny,
Made up for Mr. Colburn's Magazine
This pleasant composite. A bust supplied
The features ; look, expression, character,
Are of the artist's fancy and free grace.
Such was that fellow's birth and parentage !
The rascal proved prolific ! one of his breed
By Docteur Pichot introduced in France,
Passes for Monsieur Sooté : and another, . .
An uglier miscreant too, . . the brothers Schumann,
And their most cruel copper-scratcher, Zschoch,
From Zwickau sent abroad through Germany.
I wish the Schumen and the copper scratcher
No worse misfortune for their recompense
Than to fall in with such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest, or the Odenwald.

The Bust, which was the innocent grandfather,
I blame not, Allan. 'Twas the work of Smith . .

A modest, mild, ingenious man ; and errs,
 Where erring, only because over true,
 Too close a likeness for similitude ;
 Fixing to every part and lineament
 Its separate character, and missing thus
 That which results from all.

Sir Smug comes next ;

Allan, I own Sir Smug ! I recognise
 That visage with its dull sobriety :
 I see it duly as the day returns,
 When at the looking-glass with lathered chin
 And razor-weaponed hand I sit, the face
 Composed, and apprehensively intent
 Upon the necessary operation
 About to be performed, with touch, alas,
 Not always confident of hair-breadth skill.
 Even in such sober sadness and constrained
 Composure cold, the faithful painter's eye
 Had fixed me like a spell, and I could feel
 My features stiffen as he glanced upon them.
 And yet he was a man whom I loved dearly,
 My fellow traveller, my familiar friend,
 My household guest. But when he looked upon me,
 Anxious to exercise his excellent art,
 The countenance he knew so thoroughly
 Was gone, and in its stead, there sate . . Sir Smug.

Under the graver's hand, Sir Smug became
 Sir Smouch, . . a son of Abraham. Now, albeit
 I would far rather trace my lineage thence

Than with the proudest line of peers or kings
 Claim consanguinity, that cast of features
 Would ill accord with me, who in all forms
 Of pork, . . . baked, roasted, toasted, boiled, or broiled,
 Fresh, salted, pickled, seasoned, moist, or dry,
 Whether ham, bacon, sausage, souse, or brawn,
 Leg, bladebone, baldrib, griskin, chine, or chop,
 Profess myself a genuine philopig.

It was, however, as a Jew whose portion
 Had fallen unto him in a goodly land
 Of loans, of omnium, and of thrée per cents,
 That Messrs. Percy, of the Anecdote-firm,
 Presented me unto their customers.

Poor Smouch endured a worse judaïzation
 Under another hand : in this next stage
 He is on trial at the Old Bailey, charged
 With dealing in base coin. That he is guilty,
 No judge or jury could have half a doubt,
 When they saw the culprit's face ; and he himself,
 As you may plainly see, is comforted
 By thinking he has just contrived to keep
 Out of rope's reach, and will come off this time
 For transportation.

Stand thou forth for trial

Now, William Darton, of the Society
 Of Friends called Quakers ; thou who in fourth month
 Of the year twenty-four, on Holborn Hill,
 At No. 58, didst wilfully,
 Falsely, and knowing it was falsely done,
 Publish upon a card, as Robert Southey's,

A face which might be just as like Tom Fool's,
 Or John, or Richard Anybody-else's!
 What had I done to thee, thou William Darton,
 That thou shouldst for the lucre of base gain,
 Yea, for the sake of filthy fourpences,
 Palm on my countrymen that face for mine?
 O William Darton, let the Yearly Meeting
 Deal with thee for that falseness! . . . All the rest
 Are traceable: Smug's Hebrew family;
 The German who might properly adorn
 A gibbet or a wheel, and Monsieur Sooté,
 Sons of Fitzbust the evangelical;
 I recognise all these unlikenesses,
 Spurious abominations though they be,
 Each filiated on some original.
 But thou, Friend Darton, . . . and observe me, man,
 Only in courtesy and *quasi* Quaker,
 I call thee Friend! . . . hadst no original,
 No likeness, or unlikeness, *silhouette*,
 Outline, or plaister, representing me,
 Whereon to form this misrepresentation!
 If I guess rightly at the pedigree
 Of thy bad groatsworth, thou didst get a barber
 To personate my injured Laureateship:
 An advertising barber, one who keeps
 A bear, and when he puts to death poor Bruin,
 Sells his grease fresh as from the carcase cut,
Pro bono publico, the price per pound
 Twelve shillings and no more. From such a barber,
 O Unfriend Darton! was that portrait made,
 I think, or peradventure, from his block.

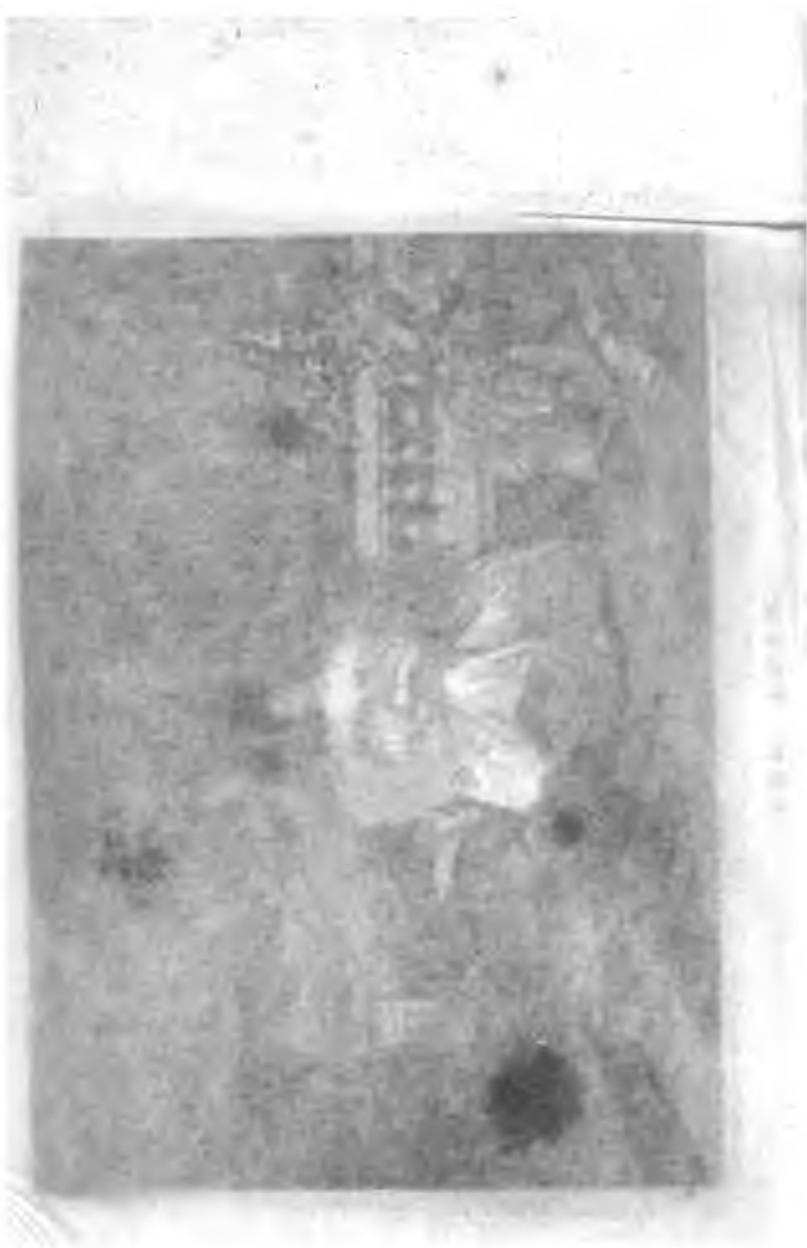
Next comes a minion worthy to be set
 In a wooden frame ; and here I might invoke
 Avenging Nemesis, if I did not feel
 Just now, God Cynthius pluck me by the ear.
 But, Allan, in what shape God Cynthius comes,
 And wherefore he admonisheth me thus,
 Thou and I will not tell the world ; hereafter
 The commentators, my Malones and Reeds,
 May, if they can. And in my gallery,
 Though there remaineth undescribed good store,
 Yet, " of enough, enough, . . and now no more,"
 (As honest old George Gascoigne said of yore) ;
 Save only a last couplet to express
 That I am always truly yours,—R. S.

KESWICK, SEPT. 1, 1828.

THE LUTE.

MUSIC and Beauty ! Tell me not
 Some witching tale—some wondrous story ;
 And lay the scene 'neath balmy skies,
 With dames whose dark eyes swim in glory :
 As o'er the lute's electric wires
 Love's hand runs hot as heaven's own fires.

Music and Beauty ! Sing me not
 A song far sweeter than wild honey,
 Or praise to bards, or power to kings,
 To women rule—to misers money :
 A lyric where love shakes his wings
 Dovelike along the lute's soft strings.



1. 1934
2. 1935





Music and Beauty ! to all climes

How dear. From frozen Greenland snowing,
To England's happy land : from France

Crushing her grapes, to India glowing :
Twin born delights—they cheer us, charm us,
Spell bind us, wile us, witch us, warm us.

For of all countries and all ranks,

Music and Beauty come. Whoe'er
Heard of a land which lacked them. Look
To that deep ravishment of ear,
The air admiring hangs and mute,
O'er one glad and triumphant lute.

Thy will is done. Young Beauty, thou

Hast wrought thy spell, thy love may lay
His lute aside—those eyes would mar

His skill. I heard a poet say
That Beauty, meek-eyed, sweet, and silent,
Charmed minstrels mute and awed the valiant.

This is the triumph of thy art,

Proud painter. There man's might lies scattered
At Beauty's feet—he can but gaze

With soul and senses stunned and fettered,
While she—her might but half divining,
Reigns sure as any monarch reigning.

THE KING AT WINDSOR.

THOSE who wish to see a royal residence worthy of our island, and desire to become acquainted with the social and domestic character of our Sovereign, should go to Windsor. It is not in outward beauty that the castle so much deserves the name of royal, for it has little of that external magnificence which we associate with the houses of kings; nor is it among the lords and earls who surround the throne that we are to seek the character of his Majesty; for polished and courtly persons seldom say what they think, and usually speak a language at once diplomatic and mysterious. To see the palace right, we must go into the interior; and to know our Sovereign's character truly, we must converse with the common people of Windsor. In the first we shall find a succession of royal apartments which are unrivalled for elegant propriety of design and solid splendour of execution; while from the latter we shall learn that our King is warmly beloved by his people—by men who are ignorant enough to say what they think, tell what they feel, and who conceal resentments as little as they repress affections.

In the social character of our Sovereign, and in the appearance of his favourite residence, we see something peculiar to our island. It is our boast that we are inde-

pendent—and we are so; we have room for our social feelings to shoot freely out—our home is our castle, which we think nearly as lordly as that of Windsor; and as strong as a fortified place, since it is fenced about by the laws of our country. A Briton is more of a domestic being than any other man in Europe; and in this respect our Sovereign represents our national character. It is pleasing to think that a king is gentle and generous, and that one with so much wealth and power, uses both well and wisely. We are accustomed to think of kings as of persons above the ordinary sympathies of life and the influences of the world; or as men whose sole employment and use is to make lords, declare war, wear gold on their clothes, receive the visits of their barons, and preside at court in a dress cut by the head tailor of the herald's office. Out of all this foppery and solemn pedantry of the art of reigning, our King has boldly stepped; and taught us to love him as a man as much as we esteem him as a monarch—and we are very glad of it.

Now, Windsor Castle resembles in some respects our national mode of building. It is plain on the outside and splendid within. Externally, the cities of foreign countries are cities of palaces, and the eye is dazzled with their picturesque grandeur and the costly marbles of which they are composed. An English city—London for instance—is as plain as brown brick can well be—all is simple, even to meanness—there are holes to let in light, doors to admit the inhabitants, and tiled roofs to throw off the rain—it is, in truth, a city of strong boxes

in which merchants secure their wealth. Yet London has a grandeur of her own—cross her threshold, and then, like the splendour of Windsor Castle, it is visible at once. Before our interior magnificence, all the outward splendour of foreign cities sinks; our merchants are as kings, who sit crowned amongst increasing riches, which the four winds of heaven waft constantly to their feet. The national taste is written on every tower and in every room of Windsor Palace—all is grave and massive without—all is rich and magnificent within.

It is no new erection which has arisen on Windsor Hill—there is much that is old and much that is new—turrets of modern date and towers of old standing. Around those old battlements our national feelings are still earnestly wound, and in the royal walks old recollections still take an airing. A reverent and restoring hand has been laid on those worm-eaten holds, where the Henrys and Edwards dwelt—where the vanquished monarchs of France and Scotland were both at once confined. We are not members of the Antiquarian Society, therefore old dust and old dirt, paintings without sense, and busts without heads, are not dear to our heart, and we see them swept to oblivion in gladness rather than in sorrow. We are pleased to see the veteran fortress soften down its martial aspect to something like the peace establishment. Into the rough dark trunk of the old tree, there have been grafts inserted which give it a fresher and a sweeter look. We confess that it requires the fortunate use of great skill to subdue the rough austerity of castle architecture into elegance and grace—

to change those martial features into gentleness and smiles. Nor do we like much a mimic fortress with its embrazures, and bastions, and loopholes—it is but an idle image of unquiet times—a painted dragon—a herald's griffin with gilded sting and claws. To Windsor Castle these remarks are not applied—it is a royal palace after the old martial stamp—a relique of those iron times when several kings ruled in our island—when the Red Rose warred with the White, and the Thistle did what it could against both; and it would be unwise to let it sink into decay, and still more unwise not to restore and re-beautify it in a manner worthy of the nation and the monarch. This has been done very skilfully. Around the old is thrown the enchantments of the new, and the improvements are to the ancient body of the building what the honeysuckle is to a withered oak up which it climbs, and around which it hangs its blossom and sheds its fragrance.

A walk through the Castle will be to the curious what drink is to the thirsty—the eye will be gratified and the mind will have its fill. The walls are covered with fine paintings of those great artists, who, to deep religious feeling and happy sympathy with human nature, added a poetic fervour of action and sentiment. And should the visitor love splendid colouring, extravagant attitudes, and forms which fill up the place of shape and sentiment, in the same way as stuffed regimentals represent an ardent and living warrior, he will be much pleased with Charles the Second's Chapel and banqueting room, where the heathen gods and goddesses of Verrio and La Guerre

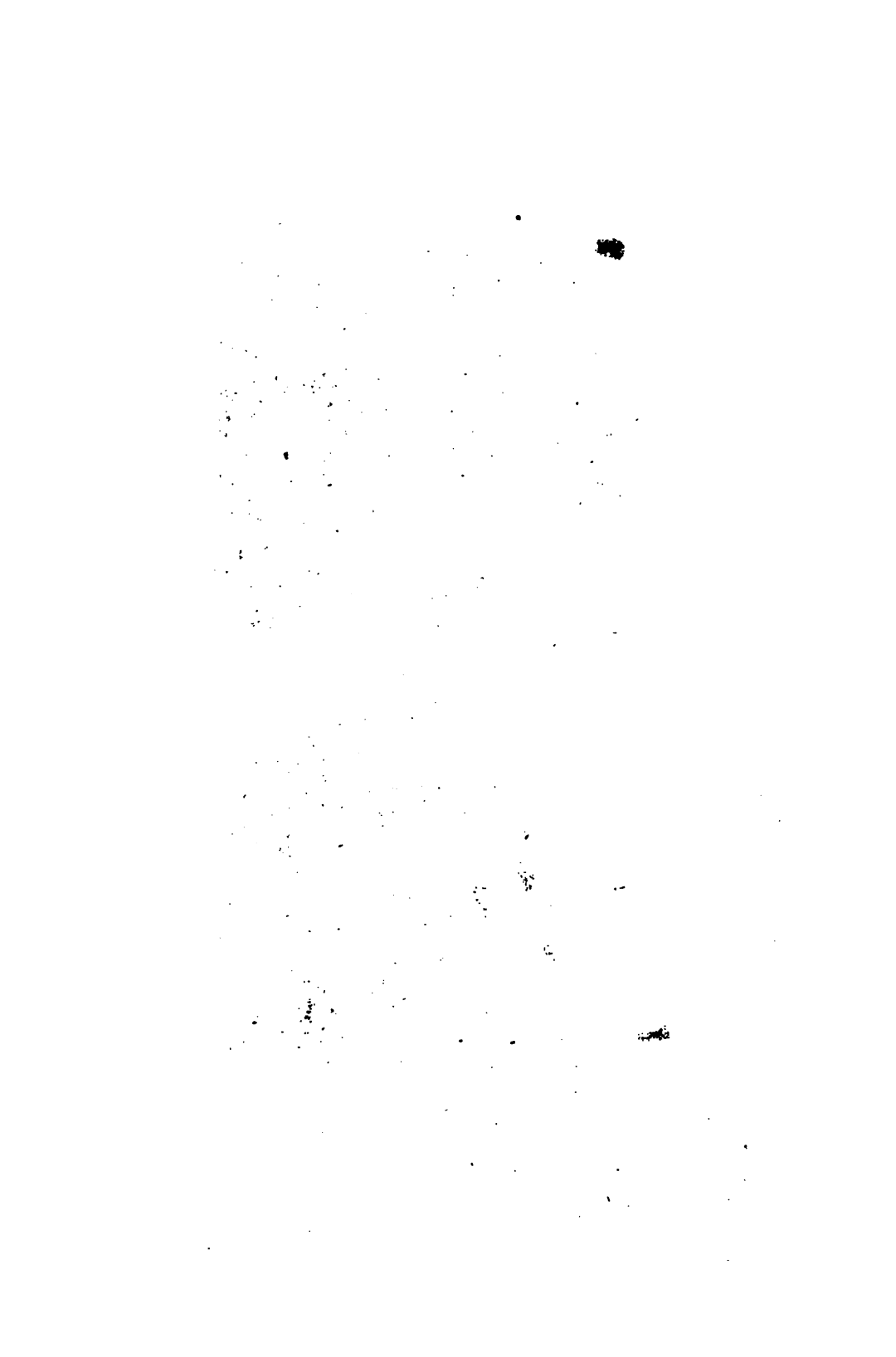
reel and sprawl and tumble like creatures intoxicated. Nature certainly never meant that men should fly in the air, nor are we sure she intended that women should; but here we have a whole firmament of naked ladies and gentlemen, who seem attached to the lofty ceiling like pasteboard puppets in a twopenny show. They are veiled now, and long may they remain so.

From the tower top, and from the windows, our eye wandered abroad—lingering on a palace there—a village here—now on the broad and wimpling river, then on the cattle which grazed on its banks—the riches and the beauty of half a dozen counties lay at our feet. There is, it is true, little variety in this splendid landscape; we are sensible we are looking on a land that produces much corn, feeds many cattle, and makes a golden return to the fortunate proprietors: but we cannot help lamenting the absence of a shaggy hill, a hollow glen, a tumbling stream, a ruined castle, and a shattered abbey, to take away the level uniformity of a land which seems shaven with the scythe and levelled with the roller. Association does much—we were born in a little glen beside a trout stream, a high green hill overlooked us, the ruins of a feudal castle held our cows, the remains of an abbey nursed hawks and owls for schoolboys to tame, while the reliques of an ancient forest gave shelter to ten thousand rooks, the memory of whose din is still musical. We are therefore unsafe judges of the beauty of the Windsor landscape, and willingly turn our attention to matters with which our little cold native vale has nothing to compare.

We admired the state apartments, with their groined and golden ceilings, their gigantic mirrors, their carved and gilded mouldings, and the plate glass in the gothic windows, which is so pure that the casements seem glazed with air. We liked, too, the deer grazing in herds, the hares scudding about in dozens, and the starlings incessantly winging their way from tree to tower. We saw the coat of steel mail, enriched with thistles, which David our Scottish king wore at Neville's Cross, the armour which his brother monarch of France wore with no better fortune against the Black Prince, and the room in which James the Poet-King of Scotland wrote his King's Quair, and we looked out of the window from which the monarch fell in love with the princess. But a spell has been thrown around the place by a far more potent magician. Yon large old oak, so branchless and bare, against which the very deer is afraid to rub lest it should fall and crush it, is an oak of high degree. It is Herne the hunter's oak, beneath whose branches Shakspeare's witty Sir John had his glorious adventure with the fairies. And look on yon weedy ditch! A roving band of gipsies have pitched their moving camp beside it, and a stray swan from the Thames is grazing among its moist weeds and grass. It is Datchet Ditch, into which the joyous knight was emptied out of the bucking basket like a strong distillation. The oak of Herne can never die, nor the ditch of Datchet neither; for should an acorn fail to produce an oak in Windsor Park, or moist Datchet cease to put water into her ditch, Shakspeare will assuredly live, and their memories will flourish.

While we stood looking on the scene before us, and thinking on the heroic race of kings who had enjoyed the towers and walked beneath the stately trees with which the park is crowded, we scarcely observed a little dark common carriage, preceded by a single rider, coming rapidly along the path towards the castle. The celerity of its movements, however, took our attention, and the beauty of the creatures which drew it; the dust rose and the pebbles flew, and now and then a hand was seen motioning the horses onwards—we could see no more—people bowed as it passed, and whispered together, and the palace gates flew open when the chariot approached. We were never curious—neither sight-seers nor comet-gazers are we—but we were anxious now, whether we would or no. The carriage stopt, and a tall, straight, and well made man stepped out and stood and looked about him for a minute or more—one said near us, “It’s the King, God bless him.” His Majesty heard the whisper and smiled and bowed and entered his palace. Farewell to Windsor and farewell to his Majesty. We are ourselves of small account in this little isle of his, and our opinion is of moderate value—but we cannot help saying that we love our King better for this graceful familiarity and generous notice of his humble lieges, than if he came amongst us clothed in kingly terrors, every step announced by trumpet and drum, and attended by the eager crushings of ten thousand courtiers.

ED.





2000-2001

K. Goodall (ed.)

MORNING.

Poetic fancy rules the hour,
And temple, tree, and stream, and tower,
And lovely forms, and gorgeous ships
Arise, as bold the painter dips
His hand,—light casting, like a cloud,
O'er that deep stream and city proud.
'Tis joy's own hour; dance, song, and mirth
Seem born, no more to die on earth;
Young beauty, with her dazzling hanks
Of hair, leads forth her charming ranks:
That very sunbeam loves to shine
On scenes so fair, shapes so divine.
Claims fiction all—hath truth no part
Lent of this marvellous scene to art?
Hath woe that sweet place e'er defiled,
Hath babe wept there or mother smiled;
Hath critic there, o'er lustrous rhyme,
Crawled like a snail and left his slime?
What sweet town by the desert sea
Is half so bright and fair to see,
With foaming quays and squadrons dark,
Of battle ships and trading bark?
Truth laid the line—Art brought the tinting,
Light streamed o'er all and men cried "Linton!"

EDDERLINE'S DREAM.***Canto First.*****BY PROFESSOR WILSON.**

CASTLE-OBAN is lost in the darkness of night,
 For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,
 And the latest line of lowering light
 That lingered on the stormy even,
 A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,
 Hath sunk into the weltering grave.
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,
 And downwards to the fearful din,
 Where Ocean with his thunder shocks
 Stuns the green foundation rocks,
 Through the grim abyss that mocks his eye
 Oft hath the eerie watchman sent
 A shuddering look, a shivering sigh,
 From the edge of the howling battlement !

Therein is a lonesome room,
 Undisturbed as some old tomb
 That, built within a forest glen,
 Far from feet of living men,
 And sheltered by its black pine trees
 From sound of rivers, lochs, and seas,
 Flings back its arched gateway tall,
 At times to some great funeral !

Noiseless as a central cell
In the bosom of a mountain,
Where the fairy people dwell,
By the cold and sunless fountain !
Breathless as a holy shrine,
When the voice of psalms is shed !
And there upon her stately bed,
While her raven locks recline
O'er an arm more pure than snow,
Motionless beneath her head,—
And through her large fair eyelids shine
Shadowy dreams that come and go,
By too deep bliss disquieted,—
There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,
The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo ! the lamp's wan fitful light,
Glide,—gliding round the golden rim !
Restored to life, now glancing bright,
Now just expiring, faint and dim !
Like a spirit loth to die,
Contending with its destiny.
All dark ! a momentary veil
Is o'er the sleeper ! now a pale
Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,
And now the calm face of the saint
With every feature reappears,
Celestial in unconscious tears !
Another gleam ! how sweet the while,
Those pictured faces on the wall,

Through the midnight silence smile !
Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
To nothing mouldered, one and all,
Ages long ago !

From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head ! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevelled masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er ?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,
Be braided nevermore ?
No, the lady is not dead,
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed ;
Like a wrecked corse upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings ;
Or haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,

Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,
Pausing to burnish crest or wing,
No fading footmark see that tells
Of that poor unremembered thing !

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fixed before !
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood !
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of ours no more !
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
Their pale and palsied hands,
To clasp us phantoms, as we go
Along the void like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands !
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Filled though it be with care and strife ;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,

Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss,
He hears a saving angel speak—
“Thy Love will yet revive!”

Eager to speak—but in terror mute,
With chained breath and snow-soft foot,
The gentle maid whom that lady loves,
Like a gleam of light through the darkness moves,
And leaning o'er her rosy breath,
Listens in tears—for sleep—or death!
Then touches with a kiss her breast,
“O, Lady, this is ghastly rest!
Awake! awake, for Jesus' sake!”
Far in her soul a thousand sighs
Are madly struggling to get free;
But that soul is like a frozen sea
That silent lies in ice and snow,
Though the deep waters boom below!
And yet a clear and silvery well,
By moonlight glimmering in its cell;
A river that doth gently sing
Around the cygnet's folded wing;
A billow on the summer deep
That flows, yet scarcely seems to flow,
Not calmer than that lady's sleep,
One blessed hour ago!

So, gently as a shepherd lifts
From a wreath of drifted snow,
A lamb that vainly on a rock
Up among the mountain clefts,
Bleats unto the heedless flock
Sunwards feeding far below.—
Even so gently Edith takes
The sighing dreamer to her breast,
Loving kisses soft and meek
Breathing o'er bosom, brow, and cheek,
For their own fair, delightful sakes,
And lays her lovely limbs at rest;
When, stirring like the wondrous flower
That blossoms at the midnight hour,
And only then—the Lady wakes!
From the heavy load set free,
Of that fearful phantasy,
Edderline lifts up her head,
And, in the fitful lustre lent
By the lone lamp, gazing round,
As listening for some far-off sound,
Leans it on her lily hand,
In beautiful bewilderment!
“Am I in some foreign land?
And who art thou that takest thy stand
Like a minister of grace
By the prisoner's haunted bed?
Walking mute thy nightly round!
Oh! speak—thy voice was like a sound
Elsewhere beloved! That pitying face
Reminds me of the dead!”

Again she hears her Edith speak—
Doubt, fear, and trouble leave her cheek,
And suddenly returning
Remembrances all bright and fair,
Above the darkness of despair,
Like morning lights are burning;
Even as a gloomy mountain lake
From its dark sleep at once doth break,
And while afar the mists are driven,
In new-born beauty laughs to heaven!
So rising slowly from her couch,
Like a nun in humblest guise,
With one light and careless touch,
O'er the snow above her eyes
Her long dishevelled hair she tricks,
And with low sobs of gratitude
To Him who chased her dreams away,
Down kneels she in the solitude,
And with raised hands and eyes doth pray
Before the holy crucifix!

“ My soul hath been disquieted,
And weltered with the weltering dead!
Floating all night with a corse
Over high blood-crested waves,
Or driven by a fiendish force
Down into unfathomed caves:
Blessed be God who rescued me
From that wild world of misery!
Oh! it is heaven to wake again,
To know that I have wept in vain!

That life yet warms that noble breast
Which I in mortal pangs carest,
Hurried along the foaming path,
In face of horror, fear, and wrath !
Whether his ship in roaring motion
Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,
Or rocking lie in pleasant sleep,
Anchored beneath the palmy steep,
Temper, O God ! the sun and air
To him, my home-bound Mariner ; .
And gently breathe the midnight dew
O'er him and all his gallant crew !”

The lamp is dead, but the morning peep
Faintly dawning far away,
Slowly, slowly wins its way
Through the window buried deep
In its gloomy glen of stone—
A little point that shines afar,
Like a dim discovered star,
When other lights in heaven are none.
To that little cheerful shine
Turn the eyes of Edderline ;
And as a cloud that long hath lain
Black amid the sullen sky,
Suddenly dissolves in rain,
And stricken by the sunlight, shines
With a thousand gorgeous lines,
Blended and braided gloriously—
So fair, so pure, so bright appears
That kneeling Lady's face of tears,

For the rain is fallen, the gloom is gone,
And her soul hath risen with the sun.

Hark ! the martlet twittering by
The crevice, where her twittering brood
Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,
In the high air of solitude !
She alone, sky-loving bird,
In that lofty clime is heard ;
But loftier far from cliff remote,
Up springs the eagle, like a thought,
And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,
Gazes a thousand fathom down,
While his wild and fitful cry
Blends together sea and sky.
And a thousand songs, I trow,
From the wakened world below,
Are ringing through the morning glow.
Music is there on the shore,
Softening sweet the billowy roar ;
For bold and fair in every weather,
The seamews shrill now flock together,
Or wheeling off in lonely play,
Carry their pastimes far away,
To little isles and rocks of rest,
Scattered o'er the ocean's breast,
Where these glad creatures build their nest.
Now hymns are heard at every fountain
Where the land birds trim their wings,
And boldly booming up the mountain,

Where the dewy heath-flower springs,
Upon the freshening gales of morn
Showers of headlong bees are borne,
Till far and wide with harp and horn
The balmy desert rings!

This the pensive Lady knows,
So round her lovely frame she throws
The cloud-like float of her array,
And with a blessing and a prayer
She fixeth in her raven hair
The jewel that her lover gave,
The night before he crossed the wave
To kingdoms far away!
Soft steps are winding down the stair,
And now beneath the morning air
Her breast breathes strong and free;
The sun in his prime glorious hour
Is up and with a purple shower
Hath bathed the billowy sea!

Lo! morning's dewy hush divine
Hath calmed the eyes of Edderline!
Shaded by the glooms that fall
From the old gray castle wall,
Or, from the glooms emerging bright,
Cloud-like walking through the light,
She sends the blessing of her smiles
O'er dancing waves and steadfast isles,
And, creature though she be of earth,
Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth.

How seraph like the silent greeting,
Streaming from her dark-blue eyes,
At their earliest matin meeting
Upwards to the dark-blue skies !
Quickly glancing, gliding slowly,
Child of mirth or melancholy,
As her midnight dream again,
Of the hushed or roaring main,
Comes and goes across her brain.
Now she sees the ship returning,
Every mast with ensigns burning
Star-bright o'er the cloud of sails,
As, queen-like, down the green sea-vales
She stoops, or o'er the mountains green,
Reascending like a queen !
Glad the heart of hoary ocean
In the beauty of her motion !
Now through midnight's deepest noon,
Howling to the wild monsoon,
She sees God's anger flash around her,
And the glorious vessel founder
To one vain signal gun !
While in the lightning's ghastly glow
The shipless ocean rolls below,
As in the mid-day sun !

Far, far below in rocky cell
Doth a seer-hermit dwell.
In solitude and in despair
He sits, with long, black; rusty hair,

Face dim as death, and his fixed eye
Red-flashing with futurity.
A holy madman ! with no chain
But those forged in his burning brain—
Shuddering, close beside his feet,
To see the frequent winding-sheet—
Spite of the water's din, to hear
Steps trampling grave-wards with a bier—
Or like a sweep of wintry weather,
Wailing at midnight o'er the heather
Cloud-coronachs that wildly rise
When far away a chieftain dies.

Down—downwards to his savage cave,
By steps the goat doth almost fear
To lead her little kids to browse
On wild herb that there thinly grows
'Mid spray showers from the dashing wave,
So dreadful 'tis the din to hear,
The Lady with a quaking prayer
Descends, as if upon the air,
Like sea-mew with white rise and fall,
Floating o'er a waterfall !
And now doth trembling Edith wait
Reluctant at the closing gate,
And wipes away her tears ;
For the Lady motions her to stay,
Then with a wan smile sinks away,
And ghostlike disappears !

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR,

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS BAYLON.

BY J. G. LOCKHART.

HARK, friends, it strikes : the year's last hour :
 A solemn sound to hear :
 Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
 Our blessing on the parting year.
 The years that were, the dim, the gray,
 Receive this night, with choral hymn,
 A sister shade as lost as they,
 And soon to be as gray and dim.
 Fill high : she brought us both of weal and woe,
 And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
 Old Time pursues his way :
 Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
 Expects in peace her yellow prey :
 The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,
 Together fall, together lie ;
 And undistinguished in the tomb,
 Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
 Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
 To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear
Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas, as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.

Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Who'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not: being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part,
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

GOING TO THE RACES.

BY MISS MITFORD.

A MEMORABLE day was the third of last June to Mary and Henrietta Coxe, the young daughters of Simon Coxe the carpenter of Aberleigh, for it was the first day of Ascot Races, and the first time of their going to that celebrated union of sport and fashion. There is no pleasure so great in the eyes of our country damsels as a jaunt to Ascot. In the first place, it is, when you get there, a genuine English amusement, open alike to rich and poor, elegant as an opera, and merry as a fair; in the second, this village of Aberleigh is situate about fourteen miles from the course, just within distance, almost out of distance, so that there is commonly enough of suspense and difficulty—the slight difficulty, the short suspense, which add such zest to pleasure; finally, at Ascot you are sure to see the King, to see him in his graciousness and his dignity, the finest gentleman in Europe, the greatest sovereign of the world. Truly it is nothing extraordinary that his liege subjects should flock to indulge their feelings of loyalty by the sight of such a monarch, and that the announcement of his presence should cover a barren heath with a dense and crowded population of all ranks and all ages, from the duchess to the gipsy, from the old man of eighty to the child in its mother's arms.

All people love Ascot Races; but our country lasses love them above all. It is the favourite wedding jaunt, for half our young couples are married in the race week, and one or two matches have seemed to me got up purposely for the occasion; and of all the attentions that can be offered by a lover, a drive to the Races is the most irresistible. In short, so congenial is that gay scene to love, that it is a moot point which are most numerous, the courtships that conclude there in the shape of bridal excursions, or those which begin on that favoured spot in the shape of parties of pleasure; and the delicate experiment called "popping the question," is so often put in practice on the very course itself, that when Robert Hewitt, the young farmer at the Holt, asked Master Coxe's permission to escort his daughters, not only the good carpenter, but his neighbours the blacksmith and the shoemaker, looked on this mark of rustic gallantry as the precursor of a declaration in form; and all the village cried out on Hetta Coxe's extreme good luck, Hetta being supposed, and with some reason, to be the chief object of this attention.

Robert Hewitt was a young farmer of the old school, honest, frugal, and industrious; thrifty, thriving, and likely to thrive; one of a fine yeomanly spirit, not ashamed of his station, and fond of following the habits of his forefathers, sowing his own corn, driving his own team, and occasionally ploughing his own land. As proud, perhaps, of his blunt speech and homely ways as some of his brother farmers of their superior refinement and gentility. Nothing could exceed the scorn with

which Robert Hewitt, in his market cart, drawn by his good horse Dobbin, would look down on one neighbour on his hunter, and another in his gig. To the full as proud as any of them was Robert, but in a different way, and perhaps a safer. He piqued himself, like a good Englishman, on wearing a smock frock, smoking his pipe, and hating foreigners, to our intercourse with whom he was wont to ascribe all the airs and graces, the new fashions, and the effeminacy, which annoyed him in his own countrymen. He hated the French, he detested dandies, and he abhorred fine ladies, fine ways, and finery of any sort. Such was Robert Hewitt.

Henrietta Coxe was a pretty girl of seventeen, and had passed the greater part of her life with an aunt in the next town, who had been a lady's maid in her youth, and had retired thither on a small annuity. To this aunt, who had been dead about a twelvemonth, she was indebted for a name, rather too fine for common wear—I believe she wrote herself Henrietta-Matilda; a large wardrobe, pretty much in the same predicament; an abundant stock of superfine notions, some skill in mantua-making and millinery, and a legacy of a hundred pounds to be paid on her wedding-day. Her beauty was quite in the style of a wax doll: blue eyes, flaxen hair, delicate features, and a pink and white complexion, much resembling that sweet pea which is known by the name of the painted lady. Very pretty she was certainly, with all her airs and graces; and very pretty, in spite of her airs and graces, did Robert Hewitt think her; and love, who delights in contrasts, and has an especial

pleasure in oversetting wise resolutions, and bending the haughty self-will of the lords of the creation, was beginning to make strange havoc in the stout yeoman's heart. His operations, too, found a very unintentional coadjutrix in old Mrs. Hewitt, who, taking alarm at her son's frequent visits to the carpenter's shop, unwarily expressed a hope, that if her son did intend to marry one of the Coxe's, he would have nothing to do with the fine lady, but would choose Mary, the elder sister, a dark haired, pleasant looking young woman of two-and-twenty, who kept the house as clean as a palace, and was the boast of the village for industry and good humour. Now, this unlucky caution gave Robert, who loved his mother, but did not choose to be managed by her, an additional motive for his lurking preference, by piquing his self will; add to which, the little damsel herself, in the absence of other admirers, took visible pleasure in his admiration; so that affairs seemed drawing to a crisis, and the party to Ascot appeared likely to end like other jaunts to the same place, in a wedding. It is true that the invitation, which had been readily and gratefully accepted by her sister, had been received by Miss Hetta with some little demur. "Going to the Races was delightful! but to ride in a cart behind Dobbin was odious. Could not Mr. Hewitt hire a phaeton, or borrow a gig? However, as her sister seemed to wish it, she might perhaps go, if she could find no better conveyance." And with this concession the lover was contented; the more especially as the destined finery was in active preparation. Flounces, fur-

belows, and frippery of all descriptions, enough to stock a milliner's shop, did Hetta produce for the adornment of her fair person; and Robert looked on in silence, sometimes thinking how pretty she would look; sometimes, how soon he would put an end to such nonsense when once they were married; and sometimes, how odd a figure he and Dobbin should cut by the side of so much beauty and fashion.

Neither Dobbin nor his master were fated to be so honoured. The evening before the Races happened to be a revel at Whitley Wood: thither Hetta repaired; and there she had the ill fortune to be introduced to Monsieur Auguste, a young Frenchman, who had lately hired a room at B. where he vended eau de Cologne and French toys and essences, and did himself the honour, as his bills expressed, to cut the hair and the corns of the nobility and gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Monsieur was a dark, sallow, foreign looking personage, with tremendous whiskers, who looked at once fierce and foppish, was curled and perfumed in a manner that did honour to his double profession, and wore gold rings in his ears and on his fingers, a huge bunch of seals at his side, and a gaudy brooch at his bosom. Small chance had Robert Hewitt against such a rival, especially when, smitten with her beauty or her hundred pounds, he devoted himself to Hetta's service, made fine speeches in most bewitching broken English, braved for her sake the barbarities of a country dance, and promised to initiate her into the mysteries of the waltz and the quadrille; and, finally, requested the honour to conduct

her in a cabriolet, the next day, to Ascot Races. Small chance had our poor farmer against such a Monsieur.

The morning arrived, gloomy, showery, and cold, and at the appointed hour up drove the punctual Robert, in a new market cart, painted blue with red wheels, and his heavy but handsome horse Dobbin (who was indeed upon occasion the fore horse of the team), as sleek and shining as good feed and good dressing could make him. Up drove Robert with his little sister (a child of eleven years old, who was to form one of the party) sitting at his side; whilst, equally punctual, at Master Cox's door, stood the sisters ready dressed, Mary in a new dark gown, a handsome shawl, and a pretty straw bonnet, with a cloth cloak hanging on her arm; Hetta in a flutter of gauze and ribbons, pink and green, and yellow and blue, looking like a parrot tulip, or a milliner's doll, or a picture of the fashions in the *Lady's Magazine*, or like any thing under the sun but an English country girl. Robert looked at her and then at Mary, who was vainly endeavouring to persuade her to put on, or at least to take, a cloak, and thought for once without indignation of his mother's advice; he got out, however, and was preparing to assist them into the cart, when suddenly, to the astonishment of every body but Hetta, for she had said nothing at home of her encounter at the revel, Monsieur Auguste made his appearance in a hired gig of the most wretched description, drawn by an equally miserable jade, alighted at the house and claimed Mademoiselle's promise to do him the honour to accompany him in his cabriolet. The consternation

Mary Coxe ; and a good girl. It would be well for your sister if she had some of your sense." "Hetta is a good girl, I assure you, Farmer Hewitt ; a very good girl," rejoined Mary warmly, "and does not want sense. But only consider how young she is, and her having no mother, and being a little spoilt by my poor aunt, and so pretty, and every body talking nonsense to her, no wonder that she should sometimes be a little wrong, as she was this morning. But I hope that we shall meet her on the course, and that all will go right again. Hetta is a good girl, and will make a good wife." "To a Frenchman," replied Robert dryly ; and the conversation turned to other subjects, and was kept up with cheerfulness and good humour till they reached Ascot.

Anne and Mary enjoyed the Races much. They saw the line of carriages, nine deep—more carriages than they thought ever were built ; and the people—more people than they thought the whole world could hold ; had a confused view of the horses and a distinct one of the riders' jackets ; and Anne, whose notions on the subject of racing had been rather puzzled, so far enlarged her knowledge and improved her mind as to comprehend that yellow, crimson, green, and blue, in short, all the colours of the rainbow, were trying which should come first to the winning post ; saw Punch, a puppet show, several peep shows, and the dancing dogs ; admired the matchless display of beauty and elegance when the weather allowed the ladies to walk up and down the course ; were amused at the bustle and hurry-

scurry, when a sudden shower drove them to the shelter of their carriages; saw the Duke of Wellington; had a merry nod from the lively boy, Prince George; and had the honour of sharing, with some thousands of his subjects, a most graceful bow and most gracious smile from his Majesty. In short, they had seen every thing and every body, except Hetta and her beau; and nothing had been wanting to Mary's gratification, but the assurance of her sister's safety; for Mary had that prime qualification for a sight seer, the habit of thinking much of what she came to see and little of herself. She made light of all inconveniencies, covered little Anne (a delicate child) with her own cloak during the showers, and contrived, in spite of Robert's gallant attention to his guest, that Annie should have the best place under the umbrella, and the most tempting portion of the provisions; so that our farmer, by no means wanting in moral taste, was charmed with her cheerfulness, her good humour, and the total absence of vanity and selfishness; and when, on her ascending the cart to return, he caught a glimpse of a pretty foot and ankle, and saw how much exercise and pleasure had heightened her complexion and brightened her hazel eyes, he could not help thinking to himself, "My mother was right. She's ten times handsomer than her sister, and has twenty times more sense,—and, besides, she does not like Frenchmen."

But where could Hetta be? What had become of poor Hetta? This question, which had pressed so frequently on Mary's mind during the Races, became still more painful as they proceeded on their road home, which,

leading through cross country lanes, far away from the general throng of the visitors, left more leisure for her affectionate fears. They had driven about two miles, and Robert was endeavouring to comfort her with hopes that their horse's lameness had forced them back again; and that her sister would be found safe at Aberleigh; when a sudden turn in the lane discovered a disabled gig, without horse or driver, in the middle of the road, and a woman seated on a bank by the side of a ditch—a miserable object, tattered, dirty, shivering, drenched, and crying as if her heart would break. Was it? could it be Hetta? Yes, Hetta it was. All the misfortunes that had been severally predicted at their outset had befallen the unfortunate pair. Before they had travelled three miles, their wretched horse had fallen lame in his near fore leg, and had cast the off hind shoe, which, as the blacksmith of the place was gone to the Races, and nobody seemed willing to put himself out of the way to oblige a Frenchman, had nearly stopped them at the beginning of their expedition. At last, however, they met with a man who undertook to shoe their steed, and whose want of skill added a prick to their other calamities; then Monsieur Auguste broke a shaft of the cabriolet by driving against a post, the setting and bandaging which broken limb made another long delay; then came a pelting shower, during which they were forced to stand under a tree; then they lost their way, and owing to the people of whom Monsieur inquired not understanding his English, and Monsieur not understanding theirs, went full five miles round about; then

they arrived at the Chequers public house, which no effort could induce their horse to pass, so there they stopped perforce to bait and feed; then, when they were getting on as well as could be expected of a horse with three lame legs and a French driver, a waggon came past them, carried away their wheel, threw Monsieur Auguste into the hedge, and lodged Miss Henrietta in the ditch; so now the beau was gone to the next village for assistance, and the belle was waiting his return on the bank; and poor Hetta was evidently tired of her fine lover and the manifold misadventures which his unlucky gallantry had brought upon her, and accepted very thankfully the offer which Anne and Mary made, and Robert did not oppose, of taking her into the cart and leaving a line written in pencil on a leaf of Mary's pocket book, to inform Monsieur of her safety. Heartily glad was poor Hetta to find herself behind the good steed Dobbin, under cover of her sister's warm cloak, pitied and comforted, and in a fair way to get home. Heartily glad would she have been, too, to have found herself reinstated in the good graces of her old admirer. But of that she saw no sign. Indeed, the good yeoman took some pains to show that, although he bore no malice, his courtship was over. He goes, however, oftener than ever to the carpenter's house; and the gossips of Aberleigh say that this jaunt to Ascot will have its proper and usual catastrophe, a merry wedding; that Robert Hewitt will be the happy bridegroom, but that Hetta Coxe will not be the bride.

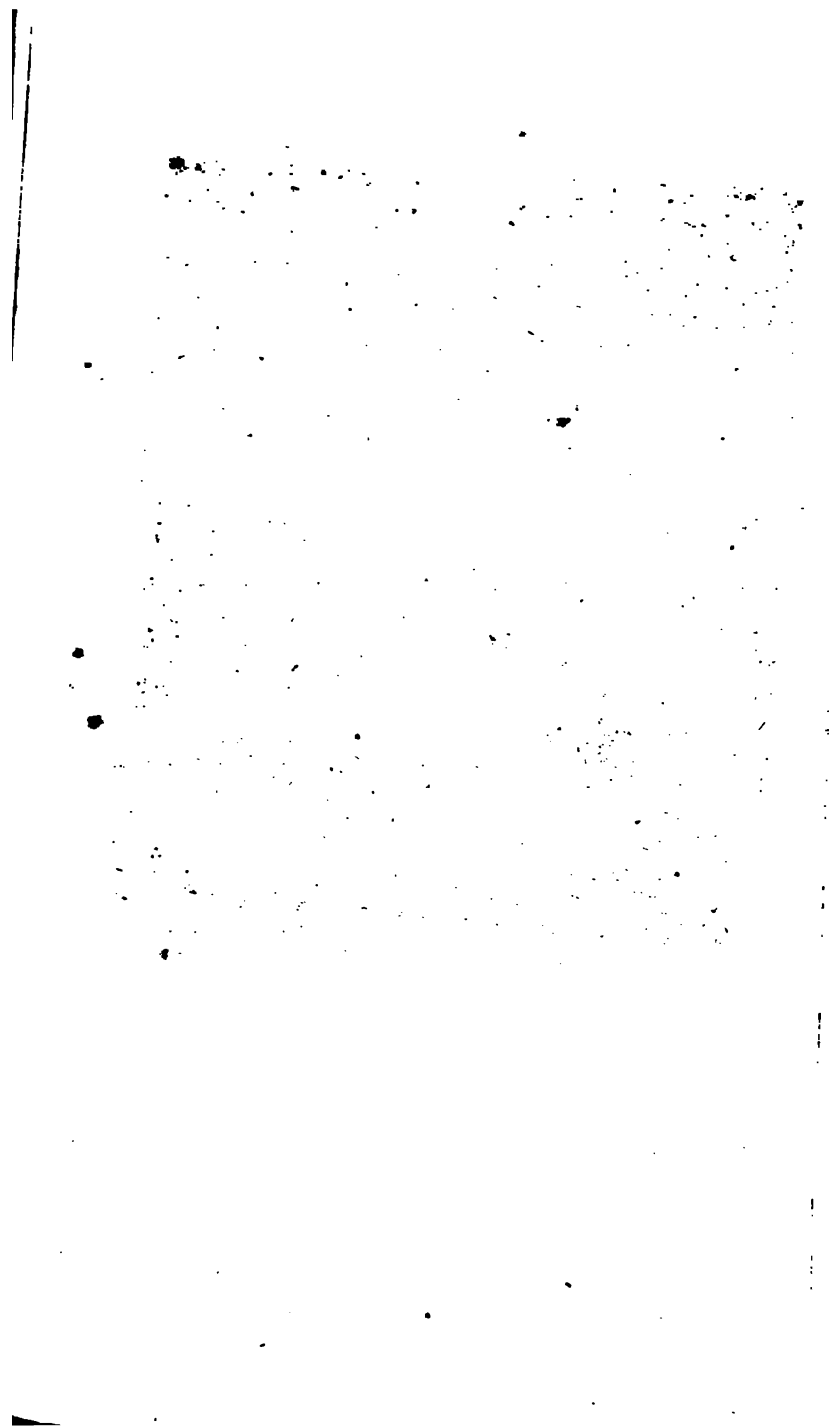
THE LITTLE GLEANER.

COME, wrinkled age, come, laughing youth,
 The sun is bright and the breeze is south ;
 The reapers are in the fields, and here
 They leave for the gleaner the golden ear :
 The sickles are shining and busy—lo, look !
 At the sinking corn and the rising stook.
 The shepherd has touched, on the hill, his pipe :
 The farmer comes forth where the field is ripe,
 And plucks and ponders and silently stands,
 The white grain shelling atween his hands :
 'Tis hard and heavy, he cries " Come here,
 My mirthsome maidens, and sing and shear."
 'Tis pleasant to walk, while the harvest horn
 The well-whet sickles hath called to the corn ;
 And the snooded maidens all stoop, with a smile,
 Their swan-white necks to the burning toil ;
 The wild doves then drop down in flocks
 To the full feast spread 'mongst the hooded shocks ;
 They shun thee not, young Gleaner, they know
 A look so sweet will not work them woe ;
 They feed around thee, nor seek to fly
 From that innocent face, and that dove-like eye.
 Fair, beauteous child ! I would willingly ask,
 Did charity choose thee this gentle task ?
 Hast thou a grandame, hoary and dear—
 A father to soothe, or a mother to cheer ?
 Some woe worn friend whom the scattered grain
 Which the reapers leave will make smiling fain ?



THE LITTLE GLEANER.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY JOHN TAYLOR, LONDON.



Some ancient dame, for whose tottering years,
In mercy, thou gatherest these nourishing ears ?
A brow so bright and a look so meek,
Of a gentle heart and a warm one, speak.
No man may deem thee one of the brood
Who stray in a vain and an idling mood,
Are fed upon plate, and tenderly led
By mincing maidens to bower and bed ;
Who pick the full ears, but to scatter in scorn,
Like the waster tempest, the ripe round corn.
Or art thou one of those shapes which shine,
When fancy calls up her visions divine ?
And Beechey snatches his colours and flings
The hues of heaven o'er earth-born things.
Fair nature, by poet fancy drest,
Is nature still, and I love it best. A. C.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS RETURN TO CEYLON, AS A MISSIONARY, AFTER A VISIT IN
ENGLAND.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

HOME, kindred, friends, and country,—these
Are ties with which we never part ;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart :
But O, 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
When these must all be left behind !

THE EAR-RINGS.

O, MY ear-rings, my ear-rings ;
 'Twas thus a maiden sung,
 A fair and lovely maiden,
 With a gentle northern tongue ;
 O, my ear-rings, my ear-rings,
 I've dropt them in the well,
 And what to say to my true love,
 I cannot, cannot tell ;

The tittering damsels, as I go,
 They say both free and loud,
 Young William gave these ear-rings,
 And Miss may well be proud—
 He gave to her these ear-rings,
 Her sallow neck to touch
 A little with their lustre,
 And her beauty needs it much.

My love gave me these costly rings,
 My plighted vow to keep,
 And there they glitter in the well,
 I wot three fathom deep ;
 He gave to me these splendid gems,
 To sparkle on my neck,
 And there they lie—my heart is stone,
 Else it would surely break.

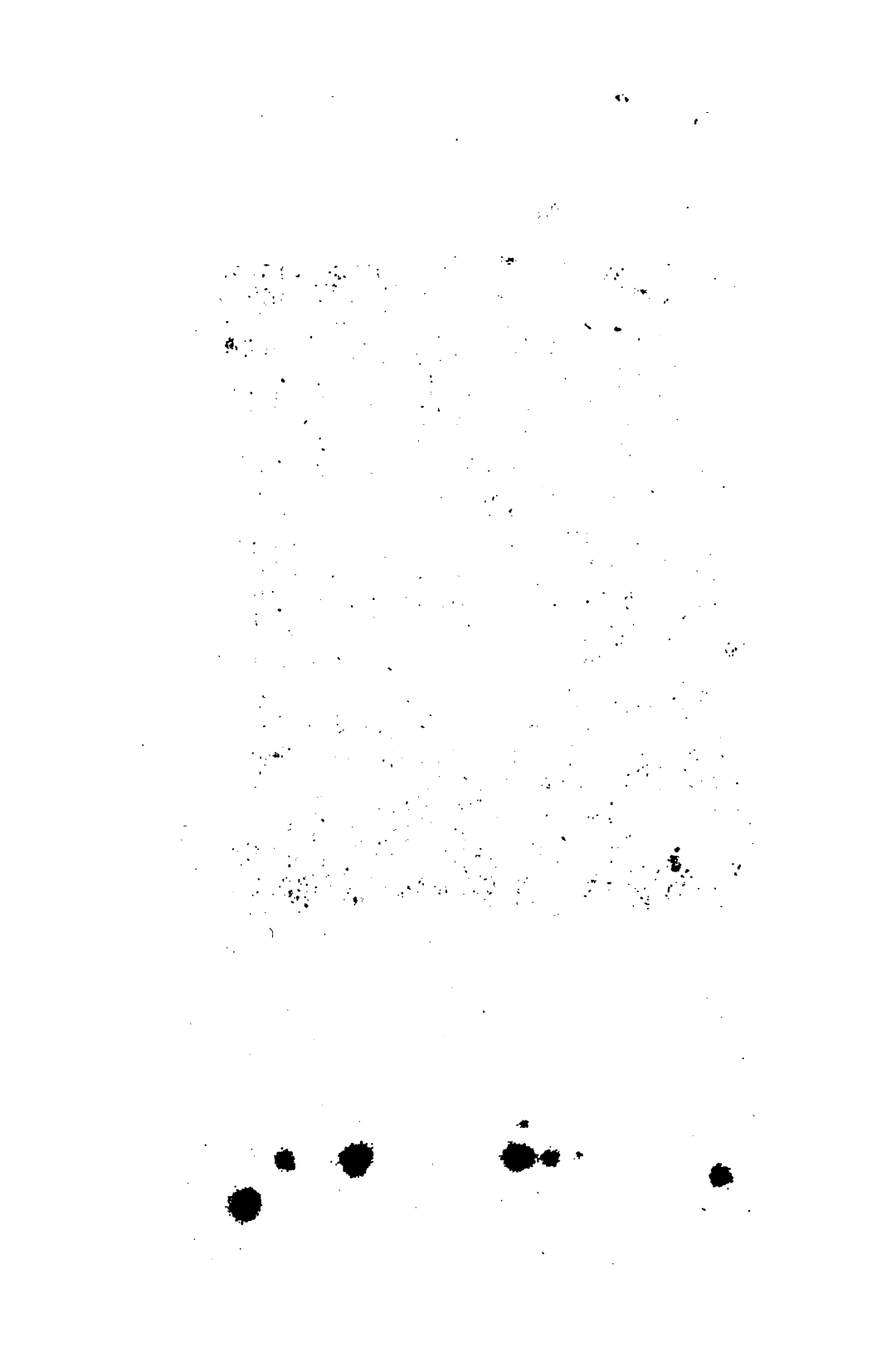


M. A. Shaw R.A. del.

C. Hollis sculp.

THE LOST EAR RINGS.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE.



I wore them at the market,
In the dance they threw a spell
On all the lads who saw them,
And my looks became them well.
My love gave me these precious rings,
And gave me, little loth,
At parting, such a heart-warm kiss,
’Twas richly worth them both.
A kiss, alas! is but a touch,
The rings no more will shine
Around me in their glory,
And my love will ne’er be mine.

Mute sat the pensive maiden,
When there came a man and drew
Her, shining in her beauty,
Like a star amid the dew.
A painter good, a critic shrewd,
A poet bold was he,
Who has not heard, who has not read,
Of Martin Arthur Shee?

THE FISHER’S CALL.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

THE thorn is in the bud,
The palm is in the blossom,
The primrose, in the shade,
Unfolds her dewy bosom;

Sweet Coquet's purling clear,
And summer music making ;
The trout has left his lair,
Then waken, fishers, waken.

The lavrock's in the sky,
And on the heath the plover,
The bee upon the thyme,
The swallow skimming over ;
The farmer walks the field,
The seed he's casting steady ;
The breeze is blowing west,
Be ready, fishers, ready.

The violet's in her prime,
And April is the weather ;
The partridge on the wing,
The muircock in the heather ;
The sun's upon the pool,
His mornin' radiance wasting,
It's glittering like the gold,
Oh ! hasten, fishers, hasten.

The Felton lads are up,
They're lookin' to their tackle,
The sawmon's in the stream,
And killing is the hackle.
If there's a feat to do,
'Tis Weldon boys should do it ;
Then up an' rig your gads,
And to it, fishers, to it !

THE GLOWWORM.

BY A. FERGUSON, ESQ.

ALL sounds are heartsome, young birds cheeping,
 Grasshoppers chirring, lambkins leaping,
 The bloom-boughs rustling, waters dreeping ;
 Mair heartsome still,
 Fair, proud, inconstant woman weeping,
 When balked her will.

The plover's cry, the startling fillie ;
 The humming bee, hung 'neath the lilie ;
 The song of streams, 'mid woodlands hillie,
 When winds are calm ;
 And drooping lowne, then rising shrillie,
 The evening psalm.

All sights are sweet, the daylight glancing,
 Wild swans in flight, young damsels dancing,
 War horses to the onset prancing,
 Their riders' blades
 Shown to the sun, all proud advancing
 In deep brigades.

All sights are gladsome,—budding timmer,
The flower of spring, the fruit of simmer,
Man's cup, when Fortune fills a brimmer
 To soothe his soul ;
Or winter, when her blast grows grimmer,
 And tempests howl.

All, all is lovely,—lights which greet,
The hour when rest and labour meet,
The dewdrops on a fair one's feet,
 Diviner still
Her lustrous, dark eyes darting sweet
 Her gentle will.

'Tis sweet to hear the corncrakes crying,
Hear cushats coo, see swallows flying,
The fishes leap, twin lambkins lying
 Beside the yowes ;
Or see the golden daylight dying
 On fairy knowes.

Or see the lark from heaven descending,
The plaided shepherd homewards wending,
Her well trimm'd hearth the housewife tending,
 And sparkling crusie ;
To poet's song, young maidens lending
 Lips ripe and rosie.

In vagrant mood I muse and dander,
When heaven's whole stars are in their splendour,
With some wild burn to wind and wander
 'Mang fairy spots;
And on a thousand fancies squander
 Thick springing thoughts.

There wild doves roost in pairs, and hark,
Up from the clover springs the lark,
The wild hares scud amid the dark,
 Wi' dewy foot,
And Glowworms light their diamond spark
 By yon tree root.

The eve star shines out fair, and see
The Glowworm glimmers by the tree;
I have one hour to fancy free,
 So gentle light,
Glowworm or spirit, thou shalt be
 My lamp to-night.

Thou hast no house, thou hast no home;
Nor wings to fly, nor feet to roam;
But gladsome, in thy rustic room,
 Nor neat nor trim,
Thou shinest away to cheer the gloom
 Of midnight grim.

The stars, in all their proud career,
Are not to me, as thou, so dear ;
They seem to say, " How passing clear
And gallantie
We gleam." They shine all men to cheer ;
Thou shinest for me.

The moon, that now her horns is filling,
And liquid light in gushes spilling,
Till earth shines like a new coined shilling,
Tower hill and glen ;
She's queen to many a scoundrel million
Of knaves called men.

But thou, sweet lamp, thy fairy twinkle
Smooths my sad brow from crease and wrinkle ;
There's music in the streamlet's tinkle ;
Eve, mild and clear,
Thick gems me with her odorous sprinkle,
When thou art here.

Life is a dream by woe unriddled ;
In sorrow was I born and swaddled ;
The breast that fed, the hand that cradled,
But train'd my pride,
To stand thus bridled and thus saddled,
For knaves to ride.

The peasant sups his bitter boon,
In sorrow, from the parish spoon ;
And eats and vows by sun and moon,
 And blood of malt,
That some shall sup their supper soon,
 Right hot and salt.

While those with lordships in their pocket,
Rise glorious as a Congreve rocket :
Dame Fortune's wheel, the brightest spoke o't
 Turns as they turn ;
And splendid, to the very socket,
 Their candles burn.

All ye in lap of Fortune dandled,
Perfumed and plumed and softly handled,
Off-capt, with "please my lord," and fondled
 By menial crowds ;
While, like Greek gods, all winged and sandalled,
 Ye tread the clouds.

To you we cry, we men in tatters,
Whom Fortune soul and body batters,
And dyes us in her ditch like hatters,
 Look down, ye gods ;
Hear how we groan and clank the fetters,
 And chop the clods.

From earth, for you, abundance gushes ;
 Corn springs, ripe fruits fill all the bushes ;
 The sun shines, and the fat deer rushes ;
 Fish of the flood,
 Fowl o' the air ; the black grape crushes
 Its red heart's blood,

The earth is yours, and all that's on it :
 Deep have ye plowed, and thick ye've sown it
 With human bones.—Here goes my bonnet,
 As high's the moon :
 Mine is a moon-struck muse, I own it ;
 I'll cure her soon.

Muse, darest thou stare men in the faces,
 Whom Fortune littered on high places ;
 Their lordships, and, what's worse, their graces,
 Viscounts, and earls ;
 Go round the corn-ricks, run wild races,
 With village carles.

Go grope for trouts in some wild stream ;
 Go ride an hour on yon moonbeam ;
 Go churn the churn, and skim the cream,
 And tease the woo' ;
 Or sleep your sleep, and dream your dream,
 As churchmen do ;

If thou wantest gold, there go and take it ;
If thou wantest bread, there go and bake it ;
If thou lackest raiment, go and make it :

What must be must ;
Or take thy poet-poke and shake it,
And lick the dust.

Or come with me, when bees are swarming,
Or hinds with sickles sharp are arming,
Or rustic wealth gives toil a charming,
And drinks and dances ;
And maids give frozen hearts a warming,
With modest glances.

Or come with me, where brides are blushing ;
Or come with me, where streams are rushing ;
Or come with me, where mirth is pushing
The giddy cup ;
Or come with me, where love is flushing
A sweet face up.

Or come where humble worth lies sleeping
The sleep of death, 'mid women weeping,
And stoic man his cheeks is steeping
In tears unbid ;
And youth its silent watch is keeping,
At feet and head.

Muse! these are themes well worth thy noting—
Be grandeur and its pride forgotten,
Dosed, dead, stretched, mourned for, earthed, and rotten,
And all is o'er:
A torch burnt out, a star that's shotten,
To shine no more.

THE WEDDING WAKE.

BY GEORGE DARLEY, ESQ.

DEAD Beauty's eye is beamless all,
Its glance is dull as hail;
The snow that on her cheek might fall
Were nothing half so pale.

Her lip—O God! her sullen lip,
So brightly raised erewhile;
No sweet thought curls its hollowed tip,
Not even a marble smile!

See, maidens! see, to hide its charms,
Cross'd on her neck of pearl;
See how she lays her lily arms,
The chaste, the careful girl!

Why stand ye tearless by my side?
 Where is sweet Pity gone?—
 Pity o'erwept herself and died
 The day her life was done.

Like a dark stream, her raven hair
 Wanders adown her brow;
 Look how the weetless, reckless air
 Moves its dead tresses now!

Where is her unworn bridal trim?—
 Hark! who is he that sighs?
 Stand forth, slight Boy!—let none but him
 Close up her pallid eyes.

I smile to see him plight his truth
 In her unlistening ear;
 Stain not, O deeply bending Youth!
 Her sweet cheek with a tear.

Pillow her in her bridal tire,
 Her sandals at her feet;
 No other dress doth she require,
 Than a cold windingsheet.

Coffin her up, and on the pall
 Lay one white virgin plume;
 As lone, as still, as spotless all,
 She shall lie in the tomb.

We'll carry her o'er the churchyard green,
Down by the willow trees;
We'll bury her by herself, between
Two sister cypresses.

Flowers of the sweetest, saddest hue
Shall deck her lowly bed;
Rosemary at her feet we'll strew,
And violets at her head.

The pale rose, the dim azure bell,
And that lamenting flower,
With Ai! Ai! its eternal knell,
Shall ever-bloom her bower,

Her cypress bower; whose shade beneath,
Passionless, she shall lie:
To rest so calm, so sweet in death,
'Twere no great ill to die!

Ye four fair Maids, the fairest ye,
Be ye the flower strewers!
Ye four bright Youths, the bearers be,
Ye were her fondest wooers!

To church! to church! ungallant Youth,
Carry your willing bride!
So pale he looks, 'twere well, in sooth,
He should lie by her side!

The bed is laid, the toll is done;
 The ready priest doth stand;
 Come, let the flowers be strown! be strown!
 Strike up, ye bridal band!

Forbear, forbear that cruel jest;
 Be this the funeral song:
 Farewell, the loveliest and the best
 That ever died so young!

ODE TO AUTUMN.

BY JOHN CLARE.

SYREN! of sullen woods and fading hues,
 Yet haply not incapable of joy,—
 Sweet Autumn, I thee hail!
 With welcome all unfeigned;
 And oft, as Morning from her lattice peeps,
 To beckon up the Sun! I'll seek, with thee,
 To drink the dewy breath
 Of fields left fragrant then.

To solitudes, where no frequented path
 But what thine own foot makes, betrays thine home;
 Stealing obtrusive there;
 To meditate thine end;

By overshadow'd ponds, in woody nooks,
With ramping sallows lined, and crowding sedge,
That woo the winds to play,
And with them dance for joy.

And meadow pools, torn wide by lawless floods,
Where waterlilies spread their glossy leaves,
On which the dragon fly
Yet battens in the sun;
Where leans the moping willow half way o'er,
On which the shepherd crawls astride, to throw
His angle clear of weeds,
That float the water's brim.

Or crispy hills, and hollows scant of sward,
Where, step by step, the patient shepherd boy
Hath cut rude flights of stairs,
To climb their steepy sides;
Then, tracking at their feet, grown hoarse with noise,
The moaning brook, that ekes its weary speed,
And struggles through the weeds
With faint and sullen crawl.

These haunts, long favour'd, but the more so now,
With thee thus wandering, moralizing on;
Stealing glad thoughts from grief,
And happy though I sigh!
Sweet vision! with the wild dishevell'd hair,
And raiment shadowy with each wind's embrace,
Fain would I win thine harp
To one accordant theme.

Now, not inaptly craved, commencing thus:—
Beneath the twined arms of this stunt oak,
 We'll pillow on the grass,
 And fondly ruminare
O'er the disorder'd scenes of fields and woods,
Plough'd lands, thin travell'd by half hungry sheep;
 Pastures track'd deep with cows,
 Where small birds seek for seed.

Marking the cow boy—who so merry trills
His frequent unpremeditated song;
 wooing the winds to pause
 Till echo sings again,
As on, with plashy step and clouted shoon,
He roves, half indolent and self employ'd,
 To rob the little birds
 Of hips and pendent haws,

And sloes, dim cover'd, as with dewy veils,
And rambling brambleberries, pulp and sweet,
 Arching their prickly trails
 Half o'er the narrow lane;
And mark the hedger, front with stubborn face
The dank rude wind, that whistles thinly by,
 His leathern garb, thorn proof,
 And cheeks red hot with toil!

Wild sorceress! me thy restless mood delights
More than the stir of summer's crowded scenes;
 Where, giddy with the din,
 Joy pall'd mine ear with song:

Heart sickening for the silence that is thine—
Not broken inharmoniously, as now
 That lone and vagrant bee
 Roams faint with weary chime.

The filtering winds, that winnow through the woods
In tremulous noise, now bid, at ev'ry breath,
 Some sickly canker'd leaf
 Let go its hold and die!
And now the bickering storm, with sudden start,
In fitful gusts of anger carpeth loud;
 Thee urging to thine end,
 Sore wept by troubled skies!

And yet, sublime in grief, thy thoughts delight
To show me visions of more gorgeous dyes:
 Haply forgetting now,
 They but prepare thy shroud!
Thy pencil, dashing its excess of shades,
Improvident of waste, 'till every bough
 Burns with thy mellow touch,
 Disorderly divine!

Soon must I view thee as a pleasant dream,
Droop faintly, and so sicken for thine end,
 As sad the winds sink low,
 In dirges for their queen!
While in the moment of their weary pause,
To cheer thy bankrupt pomp, the willing lark
 Starts from his shielding clod,
 Snatching sweet scraps of song!

Thy life is waning now, and Silence tries
To mourn, but meets no sympathy in sounds,
 As stooping low she bends,
 Forming with leaves thy grave!
To sleep inglorious there 'mid tangled woods,
'Till parch-lipp'd Summer pines in drought away—
 Then from thine ivy'd trance
 Awake to glories new.

THE RETURN.

BY MRS. EMMERSON.

THE joys of "Home" have oft been told,
 And sung in many a gifted strain;
Yet, can the theme e'er grow so old,
 As not inspire again?

Again—Oh yes! and oft again
 The harp shall tune so fond a lay;
It is (like Love) too sweet a strain
 To ever die away!

Leave it awhile, a little while,
 And from your kindred dwell apart,
From social bliss, affection's smile;
 How lonely feels the heart.

If, in a stranger-land ye be,
And roaming 'neath a brighter sky
What dwells so dear in memory,
What wakes so fond a sigh

As absent "Home" restored to thee!
Each simple object seems more dear;
The heart then tastes felicity
In all we see and hear!

To meet again the smile of love,
And Friendship's gentle hand to press;
The fond salute where'er we move,
While all things seem to bless!

It is a theme might well prolong
The Poet's best and choicest lay;
But mine can only breathe the song
Of joy, to hail the day.

I meet again "my own fireside!"
In bliss, or woe, or health, or pain,
With thee I'll evermore abide,
Nor lose thy sweets again.

ABBOTSFORD.

[We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a description of the residence of Sir Walter Scott, from the private letter of a distinguished American. The fame of the illustrious proprietor has flown far and wide; and his name has become a passport to his countrymen in every quarter of the globe where the glory of genius is acknowledged. The admiration which his numerous works have excited, naturally creates a wish to know something more of one who has delighted us all so much—to see the place where he gives himself up to meditation—the walks in which he muses, and the study in which he conceives and pours forth his magical productions. The pen of our friend has recorded his own impressions with great vividness and graphic vigour: to the aid of the pen we have brought the pencil, and rendered more complete the account of the distinguished tourist. ED.]

I HAVE been exceedingly unfortunate as to one of the chief objects of this northern expedition; in a word, it has been my luck to select for my visit to Scotland, the only month in which, for some years past, Sir Walter has been out of it. My good friend R— had told me that by the 12th or 13th he was sure to be on the banks of the Tweed, and amply provided with letters of introduction, I quitted the mail coach at Selkirk on the 15th, without the slightest doubt that I was within an hour's ride of the great Minstrel, as well as of his castle. The people at the inn, too, confirmed me in my belief. "The Sheriff," so they called him, was, they said, sure to be at home, for "the session was up,"

and he never was known to linger amidst the dust of Edinburgh when his professional duties permitted him to be in the country. On accordingly I drove, in high hope; and ere long the towers of Abbotsford were pointed out to me, amidst a beautiful wood chiefly of young oak and birch, and at no great distance from the river. But to cut the story short, I found the outer gates barred and bolted; there was nothing, after we knocked and rang for some minutes, but a woful howling of dogs from the interior; and at last a rough looking countryman issuing, with a staghound at his heels and an axe on his shoulder, from a side postern, informed me, in a dialect not over intelligible, that Sir Walter and his family had gone on a tour to Ireland, and were not expected back again for some weeks. This was grievous enough: but what remedy? I asked to see the house and gardens, and was told I might do so any other day I pleased, but that on this particular day there was a fair in the neighbourhood, and the showkeepers had quitted their post to partake of its festivities. Upon a little reflection, I resolved to go on to "fair Melrose," and return to Abbotsford next morning. I was fortunate enough to scrape acquaintance, ere this, with Mr. ***** of *****, who politely offered to act as my cicerone, and I believe, in the absence of the Poet's own household, there was no one better able to perform those functions. I breakfasted with him, and he conducted me once more to the huge baronial gates, which I no longer found reluctant to turn on their hinges. He took me all over the house

and its environs, and I spent a delightful evening afterwards under his own hospitable roof, which is on the other side of the Tweed.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, he tells me, there was not a more unlovely spot, in this part of the world, than that on which Abbotsford now exhibits all its quaint architecture and beautiful accompaniment of garden and woodland. A mean farm house stood on part of the site of the present edifice; a "kale yard" bloomed where the stately embattled court yard now spreads itself; and for many thousand acres of flourishing plantations, half of which have all the appearance of being twice as old as they really are, there was but a single long straggling stripe of unthriving firs. The river, however, must needs remain *in statu quo*; and I will not believe that any place so near those clearest and sweetest of all waters, could ever have been quite destitute of charms. The scene, however, was no doubt wild enough,—a naked moor—a few little turnip fields painfully reclaimed from it—a Scotch cottage—a Scotch farm yard, and some Scots firs. It is difficult to imagine a more complete contrast to the Abbotsford of 1825.

Sir W. is, as you have no doubt heard, a most zealous agriculturist, and arboriculturist especially; and he is allowed to have done things with this estate, since it came into his possession, which would have been reckoned wonders, even if they had occupied the whole of a clever and skilful man's attention, during more years than have elapsed since he began to write

himself Laird of Abbotsford. He has some excellent arable land on the banks of the Tweed, and towards the little town of Melrose, which lies some three miles from the mansion; but the bulk of the property is hilly country, with deep narrow dells interlacing it. Of this he has planted fully one half, and it is admitted on all hands, that his rising forest has been laid out, arranged, and managed with consummate taste, care, and success. So much so, that the general appearance of Tweedside, for some miles, is already quite altered and improved by the graceful ranges of his woodland; and that the produce of these plantations must, in the course of twenty or thirty years more, add immensely to the yearly rental of the estate. In the meantime, the shelter afforded by the woods to the sheep walks reserved amidst them, has prodigiously improved the pasturage, and half the surface yields already double the rent the whole was ever thought capable of affording, while in the old unprotected condition. All through those woods there are broad riding-ways, kept in capital order, and conducted in such excellent taste, that we might wander for weeks amidst their windings without exhausting the beauties of the Poet's lounge. There are scores of charming waterfalls in the ravines, and near every one of them you find benches or bowers at the most picturesque points of view. There are two or three small mountain lakes included in the domain—one of them not so small neither—being, I should suppose, nearly a mile in circumference; and of these also every advantage has been taken. On the whole, it is

already a very beautiful scene; and when the trees have gained their proper dignity of elevation, it must be a very grand one. Amidst these woods, Mr. ***** tells me, the proprietor, when at home, usually spends many hours daily, either on his pony, or on foot, with axe and pruning knife in hand. Here is his *study*; he, it seems, like Jaques, is never at a loss to find "books in trees."

" The Muse nae poet ever fand her
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang,"

As Burns says; and one of his *burns*, by the by, is Huntley Burn, where Thomas of Erceldoune met the Queen of Faëry. The recontre, according to the old Rhymer himself, occurred beside "The Eildon Tree." That landmark has long since disappeared, but most of Sir Walter's walks have the Eildon Hills, in some one or other of their innumerable aspects, for background. But I am keeping you too long away from "The Roof-tree of Monkbarns," which is situated on the brink of the last of a series of irregular hills, descending from the elevation of the Eildons, stepwise, to the Tweed. On all sides, except towards the river, the house connects itself with the gardens (according to the old fashion now generally condemned); so that there is no want of air and space about the habitation. The building is such a one, I dare say, as nobody but he would ever have dreamed of erecting; or, if he had,

escaped being quizzed for his pains. Yet it is eminently imposing in its general effect; and in most of the details, not only full of historical interest, but of beauty also. It is no doubt a thing of shreds and patches, but they have been combined by a masterly hand; and if there be some whimsicalities, that in an ordinary case might have called up a smile, who is likely now or hereafter to contemplate such a monument of such a man's peculiar tastes and fancies, without feelings of a far different order? Borrowing outlines and ornaments from every part of Scotland, a gateway from Linlithgow, a roof from Roslin, a chimneypiece from Melrose, a postern from the "Heart of Midlothian," &c. &c. &c. it is totally unlike any other building in the kingdom, as a whole; and that whole is, I have said, a beautiful and a noble whole—almost enough so to make me suspect that, if Sir Walter had been bred an architect, he might have done as much in that way as he has *de facto*, in the woodman's craft, or (which they swear he is less vain of) the novelist's.

By the principal approach you come very suddenly on the edifice—as the French would say, "*Vous tombez sur le château*;" but this evil, if evil it be, was unavoidable, in consequence of the vicinity of a public road which cuts off the *chateau* and its *plaisance* from the main body of park and wood, making it a matter of necessity, that what is called, in the improvement men's slang, "the avenue proper," should be short. It is but slightly curved, and you find yourself, a very few

minutes after turning from the road, at the great gate already mentioned. This is a lofty arch rising out of an embattled wall of considerable height; and the *jougs*, as they are styled, those well known emblems of feudal authority, hang rusty at the side: this pair being *dit on* relics from that great citadel of the old Douglasses, Thrieve Castle, in Galloway. On entering, you find yourself within an enclosure of perhaps half an acre or better, two sides thereof being protected by the high wall above mentioned, all along which, inside, a trellissed walk extends itself—broad, cool, and dark overhead with roses and honeysuckles. The third side, to the east, shows a screen of open arches of Gothic stone work, filled between with a net work of iron, not visible until you come close to it, and affording therefore delightful glimpses of the gardens, which spread upwards with many architectural ornaments of turret, porch, urn, vase, and what not, after a fashion that would make the heart of old Price of the Picturesque to leap within him: this screen is a feature of equal novelty and grace, and if ever the old school of gardening come into vogue again, will find abundance of imitators. It abutts on the eastern extremity of the house, which runs along the whole of the northern side (and a small part of the western) of the great enclosure. And, by the way, nothing can be more delightful than the whole effect of the said enclosure, in the still and solitary state in which I chanced to see it. There is room for a piece of the most *elaborate* turf within it, and rosaries of all manner of shapes and sizes gradually

connect this green pavement with the roof of the trellis walk, a verdant cloister, over which appears the gray wall with its little turrets; and over that again, climb oak, elm, birch, and hazel, up a steep bank—so steep that the trees, young as they are, give already all the grand effect of a sweeping amphitheatre of wood. The background on that side is wholly forest; on the east, garden loses itself in forest by degrees; on the west, there is wood on wood also, but with glimpses of the Tweed between; and in the distance (some half a dozen miles off) a complete *sierra*, the ridge of the mountain between Tweed and Yarrow, to wit—its highest peak being that of Newark hill, at the bottom of which the old castle, where “the latest Minstrel sang,” still exhibits some noble ruins.

Not being skilled in the technical tongue of the architects, I beg leave to decline describing the structure of the house, further than merely to say, that it is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, as I paced it; was built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end, the one not the least like the other; presents sundry *crowfooted*, alias zigzagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations and parapets and machicolated eaves; most fantastic waterspouts; labelled windows, not a few of them of painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innumerable let in here and there in the wall; and a very noble projecting gateway, a *fac simile*, I am told, of that appertaining to a certain dilapidated royal palace, which

long ago seems to have caught in a particular manner the Poet's fancy, as witness the stanza :

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
Above the rest, beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.

The prints will give you a better notion of these matters than my pen could do,—and, by the by, the best likeness I have as yet met with, is one that adorns the cover of a certain species of sticking plaster. From this porchway, which is spacious and airy, quite open to the elements in front, and adorned with some enormous petrified staghorns overhead, you are admitted by a pair of folding doors at once into the hall, and an imposing *coup d'œil* the first glimpse of the Poet's interior does present. The lofty windows, only two in number, being wholly covered with coats of arms, the place appears as dark as the twelfth century, on your first entrance from noonday ; but the delicious coolness of the atmosphere is luxury enough for a minute or two ; and by degrees your eyes get accustomed to the effect of those “ storied panes,” and you are satisfied that you stand in one of the most picturesque of apartments. The hall is, I should guess, about forty feet long, by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old palace of Dumfermline : the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting, in the centre, a shield of arms richly blazoned : of these shields there are sixteen, enough to

bear all the quarterings of a perfect pedigree if the Poet could show them ; but on the maternal side (at the extremity) there are two or three blanks (of the same sort which made Louis le Grand unhappy) which have been covered with sketches of Cloudland, and equipped with the appropriate motto, "*Nox alta velat.*" The shields, properly filled up, are distinguished ones ; the descent of Scott of Harden on one side, and Rutherford *of that ilk* on the other ; all which matters, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of Douglas and Nisbet ? There is a doorway at the eastern end, over and round which the Baronet has placed another series of escutcheons, which I looked on with at least as much respect ; they are the memorials of his immediate personal connexions, the bearings of his friends and companions. All around the cornice of this noble room, there runs a continued series of blazoned shields, of another sort still ; at the centre of one end, I saw the bloody heart of Douglas ; and opposite to that, the royal lion of Scotland,—and between the ribs there is an inscription in black letter, which I, after some trials, read, and of which I wish I had had sense enough to take a copy. To the best of my recollection, the words are not unlike these : "These be the coat armories of the clannis and chief men of name, wha keepit the marchys of Scotlande in the aulde tyme for the Kinge. Trewe ware they in their tyme, and in their defense God them defendyt." There are from thirty to forty shields thus distinguished—Douglas, Soulis, Buccleugh, Maxwell, Johnstoune, Glendoning, Herries, Rutherford, Kerr,

Elliott, Pringle, Home, and all the other heroes, as you may guess, of the border minstrelsy. The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozengewise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armour. Two full suits of splendid steel occupy niches at the eastern end by themselves; the one an English suit of Henry the Fifth's time, the other an Italian, not quite so old. The variety of cuirasses, black and white, plain and sculptured, is endless; helmets are in equal profusion; stirrups and spurs, of every fantasy, dangle about and below them; and there are swords of every order, from the enormous twohanded weapon with which the Swiss peasants dared to withstand the spears of the Austrian chivalry, to the claymore of the "Forty-five," and the rapier of Dettingen. Indeed, I might come still lower, for among other spoils, I saw Polish lances, gathered by the author of Paul's Letters on the field of Waterloo, and a complete suit of chain mail taken off the corpse of one of Tippoo's body guard at Seringapatam. A series of German executioners' swords was *inter alia* pointed out to me; on the blade of one of which I made out the arms of Augsburg, and a legend which may be thus rendered:

Dust, when I strike, to dust: From sleepless grave,
Sweet Jesu, stoop, a sin-stained soul to save.

I am sorry there is no catalogue of this curious collection. Sir Walter ought to make one himself, for my cicerone informs me there is some particular history attached to

almost every piece in it, and known in detail to nobody but himself. "Stepping westward," as Wordsworth says, from this hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low, arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. &c. &c. Here are the pieces, esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. I saw, among the rest, Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. C. i. e. Robert Macgregor Campbell, round the touch-hole: the blunderbuss of Hofer, a present to Sir Walter from his friend Sir Humphry Davy; a most magnificent sword, as magnificently mounted, the gift of Charles the First to the great Montrose, and having the arms of Prince Henry worked on the hilt; the hunting bottle of bonnie King Jamie; Buonaparte's pistols (found in his carriage at Waterloo, I believe), *cum multis aliis*. I should have mentioned that staghorns and bulls' horns (the petrified relics of the old mountain monster, I mean), and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armories; and that, in one corner, a dark one as it ought to be, there is a complete assortment of the old Scottish instruments of torture, not forgetting the very thumbikens under which Cardinal Carstairs did *not* flinch, and the more terrific iron crown of Wisheart the Martyr, being a sort of barred head-piece, screwed on the victim at the stake, to prevent him from crying aloud in his agony. In short, there

can be no doubt that, like Grose of merry memory, the mighty Minstrel

—Has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont' guid.

These relics of other, and for the most part darker, years, are disposed, however, with so much grace and elegance, that I doubt if Mr. Hope himself would find any thing to quarrel with in the beautiful apartments which contain them. The smaller of these opens to the drawing room on one side and the dining room on the other, and is fitted up with low *divans* rather than sofas; so as to make, I doubt not, a most agreeable sitting room when the apartments are occupied, as for my sins I found them not. In the hall, when the weather is hot, the Baronet is accustomed to dine; and a gallant refectory no question it must make. A ponderous chandelier of painted glass swings from the roof; and the chimney-piece (the design copied from the stonework of the Abbot's Stall at Melrose) would hold rafters enough for a Christmas fire of the good old times. Were the company suitably attired, a dinner party here would look like a scene in the Mysteries of Udolpho.

Beyond the smaller, or rather, I should say, the narrower armoury, lies the dining parlour proper, however; and though there is nothing Udolphoish here, yet I can well believe that, when lighted up and the curtains drawn at night, the place may give no bad notion of the private snuggery of some lofty lord abbot of the time of the

Canterbury Tales. The room is a very handsome one, with a low and very richly carved roof of dark oak again; a huge projecting bow window, and the dais elevated *more majorum*; the ornaments of the roof, niches for lamps, &c. &c. in short, all the minor details, are, I believe, fac similes after Melrose. The walls are hung in crimson, but almost entirely covered with pictures, of which the most remarkable are—the parliamentary general, Lord Essex, a full length on horseback; the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a capital Hogarth, by himself; Prior and Gay, both by Jervas; and the head of Mary Queen of Scots, in a charger, painted by Amias Canrood the day after the decapitation at Fotheringay, and sent some years ago as a present to Sir Walter from a Prussian nobleman, in whose family it had been for more than two centuries. It is a most deathlike performance, and the countenance answers well enough to the coins of the unfortunate beauty, though not at all to any of the portraits I have happened to see. I believe there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this most curious picture. Among various family pictures, I noticed particularly Sir Walter's great grandfather, the old cavalier mentioned in one of the epistles in Marmion, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles the First, and who here appears, accordingly, with a most venerable appendage of silver whiteness, reaching even unto his girdle. This old gentleman's son hangs close by him; and had it not been for the costume, &c. I should have taken it for a likeness of Sir Walter himself. (It is very like the common portraits of the Poet, though certainly

not like either Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture or Chantrey's bust). There is also a very splendid full length of Lucy Waters, mother to the Duke of Monmouth; and an oval, capitally painted, of Anne Duchess of Buccleugh, the same who,

In pride of youth, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

All the furniture of this room is massy Gothic oak; and, as I said before, when it is fairly lit up, and plate and glass set forth, it must needs have a richly and luxuriously antique aspect. Beyond and alongside are narrowish passages, which make one fancy one's self in the penetralia of some dim old monastery; for roofs and walls and windows (square, round, and oval alike) are sculptured in stone, after the richest relics of Melrose and Roslin Chapel. One of these leads to a charming breakfast room, which looks to the Tweed on one side, and towards Yarrow and Ettricke, famed in song, on the other: a cheerful room, fitted up with novels, romances, and poetry, I could perceive, at one end; and the other walls covered thick and thicker with a most valuable and beautiful collection of watercolour drawings, chiefly by Turner, and Thomson of Duddingstone, the designs, in short, for the magnificent work entitled "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." There is one very grand oil painting over the chimneypiece, *Fastcastle*, by Thomson, alias the *Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor*, one of the most majestic and melancholy seapieces I ever

saw; and some large black and white drawings of the Vision of Don Roderick, by Sir James Steuart of Allbank (whose illustrations of Marmion and Mazeppa you have seen or heard of), are at one end of the parlour. The room is crammed with queer cabinets and boxes, and in a niche there is a bust of old Henry Mackenzie, by Joseph of Edinburgh. Returning towards the armoury, you have, on one side of a most religious looking corridor, a small greenhouse with a fountain playing before it—the very fountain that in days of yore graced the cross of Edinburgh, and used to flow with claret at the coronation of the Stuarts—a pretty design, and a standing monument of the barbarity of modern innovation. From the small armoury you pass, as I said before, into the drawing room, a large, lofty, and splendid *salon*, with antique ebony furniture and crimson silk hangings, cabinets, china, and mirrors *quantum suff.* and some portraits; among the rest glorious John Dryden, by Sir Peter Lely, with his gray hairs floating about in a most picturesque style, eyes full of wildness, presenting the old Bard, I take it, in one of those “tremulous moods,” in which we have it on record he appeared when interrupted in the midst of his Alexander’s Feast. From this you pass into the largest of all the apartments, the library, which, I must say, is really a noble room. It is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, terminating in a grand bow window, fitted up with books also, and, in fact, constituting a sort of chapel to the church. The roof is of carved oak

again—a very rich pattern—I believe chiefly *à la* Roslin, and the bookcases, which are also of richly carved oak, reach high up the walls all round. The collection amounts, in this room, to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects: British history and antiquities filling the whole of the chief wall; English poetry and drama, classics and miscellanies, one end; foreign literature, chiefly French and German, the other. The cases on the side opposite the fire are wired, and locked, as containing articles very precious and very portable. One consists entirely of books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another (within the recess of the bow window), of treatises *de re magica*, both of these being (I am told, and can well believe), in their several ways, collections of the rarest curiosity. My cicerone pointed out, in one corner, a magnificent set of Mountfaucon, ten volumes folio, bound in the richest manner in scarlet, and stamped with the royal arms, the gift of his present Majesty. There are few living authors of whose works presentation copies are not to be found here. My friend showed me inscriptions of that sort in, I believe, every European dialect extant. The books are all in prime condition, and bindings that would satisfy Mr. Dibdin. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse, by Allan of Edinburgh, a noble portrait, over the fireplace; and the only bust is that of Shakspeare, from the Avon monument, in a small niche in the centre of the east side. On a rich stand of porphyry, in one corner, reposes a tall silver

urn filled with bones from the Piræus, and bearing the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." It *contained* the letter which accompanied the gift till lately: it has disappeared; no one guesses who took it, but whoever he was, as my guide observed, he must have been a thief for thieving's sake truly, as he durst no more exhibit his autograph than tip himself a bare bodkin. Sad, infamous tourist indeed! Although I saw abundance of comfortable looking desks and arm chairs, yet this room seemed rather too large and fine for *work*, and I found accordingly, after passing a double pair of doors, that there was a *sanctum* within and beyond this library. And here you may believe was not to me the least interesting, though by no means the most splendid, part of the suite.

The lion's own den proper, then, is a room of about five-and-twenty feet square by twenty feet high, containing of what is properly called furniture nothing but a small writing table in the centre, a plain arm chair covered with black leather—a very comfortable one though, for I tried it—and a single chair besides, plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fireplace there are shelves filled with duodecimos and books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but except these there are no books save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. You have been both at the *Elisée Bourbon* and *Malmaison*, and remember the library at one or other of those places, I forget which; this gallery is



IN HIS STUDY.

PUBLISHED OCT 1826 BY JOHN SHARPE, LONDON.



W. Allen A.R.A. pinx.

E. Goodall sculp.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY,
IN HIS STUDY.

PUBLISHED OCT. 1828 BY JOHN SHARPE, LONDON.

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much in the same style. There are only two portraits, an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse, and a small full length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand round about, each having a bust on it: Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are on the mantelpiece; and in one corner I saw a collection of really useful weapons, those of the forest-craft, to wit—axes and bills and so forth of every calibre. There is only one window pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre; the light tracery work of the gallery overhead harmonizes with the books well. It is a very comfortable looking room, and very unlike any other I ever was in. I should not forget some Highland claymores, clustered round a target over the Canterbury people, nor a writing box of carved wood, lined with crimson velvet, and furnished with silver plate of right venerable aspect, which looked as if it might have been the implement of old Chaucer himself, but which from the arms on the lid must have belonged to some Italian prince of the days of Leo the Magnificent at the furthest.

In one corner of this *sanctum* there is a little holy of holies, in the shape of a closet, which looks like the oratory of some dame of old romance, and opens into the gardens; and the tower which furnishes this below, forms above a private staircase accessible from the gallery and leading to the upper regions. Thither also I penetrated, but I suppose you will take the bed rooms and dressing rooms for granted.

The view to the Tweed from all the principal apartments is beautiful. You look out from among bowers,

over a lawn of sweet turf, upon the clearest of all streams, fringed with the wildest of birch woods, and backed with the green hills of Ettricke Forest. The rest you must imagine. Altogether, the place destined to receive so many pilgrimages contains within itself beauties not unworthy of its associations. Few poets ever inhabited such a place; none, ere now, ever created one. It is the realization of dreams: some Frenchman called it, I hear, "a romance in stone and lime."

THE CARLE OF INVERTIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE QUEEN'S WAKE.

Who has not heard of a Carle uncouth,
The terror of age, and the scorn of youth;
Well known in this and every clime
As the grim Gudeman of Invertime;
A stern old porter who carries the key
That opens the gate to a strange countree?

The Carle's old heart with joy is dancing
When down the valley he sees advancing
The lovely, the brave, the good, or the great,
To pay the sad toll of his darksome gate.

'Tis said nought gives such joy to him
As the freezing blood and the stiffening limb ;
It has never been mine his house to scan,
So I scarce trow this of our grim Gudeman.

Wise men believe, yet I scarce know why,
That he grimly smiles as he shoves them by ;
And cares not whither to isles of bliss
They go—or to sorrow's dark wilderness ;
Or driven afar, their fate should be
To toss on the waves of a shoreless sea ;
Or sunk in lakes of surging flame,
Burning and boiling and ever the same :
Where groups of mortals toss amain
On the sultry billow and down again.
Time from the sky shall blot out the sun,
Yet ne'er with this den of dool have done.
It makes me shake and it makes me shiver,
His presence forbid it should last for ever !

Sad, wise, or witty—all find to their cost
That the grim old Carle is still at his post.
He sits and he sees, with joy elate,
In myriads, men pour in at his gate.
Some come in gladness and joy, to close
Account with Time and sink to repose ;
Some come in sorrow, they think in sooth
It hard to be summoned in strength and youth.
There lady and losel,—peasant and lord,
Men of the pen, the sermon, the sword ;

The counsellor, leach, and the monarch sublime,
All come to the Carle of Invertime.

Amongst the others, one morning came
An aged and a venerable Dame,
Stooping and palsied and pained to boot,
Moaning, and shaking from head to foot.
Slow in her pace, yet steady of mind,
She turned not once, nor looked behind ;
Nor dreading nor daring her future fate,
She tottered along to the dismal gate.

A gleam of light glanced in the eye
Of the grim Gudeaman as the dame drew nigh ;
Little cared he for an old gray wife,
Who hung like a link 'tween death and life ;
But by the side of the eldern dame,
A Form so pure and so lovely came,
That the Carle's cold veinless heart heaved high,
A tear like an ice-drop came to his eye ;
He vowed through his gate she should not win,
She seemed no child of sorrow and sin.
As thus he stood in his porch to mark,
His looks now light and his looks now dark,
He marvelled to hear so lovely a thing
Lift up her voice and gently sing
A strain, too holy, too sweet, and wild
And charming to come from an earthborn child ;
It glowed with love and fervour and faith,
And seemed to triumph o'er time and death.

“ Great Fountain of Light, and Spirit of Might,
To work thy will has been my delight;
And here at my knee, from guiltiness free,
I bring a mild meek spirit to thee.
When first I went to guide her to truth,
She was in the opening blossom of youth;
When scarce on her leaf, so spotless and new,
Ripe reason had come with her dropping dew.
Where life's pure river is but a rill
She grew and scarce knew good from ill;
But my sisters three came soon to me,
Pure Love, true Faith, sweet Charity.
Through doubts and fears, these eighty years,
We have showed her the way to the heavenly spheres.
Our first stage down life's infant stream
Was all a maze and a childish dream;
And nought was there of sin or sense
But dawning beauty and innocence:
A fairy dance of sweet delight,
Through flowers and bowers and visions bright.
Sometimes a hymn and sometimes a prayer,
Was poured to Thee with a fervent air;
'Twas sung or said, and straight was seen
The sweet child gamboling on the green;
While the pure hymn, late poured to thee,
Was chanted light as a song of glee.

“ As we went down the vale of life,
With flowers the road became less rife.

By pitfall, precipice, and pool,
Our way was shaped by line and rule.
'Mid hours of joy and days of mirth,
And hopes and fears, high thoughts had birth,
And natural yearnings of the mind,
Of something onward undefined—
Which scarce the trembling soul durst scan,
Of God's most wondrous love to man—
And some far forward state of bliss,
Of beauty and of holiness ;
But to all woes and evils blinded,
Or thoughts of death, unless reminded.
O ! happy age, remembered well,
Where neither sin nor shame can dwell.
Even then thine eye, from heaven high,
Saw that her monitor was nigh ;
At morn and even, to turn to heaven
The grateful eye, for blessings given.
And from the first prevailing tide
Of sin, and vanity and pride,
To save her, and to lead her on
To glories unrevealed, unknown.

“ Onward we came ; life's streamlet then
Entered a green and odorous glen ;
Increased, and through fair flowerets rolling,
And shady bowers, seemed past controlling ;
Flowing, 'mid roses, fast and free—
This was a trying stage for me ;

The maiden's youthful heart began
To dance through scenes elysian.
To breathe in Love's ambrosial dew,
Moved by sensations sweet and new ;
For without look or word of blame,
Her radiant blushes went and came ;
Her eye, of heaven's own azure blue,
In glance and lustre brighter grew :
Showing fond feelings all akin
To that pure soul which lived within.

“ With heart so soft and soul sincere,
Love found his way by eye and ear.
Then how I laboured, day and night,
To watch her ways and guide her right.
I brought cool airs from paradise
To purify her melting sighs.
I steeped my veil in heaven's own spring,
And o'er her watched on silent wing ;
And when she laid her down to rest,
I spread the veil o'er her virgin breast :
All earthly passions far did flee,
And heart and soul she turned to thee.
Throughout her life of wedded wife,
I weaned her soul from passion's strife ;
But Oh ! what fears and frequent tears
For the peril of childhood's tender years !
And when her firstborn's feeble moan
Was hushed by the soul's departing groan ;

In that hour of maternal grief,
I pointed her way to thy sole relief.
Another sweet babe there came and went—
Her gushing eyes she fixed and bent
Upon that mansion bright and sweet,
Where severed and kindred spirits meet.

“She has wept for the living, and wept for the dead,
Laid low in the grave her husband’s head.
She has toiled for bread with the hands of age,
And through her useful pilgrimage,
Has seen her race sink one by one—
All, all she loved—yet left and lone,
With cheer unchanged, with heart unshook,
On God she fixed her steadfast look.
And now with the eye of purest faith,
She sees beyond the vale of death,
A day that has no cloud or shower—
She has less dread of her parting hour,
Than ever had babe of its mother’s breast,
When it lays its innocent head to rest.
Oh! Maker of Earth, dread Ruler above,
Receive her spirit, her faith approve—
A tenderer mother, a nobler wife,
Ne’er waged, ’gainst earth and its sorrows, strife;
I never can bid a form arise
With purer heart than her’s to the skies.”

The Carle was moved with holy fear,
That lovely seraph’s sweet song to hear;

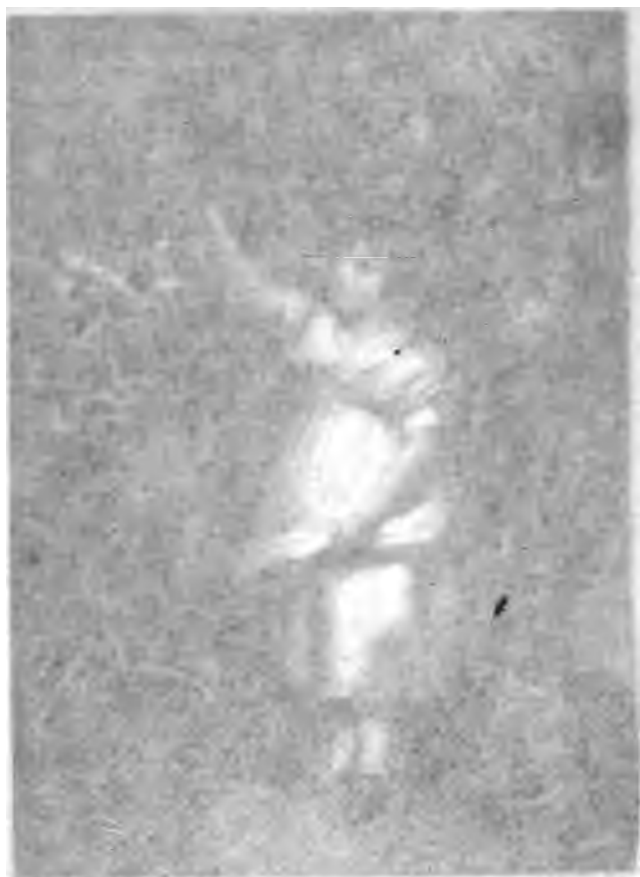
He turned away and he covered his head,
For over him fell a visible dread.
While she gave her form to the breeze away,
That came from the vales of immortal day ;
And sung her hymns far over the same,
And heavenly HOPE was the seraph's name :
The guide to a land of rest and bliss,
To a sinless world—how unlike this.

To earth's blest pilgrim, old and gray,
The gate dissolved like a cloud away ;
And the grim old Carle he veiled his face,
As she passed him by with a holy pace ;
With a touch of his hand and a whisper mild,
He soothed her heart as one stills a child.
The song of faith she faintly sung,
And God's dread name was last on her tongue.
Now from the pall, bright and sublime,
That hangs o'er the uttermost skirts of time,
Came righteous souls and shapes more bright,
Clothed in glory and walking in light ;
Majestic beings of earthly frame,
And of heavenly radiance over the same,
To welcome the Pilgrim of this gross clime,
They had come from eternity back to time—
And they sung, while they wafted her on the road,
“ Come, righteous creature, and dwell with God.”

THE BLACKBERRY BOY.

[William Hamilton was a member of our Academy, and a painter of historical and pastoral works of considerable beauty. His designs were simple, his proportions accurate, and his execution graceful. He excelled in expressing gentle emotion, and in embodying scenes of softness and tranquillity. His ladies have been praised for their academic grace and their natural modesty. His Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Isabella, was much admired; the great actress was in the pride of youth and in the full bloom of fame, and to fulfil the public expectation required no common talents. We confess, however, that we love his Blackberry Boy better than we do most of his other productions; it is true to nature, and to nature of a very sweet sort, and presents us with an image which we have all realized in our day. This beautiful child was his youngest son, the offspring of his affections as well as of his mind; and parental feeling has aided rather than impeded the pencil. In some it may awaken farther interest to be told that the painter died in 1802, in the fifty-second year of his age; and his son, whose image his genius has preserved, in his eighteenth year, after having given manifest proofs of skill and capacity in his father's profession. ED.]

PLUCK, pluck and eat, sweet Child! I see
 The image of my youth in thee.
 Less hath the painter done his part
 Than nature has, thou living art.
 For gladsome as the bees which sup
 On honey, when the sun is up,
 Was I; and pure as rose in June,
 Or star which rises next the moon,
 And restless as a running stream,
 And joyous as the morning beam,
 And light of heart and bright of face,
 I started on life's oft-run race.







W. Hamilton R.A. pinx.

W. Finden. sculp.

THE BLACKBERRY BOY.

PUBLISHED OCT. 1. 1826. BY JOHN SILEY & CO. LONDON.



I started on life's race ; and now,
With sobered heart and saddened brow,
And tottering knees, I feebly creep,
Slow to my mother's lap to sleep.
Ah ! different when, sweet Child, like thee,
I hunted wild the murmuring bee ;
Or loitering o'er my school-boy task,
In sunshine stretched me out to bask ;
Chased speckled trouts from stone to bank,
Made whistles, swords of rushes rank.
To trees and streams as brethren spake,
And dyed my lips with berries black.
The wild fruit, on the wildest tree,
Might 'scape from birds, but not from me.
The ruined castle's topmost stone
Hung tottering—I made it my throne ;
There, seated 'tween the cloud and earth,
Ten thousand phantasies had birth ;
Bright visions, such as sometimes cheer
My dreams—too pure to linger here.

Glad Child, 'tis sweet to see thee stand
With opening lip and answering hand,
Among the ripe fruit feasting free,
Spread largely for the birds and thee.
With thee I'd list, the live day long,
The green grasshopper's churming song,
Or, with light foot and wondering brow,
Hunt hopeless the unseen cuckoo.

While some fair face with sunny hair,
And laughing looks and bosom bare,
And lips sweet as the combs they suck,
And red as cherries which I pluck;
Shall come, and in the meadows green,
With chosen flowers, be crowned my queen.
Then haste, ere thick the night dews fall,
To my fond mother's homeward call.
O morn of life! Hope's cup undrained,
Ere woe on man in blood hath rained,
How fair art thou? There stay in joy,
Pluck, pluck and eat, thou happy Boy;
Sad fate abides thee. Thou mayst grow
A man; for God may doom it so.
I wish thee no such harm, sweet Child;
Go, whilst thou'rt innocent and mild;
Go, ere earth's passions, fierce and proud,
Rend thee as lightning rends the cloud;
Go, go, life's day is in the dawn;
Go, wait not, wish not to be man.

c.

THE FIGHT OF BRUNENBURGH.

From the Saxon.

KING Athelstane, that lord of earls,
 And Edmund bold and brave,
 Went to the field of Brunenburgh
 With axe and dart and glaive.
 In pride of birth, in pride of strength,
 In pride of royal right,
 Those gallant brothers went, and called
 Their followers to the fight.
 Fight for your hames, fight for your dames,
 And children yet ungot ;
 For Anlaf's stubborn Norsemen come
 With many a conquering Scot.

With bladed grass the fields are green,
 And snowed with daisies o'er ;
 But men's remorseless feet, full soon,
 Shall tramp them down in gore.
 The war shouts rose as rose the sun,
 And while God's candle gleamed,
 The shields and casques were cleft and crushed,
 And blood of warriors streamed.

Be all the banners ~~thrown~~ abroad,
Let foot to ~~foot~~ be set,
And let ~~such~~ cheer and greeting be
As brave men love to get :
But strike your sails and sink your ships
Along the foamy shore,
For those who fight King Athelstane
Shall breast the waves no more.

Away, away—hark ! for your corse
The swart sea eagles cry ;
In thought the gray wolf laps your blood,
For if you come you die.
To distant Denmark go and call
On all her stout sea kings,
And bid their black blood ravens spread
And clap their stormy wings ;
And found a kingdom, if thou canst,
On the unstable deep,
For Edward's conquering sons have sworn
Proud Britain's isle to keep.

T.

THE
HONEYCOMB AND BITTER GOURD.

IN one of our border vales stood a little old tower, which peace had reduced from the war to the agricultural establishment, at the expense of its external looks, and to the increase of its internal comfort. There was a garden before, a wild heath behind; a wood grew on the left hand, on the right rose three hills, white over with sheep; and in the tower itself lived a pleasant old man, who enjoyed the world after his own fashion, and never murmured, except at snows, frosts, rains, storms, sore droughts, the fall in the price of lambs, and the decrease in the value of wool. Now, he was a poor man, and he was a rich man. Poor, if wealth lies in hoards of gold and in bonds and bags, for of these he seemed to have little; and rich, if, by a more natural interpretation, wealth may not also consist in a well replenished house, corn in the stackyard, meal at the mill, flocks on the mountains and herds in the vales. I shall call him, therefore, a rich man; but I have not yet described all his wealth.

He lost his wife when he was young, and her looks were preserved in his heart and in the faces of two fair

lightly. Ellen became the favourite of her father; on her he lavished all his affection, and some of his wealth. She added a fine hat and feather to the exuberance of her hair, laid aside her wool hose and replaced them with silk, her gown of linsey-woolsey was exchanged for one of satin; over the whole she threw a lace veil, as white as snow; and many said that she looked fair and lady like, as she rode to kirk and market on her fine pony with a silver mounted saddle. Her sister made no change in her dress; but her face was so beautiful, and her look was so modest, that all she wore became her; and went to increase her good looks. She seemed to take no notice of the splendid dresses of her sister; her father's partiality had no influence on her conduct; she was ever the same; always neat, attentive, and kind. The flighty and quicksilver youth of the parish admired Ellen most; but far more loved Ann, and thought her more beautiful, in her plain dress, with her kind word and affectionate look to all, than her sister in her silks and feathers, tossing her head, and looking with her scornful eyes over the whole population.

Now, it happened that the charms of the two sisters inspired two suitors with affection which reached as far as wedlock, and that about the same time. It really looked like a preconcerted plan of hostility against the spinster state; for on the same morn, and at the same hour, two young men came and separately requested an interview with old Hugh of the Tower. Now, the old man had no small idea of his own importance; he seated himself firmly in his oaken chair; looked superbly know-

ing and shrewd, thinking the strangers were travellers employed in the purchase of wool; but their holiday dresses, close shaven chins, and well gartered legs, soon showed them to be wooers rather than wool buyers.

"And which of my maidens come ye for, friend?" said the father to the foremost lover—a spruce, well put on, knowing sort of youth, something between the fop and the farmer, with a silver headed whip in his hand, and top boots splashed with hard riding. "Which of them?" said the wooer, "why, the Honeycomb, to be sure; my friend behind here seems to have a hankering for the Bitter Gourd." "Frankly and freely spoken, lad," said the father; "I like ye nothing the worse for that howsoever; and who may ye be, and what's your name, and what kind of downsitting have ye for the Honeycomb, as ye call her?" "Why, I am a man that's my own man," was the answer; "and I care not a pin for any man. I have flocks and herds, much money at interest, and a large floating capital; and am proprietor, beside, of Birkbog—a fair inheritance." "I know the place well," cried old Hugh, rubbing his hands; "a fair inheritance truly! I knew your father before you—a close handed carle, with a soul as sharp as a scythe-stone, and a grip like a blacksmith's vice—you will have some small matter of money, friend?" "A trifle, a trifle," said the lover carelessly; "the gold the old one left me was of five kings' reigns, and puzzling to count, so I took the quart stoup to it and measured it—only a trifle. So ye knew my father—Ah! poor old man, he had some small skill in holding the gear together; but he had no enlarged

views—would have thought of a flying cow as soon as a floating capital. The old school! the old school!"

Satisfied with the opulence and parentage of one wooer, and charmed with the talismanic words, floating capital, old Hugh now turned to the other, a mild and modest looking young man, plainly and neatly dressed, who stood quiet and unembarrassed, with something like a smile now and then dawning on his lip as he listened to the conversation I have described. "And who may ye be," inquired the old man; "and what want ye with me? ye have a tongue, I'll warrant, and a tongue's for speaking with—so make use on't." This was said in a tone hovering between jest and earnest; the lover answered mildly, "My friend here, with the floating capital, who measures his gold with a quart stoup, has told you that I am come for the Bitter Gourd." "Take her, man; take her," exclaimed her father, "take her, and sorrow go with her. She's no the lass I long took her for, but a slut with an advice-giving face, a head that knows every thing, and a tongue that never says pleasant things to her old father. But have ye a floating or a flying capital, and what do ye measure your gold with, and where lies your land? I cannot give away my daughter Ann, bitter gourd though she be, to a landless loon—answer that, answer that." "I have neither floating nor flying capital," said the candidate for the Bitter Gourd, "nor have I gold to measure, nor land to describe; but I have a firm and a true heart, and two stout and skilful hands, and with God's blessing and the love of Ann, I cannot be beat." "But ye can be beat, man," exclaimed her

father, "and shall be beat, man; and I could beat ye myself, man, for presuming to speak of my daughter, even the Bitter Gourd, and you without foot or furrow of ground, or a pound in your pocket. Was ever the like heard tell of—what's your name?—a queer one, I'll warrant, if it be like the wearer." "It is a name little heard of," said the young man, looking down, "it is Lawson." "Lawson!" exclaimed the farmer, "what, ought to the pennyless Lawsons of Cuddierigg?" "And what an it be so?" replied the youth, colouring. "Never mind me, man; never mind me," said he of the Tower. "I shall call the lasses in and hear what they say. Ellen! come hither: Ann! Bitter Gourd! what do they call thee? Here are lads for ye both—Honeycomb! Ellen!" They entered accordingly, Ellen tossing her head, and assuming a look of peculiar loftiness; and Ann, with ease, modesty, and frankness. The appearance of the lovers seemed not to surprise them.

"I see how it is, I see how it is," exclaimed the old worthy; "it's a made up plot, a planned contrivance, the whole is settled; O that I had ever lived to witness this! I am old, and my head is gray. I have two daughters, fair and beautiful to behold. Fit marrows for lords and princes. Might be queens in a scarcity. Yet the one will wed the son and heir of old Haud-the-grip of Birkbog, a sworn miser, and a thought dishonest, whose narrow won gold will get a wide spending—there's a proverb for that; and the other will marry a Lawson, one of the Lawsons of Cuddierigg—a pennyless race, a pennyless race. O my two sweet fair daughters, beautiful to be-

hold, and matches for dukes and princes, was ever thà like heard of!"

Ellen threw her arms round her father's neck, knelt before him, bowed her head till her long tresses touched the floor, and with a voice as sweet as music, said, "O, father, think better of me, and better of this young gentleman. He is rich, for I have seen his gold; he has fine flocks of sheep, I have seen them also; a fair estate, I have walked over it, foot and furrow; a well furnished house, I have examined it well and seen how I looked in it; he has floating capital too, thousands on thousands; and is well made, well looked, well connected, and well respected; and what more could woman have to be happy? Come forward, Birkbog, and let us receive our father's blessing." "Blessing!" said the old man, "and are ye married? O, my child, my fair haired Ellen!" "Indeed, my dear papa," said Ellen, in her sweetest tones, "I knew you would like my choice, and so I even resolved to surprise ye with a new pleasure. We have brought a bridal present, too, —a horse saddled and bridled, for you to ride to kirk and market, and round about your daughter's lairdship." And she clasped him close and kissed him, and the old man's wrath melted into loving-kindness. So he blessed them both, seated them beside him, and looked very happy.

Ann now knelt in her turn, and said, "Father, I have known this young man some years; he is a dutiful son, skilful in husbandry, wise in the care of sheep, sober, and sedate. He has of money what will plenish a house

and stock a piece of ground ; I have saved as much out of your gifts as will help us ; and what with that, and your good will, and God's aid, we will take our trial, for we love one another dearly." All this was said in a quiet, even, low tone of voice, and with a look of submission. "Hout! tout! hussey," exclaimed her father, "let folly fall and cut the connexion. Think no more on't—think no more on't. Go—busk ye and trim ye, and put something handsome upon ye, to grace your sister and her husband. To marry a pennyless knave like that, was ever the like heard tell of? And you so wise and so advice-giving too! whom all men but me called Miss Prudence. Oh! Ann, Ann, well art thou called the Bitter Gourd, for bitter art thou to me."

Her lover now took speech in hand, and he spoke modestly and plainly. "I love your daughter, your daughter loves me ; I love her for her good sense, her good feeling, her good conduct, and her good looks ; and for these qualities I am willing to make her my wife. If she has flocks, if she has money, they depend upon her father alone ; if they come they are welcome, if they remain they are also welcome. I can work for wealth as others have done before me." "I shall make all this nice and short, lad," said old Hugh ; "ye wish to marry my daughter, ye are resolved on that?" "I am," said the lover. "And ye wish to marry him, Ann! Bitter Gourd—what call they ye, that ye are fixed upon too?" "I love him dearly," she said, with a calm, and sorrowful look ; "and loving him, I wish to wed him. I am sure my father will like him, when he

knows him as well as I do." "Then it is settled," said the old man, "and all I have to do is to bless ye and divide the gear." "I want no gear," said Ann, composedly; "what is my father's, is my father's, and long may he live to enjoy his own." "O, sister, will ye never have done thwarting our father?" said the Honeycomb; "ye'll break his heart with your contradictions; he is wiser than all the children he has, and well may he have his own way, for he has been a kind father to us both." "Bless ye for that, Ellen, my love," said the old man, "ye were ay dutiful."

He went out for a little while, and returned with a small packet in each hand. "Ellen, my love, my dutiful child," he said, "I bless thee and thine. The old gray man has little gold; yet thou art no poor man's daughter. I have divided my gear according as love has been given to me. I give to thee and thine, six thousand sheep, every one has a lamb at its side, and most have two; and I give to thee, besides, two hundred pieces of gold—go and be happy. As for thee, Ann, my daughter, whom men call the Bitter Gourd, as thou hast been to thy father, so wilt thou succeed in life; for God above sees our hearts and weighs our actions, and is wroth with children who are undutiful; there's scripture for it, Ann—read the scripture. But touching this proposed buckling of thine, I shall soon settle that. To thee I give, as thy share of my gear, six score sheep and six pieces of silver. There, man, take her, take her; will ye have her now, man? I think my words have sobered ye; wherefore will ye no speak?"

The young man went kindly up, took Ann by the hand and said, while the round bright tears in dozens were rolling down her cheeks, "Be calm, Ann; be calm; what signifies world's gear to affection such as our's; we will work for gold, and enjoy it the more the harder that we toil. I love you all the better for this. Come home with me to my mother. We shall be wedded to-morrow, and my feet will be all the lighter at our bridal, that ye are as poor as myself." "Aye! away with him, Ann; away with him; I wish ye luck of your tocher and your disobedience. I have got one kind and affectionate child, and with her shall I spend my days." As old men are wilful, Hugh of the Tower experienced no visible relentings, but disposed of his gear, as has been described, between his two daughters.

"Man proposes and God disposes," said the preacher; and he spoke wisely, for events occur which confound the wisdom of man, and scatter to the winds of heaven his proudest speculations. The husband of Ann took the sheep and the silver, and uttered not one word of complaint. He was prudent and laborious, used his young strength wisely, made his bargains discreetly, and grew gradually rich and increased in consequence. He loved his wife, and his wife loved him; they consulted each other's tempers and feelings; and without any of those stormy and feverish fits of love, of which we read so much and see so little, continued to live very happily. Men began to quote his sayings and request his aid in valuations, the clergyman of the parish called in his knowledge to guide the temporal affairs of the

church, yet the man was not puffed up, but bore himself meekly, and seemed insensible of his growing importance.

The young portioner of Birkbog, with the well-tochered wife and the floating capital, carried himself less mildly in the sight of men than his brother-in-law, whom he despised as much as a man with six thousand sheep despises one with six score. He bought a blood horse for himself, gayer dresses for his wife, furnished his house expensively, filled it with servants, had a richer supper and a softer bed, a fatter roast at the fire, and stronger drink in the bottle; and thinking Fortune had set her banner up for once and ay in his house, he grew rash in his speculations, and hazarded without fear the wealth of which he was master. He grew more boisterous, too, in his cups; more overbearing in his conduct; whilst his wife carried her head above her state, dressed beyond her condition, and, with her long silk dresses and waving feathers, seemed to say to her old companions of the cottage, "Stand about and give my gown room!" All these appearances escaped not the inquisitive eyes of the good people of the district; and they whispered, as the dame of Birkbog swept by, "Pride will have a downfall," "Those who ride fast never ride long," and many other old saws and remnants of prudential wit, filled with meaning and the spirit of prophecy.

Our old worthy having, in the fulness of his joy, left his gray tower to the occupation of the owl and the bat, lived with his daughter Ellen. For a time, his bed was

soft, his meal was ample, his dress becoming, and his treatment kind. "Use lessens marvel," says our wise poet; and so it happened here. Young Birkbog was by nature selfish and imperious; he had seen, he imagined, in the payment of his wife's portion, the end of her father's pastoral wealth and the bottom of his money bags. There was nothing more to be hoped for; except that death, who sometimes penetrated into those pastoral recesses, when he had surfeited in large towns, should come and carry him away from the abated affection of his daughter and the diminishing regard of his son. But death forgot him, and his son began to give more way to the natural insolence of his heart, and to take his temper out of all restraint. He assumed a stronger tone of command amongst his servants, laid down rules which disputed the wisdom of his father-in-law's long trains of maxims, and plainly intimated his contempt for those oral rules of economy which old Hugh of the Tower considered as forming the keystone in the arch of domestic prosperity. "My son," thus remonstrated the old man, "be not too much elated—you have grown suddenly rich by fortunate speculation, and by a lucky use of your floating capital. You are of weight in the market; your words are considered wise, for wisdom grows as riches increase; and you are pointed out by sensible men to their sons as an example what talents well applied will do. Be not puffed up, I say; nor speak loudly to old men, nor insolently to the young. Your prosperity will then be looked on without

envy; and misfortunes, should they come, will be regarded with sorrow."

"All which is to say," said the son-in-law, "that I am a fool and a swaggerer. I'll tell ye what, old one, the wisdom of the year of grace 1760, and the wisdom of the year of knowledge 1800, are different things. The former knew nothing of the new vigour which chemical discoveries have imparted to the ground, nor of the miraculous influence which floating capital has upon the fortune of man. Go to—I can win more gold by the wind of my mouth, in a single hour, than one of the old school could gather together in a century. There is a new order of things. Floating capital is the ark which saves the world from sinking; so mind your prayers and be quiet."

Matters were predestined to come soon to a more violent crisis. A neighbour came in, one of the wise youths of the year of knowledge 1800, with a turn for speculation and a veneration for floating capital. To this worthy the laird of Birkbog talked of old Hugh of the Tower as if his senses were defunct, or rather as a person fit only to be treated as an unsightly piece of old furniture—one with whom it was unnecessary to be delicate or ceremonious. He spoke of the old man—Hugh did not like to be called old; he talked of the poor man—Hugh did not like to be called poor; he spoke of the wise old has been—Hugh thought himself wise still; and, to crown all his delinquencies, he kicked his favourite dog—a feeble cur and snappish, but loved

for courage of old and faithfulness yet. The old man endured all this; but he endured it with a fixed determination of look. The Honeycomb came up and whispered, "What's the matter with my father? He has on the very look with which he gave Ann her six score sheep and her six pieces of silver." "I care little for his looks, my love," said the husband. "He *will* be wise, and he *will* be clever, and he *will* be master and more. When a cur loses its teeth, it is not worth keeping; and when an old man loses his gold, he is not worth caressing; and that's so like a proverb that it may serve the purpose of one." Our old worthy rose soon after this and went out, nobody knew whither; and it really looked as if nobody cared.

On the day after the old man's departure, one of the servants came breathless in and cried, "Preserve us! the Tower will be burnt to the ground; there's a smoke o'er its summit as thick as a blanket;" and close at the servant's heels came a messenger who summoned the Honeycomb and her husband to the presence of old Hugh of the Tower. "Come fast," he added, "for something awful is about to happen."

Birkbog and his wife went and found the old man seated in his Tower, as pale as death, as motionless as a statue, and a bewildered light glimmering in his eye. His daughter Ann was kneeling beside him, his left arm was lying about her neck, and his trembling fingers were pressing her bosom. He signed all to come around; daughters, sons, domestics, and neighbours thronged in, and one woman held up her grandson and said,

“Look at him! that is the unwise old man, who gave all to one child and left nothing to himself.” A person stood beside him with paper, pen, and ink, and to this purpose the old man spoke: “Write down what I say. I Hugh Edomson, called Hugh of the Tower, with a spirit crushed by the cruelty of my youngest, and a heart almost burst with the kindness of my eldest daughter, yet sound in mind, make this my Will, to which all present are witnesses. To my faithful child Ann, whom I called a Bitter Gourd, but who has proved a Honeycomb, I bequeath the Mains of Mossop, with ten thousand sheep, and this box with five hundred pieces of gold. I was thought poor, but behold I am rich; I was thought weak in mind, I shall be found strong in spirit. To my daughter Ellen, who was as the apple of mine eye, and who wound herself like a serpent round my heart to sting me and rob me—she whom I thought a Honeycomb, but who has proved a Bitter Gourd, I leave six silver coins and a father’s ——.” He sank down. The half formed word, which should have concluded the sentence, was lost in his expiring groan. No one’s heart throbbed so sorely as that of Ann, and no one wept so loudly as Ellen. But whether the latter mourned for the death of her father, or the loss of the Mains of Mossop, was not distinctly known.

THE TRAVELLED MONKEY.

A MONKEY whom the glassy brooks
 Had put in love with his good looks ;
 Fair in his race, wise in his kind,
 Of open paw and liberal mind ;
 To whom all lore which sages teach,
 Like ripe nuts, hung within his reach—
 In short, a prodigy of wit,
 A kind of Nature's lucky hit ;
 Left his wild palace in the wood,
 The untrod hill, the unploughed flood,
 The unplucked fruit and unpruned tree,
 And went his brother man to see.

Is it not blazoned in records,
 How long he lived 'mongst two-legged lords ?
 The nuts thrice in their husks were brown,
 The eagle's brood three times had flown,
 Three times the leaves had left the trees,
 Their cells three times had filled, the bees,
 And three times bright and three times black
 Had nature been ere he came back.

These lines are copied, word for word,
From ape and monkey land record,
A kind of natural nick-stick made,
Like score and tally of Jack Cade.

Suppose three years are flown then. See!
Yon high green hill and broad green tree;
Yon shaggy and dishevelled forest,
Where nuts are brown and plums are hoarest,
Where fountains glide and gush the sheenest,
Flowers sweeter smell, and grass grows greenest;
Where sings the wild bird loud and louder,
Deer browse nor dread the smell of powder,
Nor arrow whistling from the nerve—
Of lordly apes 'tis the preserve.
I'll change my tense. Five monkeys rambled
There at their will, made mouths and gambolled;
Spun round, turned topsy-turvy, run
And chased their long tails in the sun:
Cracked walnuts, then with smothering yells,
Fast shod each other with the shells;
Or staid their mirth and gravely sate
Like five sworn counsellors of state,
Who heap on debt and build on taxes
To keep old earth firm on its axis.

Now there came to them, patched and painted;
All padded, puffed, and stayed and scented;
All naped and caped, and cuffed and curled,—
Our Monkey who had seen the world.

THE TRAVELLED MONKEY.



Illustration A.K.A. page

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1

They yelled aloud, then thickly after
Poured peal on peal of roaring laughter.
Round him the forest threw in dozens,
Grave spinster aunts and giggling cousins ;
With staring eyes and hair all horrent,
Tribe after tribe came in a torrent ; -
And wondered at his strange costume
And marvelled at his gross perfume.
A tall grave ape stood in the van,
Cried " Foh ! you're most grown down to man—
Come, speak, loose tongue—how's man ? describe,
Of all earth's apes, the bloodiest tribe."

With cane on lip and hand on side,
And foot advanced and brow of pride,
Our traveller stood, his head he shook,
And man and more rose in his look.
On him his brethren stared and gaped ;
He coughed—and then these words escaped.

" I travelled—how shall I find words
To tell how, 'mongst the Hindoo hordes,
I walked on four feet or on two,
As monarchs or as monkeys do."
" Two feet !" cried one, " has man no more ?
God help him, cousin, I have four !"
That look which London calls a cut,
Our traveller on his cousin put ;
Then spoke—" Through France I danced and revelled ;
Through Germany I drank and travelled ;

Took tea with Prester John, and sailed
With sultans horned and bashaws tailed.
With Russian Kate the dice I rattled,
With Prussian Fred I marched and battled—
Saw Spain's new king—one coarsely hewed
By monks from an old cross of wood.
Saw Rome's old serpent, doomed to feel
The tramp of man's indignant heel.
With stout John Bull I took to drinking,
To sighing, swearing, soaring, sinking;
To preaching, praying, fighting, boasting;
To fasting, feasting, roaring, roasting.
I dined with peers, the last made batches;
With lawn sleeves held three deep debauches;
Wrote verse, and lived through three full moons,
A roaring lion in saloons.
I frisked, I flirted, fooled and fiddled;
Was dunned and done, and damned and diddled,
Till filled with science and with knowledge
Of court and camp and church and college,
I came (while ladies swooned in dozens)
To teach earth's glories to my cousins."

"O give to me," cried a young ape,
"A cocked hat, coat with velvet cape;
A gallant queue, a glancing cane,
An eye-glass, and let me be vain;
Come, cousins, quit this wild wood den,
You see 'tis easy to be men."

An old ape spoke ; his head of snow
He stroked, and moved thus to and fro :—
“ ’Tis easy, friends,” he said, “ to shape
One senseless man from one wise ape ;
But by”—a wild wood oath he swore,
“ I ne’er shall walk on two feet more.
Untamed, untaught, in nature’s pride,
Child of the wilderness I bide.
Lords of the desert and the den,
Shall we degenerate into men ?
The boundless plain, the greenwood tree
Are ours ; and more than men—we’re free.

From this rude legend wild and oral,
Come some grave man and wring a moral.
To give an image of my story,
See Art has come in all her glory ;
With happy hand on every feature
She wrought, till all men cried out—“ Nature ?
What wit, life, humour shrewd and quaint,
Away with words ! let Landseer paint.”

A

THE MAGIC BRIDLE.

A TALE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I'LL tell a tale. List, ye who glory
 In truth, and love a soothfast story ;
 A tale still told by sires and dames,
 Who know each name the legend names ;
 'Tis current as the gold when minted,
 I've heard it sung, and seen it printed ;
 By marvelling maids, like sweet milk swallowed,
 Confirmed by tongues profane and hallowed.
 Believe ! believe ! can it be doubted,
 That's printed, said, and sung, and quoted ;
 Turn sceptic, critic, take to thieving,
 Ye who lack fancy for believing.

On Solway side lies green Glenhowan,
 The birthplace of the birk and gowan ;
 The bud is there first on the timmer,
 The first rose there is born to simmer ;
 There, 'mongst the lilies long and blooming,
 Bees hunting honey first are humming ;
 The violet there, in odour's swimming ;
 There, skimmed milk stands a second creaming ;

Age there grows with its gray hairs rasher ;
A dame of sixty's there a dasher :
Its maids I name not,—verse of mine
Will never do for things divine.
Joy, like a virgin veiled and snooded,
O'er green Glenhowan hung and brooded ;
Wide was its glory known and noted,
In songs and sermons sung and quoted.

There dwelt a farmer, John Mactavish,
A man in years, and upright, avish ;
Green as a rush, straight as an arrow,
And fragrant as a new turned furrow.
He in mirth's harvest was a reaper,
A singer, dancer, and a leaper ;
His favourite spring was brose and butter,
His favourite fling the double flutter ;
A lint wheel he could make and spin on't,
A corn mill he could make and grin' on't,
A fiddle he could make and string it,
A merry sang indite and sing it.
On price of corn and rise of wages,
He'd speak like all Saint Stephen's sages ;
And chief when bowls well spiced and reeking
Had given the dumb the gift of speaking ;
He wet his controversial whistle,
And spoke and preached like an apostle.
When wool was high and corn was dear,
How glorious home was John's career ;
With buckles bright and gold in pocket,
He through the air flashed like a rocket ;

The very steed he spurred and yerket,
Knew he rode from a rising market :
Wives screaming ran as he came glowin',
Cried, " Run in, bairns, here comes Glenhowan."

John had at home, which, though not rarest,
Is of all woes by far the fairest ;
Which some,—and here, I say't with sorrow,
From pious men the words I borrow,
Call whited tombs and painted devils,
The loveliest of permitted evils ;
Whom priests, who pit out pairs for strife,
Look on with trembling and cry " Wife "
And such a wife ! The starlight streaming,
In odorous dew the violet swimming,
The lark, in song, through sunshine mounting,
A light seen through a falling fountain,
The foxglove, when its bloom is fairest,
The red rose, when its breast is barest,
The goldfinch, singing as it's flying,
A sunbeam among lilies lying,
A white rose dipt in glowing wine—
These are bards' similes, not mine ;
I'm plain of speech, my muse would shy at
Words specked and spotted like a pyat.

I say, in plain and workday words,
She had a hand as white as curds ;
In home made gown, long, gray, and glossy,
She bore the bell, at kirk and causey ;

Though this was fair and that was tall,
She, like the sun, shone o'er them all.
When pegs were screwed and candles glanced,
And sorrow smiled, and douce folk danced,
And widows sought to soothe their smart,
A light tune for a heavy heart ;
How her small slippered feet victorious,
Triumph'd o'er hearts, and men cried " glorious !"
The birds which charm us from the tree,
Are fair and small, and so was she ;
Her husband, among men the tallest,
In choosing evils, chose the smallest ;
And yet, believe the country's voice,
The good old man made a wild choice :
'Twas said his spouse, young Elspat Coman,
Had wit might served an older woman.
Her merry laugh, in joy, could stir up
The mouse's cheep and cricket's chirrup ;
Her frown, for whiles she frowned, could damp
Mirth's light, as one would quench a lamp ;
And John, when fury pinch'd and nipt her,
Fled, and took tooth and nail to scripture :
The honest man, 'twas widely said,
In scripture lore was deeply read.

One of her hinds,—the morning lark
Sang like him,—and his name was Mark ;
Was mirthsome as a fiddle peg,
Bright browed, blue eyed, and such a leg !

It happened, as it sometimes happens,
That tooming cups and quaffing chappins ;
And dancing till his head grew dizzie,
And daffing with some charming hizzie ;
Wauking the living corse, or warming
His heels to hear a mountain sermon ;
Made him heart-sick,—he fell from folly,
And took to thought and melancholy ;
Read Fourfold Boston, saw his errors,
Dreamed direful dreams, woke in the horrors :
Prayed prayers as long as three dissenters,
Sung psalms as loud as six precentors ;
Bewailed the bird that sung on Sunday,
As light and loud as if 'twere Monday ;
Till giddy lasses, east and west,
Laughed loud and shouted “ Mark’s possest.”
Young Elspat on him gazed and shook
Her head, then stole a second look,
And said, “ O never on a better
Has sorrow clapt her claw and fetter.”
She called her horse, and, like wild fire,
Flew off, a merrier hind to hire :
As from her steed’s heels flashed the spark,
She sighed, “ ’Tis o’er with mirthsome Mark.”

There’s few so sunk in melancholy,
But love to talk of times of folly ;
When hope’s mercurial glass with fire
Was filled, and youth’s wild pulse beat higher ;

With heart unstung and soul unsobered,
'Mid bloom, like bees, they sucked and laboured;
And screwing pleasure's golden pegs,
And touching earth as if 'twere eggs;
They sailed along their dreaming way,
To waken when their heads were gray.
To all such souls, or laird or peasant,
Dumfries, thy hiring fair is pleasant:
The country pours, from hills and hallows,
Its sonsie queans and strappan fallows;
And crowns are cloured, and noses knuckled,
Douce lads filled fou, and lasses buckled:
And sweet eighteen, all rapt and carried,
At morn cries "Gosh! I doubt I'm married."
On such a day, down Dumfries causey,
Walked Robin Roole, and he walked saucy;
His hiring branch, so green and rustling,
Wagged as he went, and he went whistling;
His looks said plain and frank and free,
Who wants a man of mark like me,
His fields to furrow, rowe a loucher,
Dance when I've done, and daut his daughter?
And with a step baith steeve and lordly,
He paced the street, and paced it proudly.

A dame, a fair dame, and a sweet,
Marked Rob and stayed him in the street;
Said, "Robin Roole of Pickletiller,
A crown for erles,—see there's the siller;

Come till my lands, come sow, come reap,
Come guide my horses, shear my sheep ;
Thrash corn till loud the barn floor dirles,
Red gold's thy fee, and there's thy erles ;
I dwell by Solway, swelled and fiowan,
A bonnie bit—by name Glenhowan :
Where men with toil are never tired,
And maids are kind,—so, lad, ye're hired ;
Come when thou wilt, for sad and surely
I want a hind, and want him sorely.”

Like fire when set to sunburned heather,
Like wanton colt that snaps its tether,
Like foaming streams, hap, step, and jump,
Just maddened by a thunder plump ;
Or youth grown sick of grandame schooling,
By wisdom goaded into fooling :
Away flew Rob, passed dames and carles,
And muttered, “ Losh ! a crown for erles,
And red gowd for my half-year's fee ;
A winsome dame, and sic an ee ! ”
He laughed, and swimming thus each palm,
Staved on,—the learned say ram-stam ;
And those who classically speak,
Say, stauping,—the expression's Greek :
Thrice bless'd be lore that thus gives jolly
Old dullness, tongues to vent its folly.

As on he went, splash, clittar clatter,
Like mill-wheel 'mid descending water ;

A lass cried "Rob"—ane cosh and cozie,
Or, as bards word it, ripe and rosie ;
Ripe, well I wot, for time had clean
Pushed her a score years past nineteen ;
And rosie—those who ballads spin,
In roses dip their damsels din.
She spoke ; the tide of time or sea,
Ne'er ran so fast or flowed so free.
" O Robin Roole ! poor sackless sinner !
Thy baptized soul shall warlocks dinner ;
There's Kate Maclure, a starker witch
Ne'er wore a gown of flame and pitch ;
And Nickie Neeven, who can trample
The roaring sea—take these as sample.
But worse than all is Elspat Coman ;
A woman ! Rob, she's waur than woman :
She'll lure ye to her charmed chaumer,
And turn ye to a gowk wi' glamour.
Ye'll gang in young and yaup and laughing,
And come out bald and bent and coughing :
Ye'll gang in cantie, crouse and jolly,
And come out like a scalded colly.
Wha killed Rob Robson's white cow Dautie ?
Wha witched Rob Rodan's black dog Bawtie ?
Wha flaffed like fire through Kirdle Parish ?
And drove to drinking douce Frank Farish ?
Wha made a steed on storms could gallop ?
Wha turned her auld shoe to a shallop ?
Wha learn'd Tam Boo to make a ballant ?
And made Jock Jopp a graceless callant !

She's waur than her who held the ruling
Of Saul, and killed him in the schooling.
But mum's the word—as clean's a gowan
Ye're lost—gudenight—see, there's Glenhowan."

Rob had a heart past all dissembling,
That hadna learned the trick of trembling;
Keep rungs and rowed neeves off his noddle,
For cantrips he cared ne'er a boddle.
With words he wished na weel to utter,
With mouth that could na melted butter,
Like lad wha scarce kenned what was what,
Yet noted all, and nought forgat;
He ventured on Glenhowan house,
Prepared to be or daft or douce.
There, by a hearth fire burning brightly
Sat two young maidens liltin' lightly;
They brought him cheese, a quaigh o'er-reamin'
With ale—and sweet milk, rich and creamin'.
The meat dispersed all spells like logic;
The drink did more, it wrought like magic:
Blythe tales told Rob, glad songs he ranted,
Drank healths, shook hands, and ale decanted;
And between mirth and gladness sportin',
Soared a far-flight o'er fate and fortune;
Could ridden on the Leviathan,
Or danced with elves, or diced with Sathan.
Dame Elspat's looks waxed kind and bright,
Maids whispered, smirked, and laughed outright;

And said, "A gray goose to a lark,
Is singing Rob to sighing Mark."

There, too, sat Mark, bewildered, posting
Through deep divines, as dark as Boston.
When loud the songs and laughter wakened,
He quoted Matthew, twalt and second;
Then on Rob Roole he looked, and closing
His cat-gray een, seemed swarfed and dozing;
But though his een were shut or winking,
I wot he walloped at the thinking;
And muttered, "Ere the day is dawning,
This midden cock shall cease his crawling:"
Then took his kindled cruse and led
Rob Roole, with many a groan, to bed.

Fancy, thy fields may now lie fallow,
The world is grown too small of swallow;
Ere critics barked and snapd and snarled,
It was a fine believing world.
Common in words and rude in diction
My story is—Can that be fiction?
Truth's beaten road I'll never leave,
Doubt this, and words no more believe.
"O man," said Robin, "Mark, ye'll soon
Become a lantern like the moon;
For through your cheeks, as I'm a sinner,
I see the light, I ne'er saw thinner.
This praying, preaching, pondering, fasting,
Might do, were man's flesh everlasting;

But flesh is grass, and grows but sparely,
Unless when wet with blood of barley.
Sup on John Bunyan, dine on Boston,
And down to dust, gae driving—posting.”
Mark coughed and laid his hose aside,
For his shrunk shanks a world too wide ;
Undid his coat, and doucely on it
His o’erlay laid, and broad scone-bonnet.
Then answered thus. “ ’Tis others sin
Has made me sapless, sad, and thin ;
Can man grow fat who’s soused and roasted,
Transformed and flogged and spurred and posted :
Who with the shooting star’s a dancer,
Through signs of Capricorn and Cancer ?
Who, when men’s heads lie on down pillows,
Is trampling o’er the roaring billows :
Or capering o’er Tartarian mountains,
Or cantering down Circassian fountains,
Or running wild, in dule and sorrow,
O’er that hot lake which drowned Gomorrha ?
Lie at the stock, and I shall soon
See stars shine through ye and the moon.
Lie at the stock, Rob Roole, and see
How he maun work whom witches fee.”

Loud laughed Rob Roole and cut a caper,
And quenched—I’m pinched for rhyme—the taper.
Down lay he, but he watching lay ;
As lies a cat when waiting prey ;
With eyes half shut, sense full awake,
He heard the owls their greetings make ;

He heard the mice cheep, and the sweeping
Of fitful wind, and sleep came creeping.
And with sweet sleep a shape he loves,
Before him in her beauty moves ;
Like untamed steed, on high she tosses
Her head, o'erflowed with golden tresses ;
Proud as a swan, in state she swooms ;
Breasts up, and shakes her dazzling plumes.
Her eyes half grave, half-lit with laughter,
Glance sidelong,—Rob grows daft and dafter.

Joy has its limits,—we but borrow
One hour of mirth from months of sorrow.
And so found Rob ; his lovely vision
Changed shape :—with eyes of deep derision
She stared from 'neath her locks dishevelled,
Rob quaked and glowered like ane bedevilled ;
And thought it more than fancy's wark,
That thing so fair should grow so dark.
Then up she took, what glanced like lamour,
A bridle formed by spell and glamour :
Which Satan made to rule the ranks
Of his black steeds, by men called branks.
O'er Rob the bridle thrice she shook—
Like sunshine shifting in a brook,
Like figures changing in a cloud,
So changed he Rob, and neighing loud,
Up started ; far flew blanket, sheet ;
He rose, and rose upon four feet,

In shape a steed,—his colour sorrel,
Broad breast, and belly like a barrel.

Nor moment's space has he for thinking,
He's bridled, breasted, off like winking.
O'er hills he runs, where high aboon
The groves' dark shadows sleeps the moon ;
Through meadows deep, in saigs and rashes,
Through lakes he leaps, through streams he plashes.
The smoke steamed from his nostrils wide,
The sweat flowed fast from hoof and hide,
His mane like waves of the wild sea,
When ships are sinking, tumbled free.
One moment, in the slumbering brook,
He of his shadow caught a look ;
He saw a wild steed wildly tossing
His mane—white foam his flanks embossing :
From panting sides the sweat down rushing,
From nostrils wide the hot smoke gushing ;
And worse than all, upon the back
Sat a rude rider, draped in black ;
Who close in line and limb resembled
Douce Elspat Coman. Robin trembled.
He trembled,—of the fact take heed,
Not as a man, but as a steed.

'Twas midnight,—swift from stream and lake
The wild ducks sprang with plash and quaik ;
The swan rose up and sought the sky,
When this wild steed went sweeping by ;

Dank will-o'-wisp sank midst the mire,
The deathlight quenched its ghastly fire,
The elves from greenwood shrieked and fled,
The mermaids dived in Solway's bed,
The spirit which revenge for murder
Sought, stared on Rob and went no further ;
And Satan, like a fox observant,
Cried " Deftly done, my glorious servant."
He halted when a crow cried croak,
Beneath a large and ancient oak ;
And down sprang Elspat, leaving free,
Rob, snorting 'neath the trysting tree.

Away went Elspat, treading tender
The green grass down with white feet slender ;
And as she went the quaking mire
Seemed melted brass, the air seemed fire.
The brook foamed o'er, though deeply banket,
The moss moved 'neath her like a blanket ;
And there sat, 'neath a blasted pine,
A Shape too dark to be divine.
His brow was seamed with lines and furrows,
His breath was blight, his looks were arrows ;
From his bright eye-glance Gordon has
The hint ta'en for his magic gas ;
A passing pleasant light which thrills
One's heart, like sunshine on green hills.

Like casting bees, whose swarming sound
Is heard above, below, around ;

So round with shriek and cough and croak,
Five hundred crones came in a flock.
They came to tell of shaken corn,
Of sorrow dreed for babes new born,
Of sinking ships and sailors drowning,
Of treason fierce and kings discrowning,
Of faith proved faithless, young hearts breaking,
Hope but a dream and friendships wrecking,
Of priests from whom ten thousand reap,
In sermon time, the boon of sleep,
Of patriots bribed, of statesmen calm,
And, godlike, with an itching palm ;
Of sordid sinners, black as pitch,
Who grope for gold in Mammon's ditch.
Of every ill they showed the root,
Of every vice they showed the fruit ;
The Fallen One, as they spoke, in laughter
Cried, Well done, son, and well done, daughter.
Strange songs were sung, strange dances danced ;
Wild tales were told, wild glances glanced.
O'erwhelmed with joy, the sable sire
Rubbed his hot palms till they flashed fire.
High overhead, in heaven's wide ceiling,
The stars swam sick, the moon seemed reeling ;
Strange words were heard and sounds of awe,
And Nature lay in the dead-thraw.

Now turn we to our stout Rob Roole ;
His foaming flank by this time's cool.
He chafes amid a rank of steeds,
From ragworts formed and long loch reeds ;

Steeds motionless, to whom sweet life
Was but a spell. But Rob was rife
With sense and soul; by prayer, at length,
His speech returned, and baptized strength.
He tugged, he strained, and tossing higher
His head, he saw the fading fire
Of moon and stars, and smelt the air
Of morning steeped in odour, where
The song lark soared with wings of weet
To incense heaven with earthly sweet.
While ringing like a hundred hammers,
Of witches tongues he heard the clamours:
All through the-scattering darkness coming,
And first and foremost, Elspat Coman.

Now, Robin Roole!—now, now or never!
Be man at once, or brute for ever.
That charmed bridle, in thy lips,
Has wrought on thee this foul eclipse.
She comes, of servant lads the driller,
To gallop thee from post to pillar.
She's light and fair and little too,
And bright of eye and brent of brow;
But foul is foul, and pitch is pitch;
What's beauty, Rob? she's but a witch.
He tugs, he toils,—he toils, he tugs;
Prays,—tries again, and o'er his lugs
Slips off, like snow, the charmed rein.
“Be praised! I'm grown a man again:
I'll try the trick on thee now, limmer,
Come, hap weel, rap weel.” Up came kimmer

And said, to warlock and to hag,
“ Neighbours, I’ve lost my winsome nag ;
A gallant steed that galloped pleasant,
Made last night from a merry peasant.”
Quick, o’er her head, Rob shook the bridle,
Nor lay the spell one moment idle.
She strove to speak, she could but neigh,
And prance,—she pranced, a gallant gray.
Plump on her back Rob boldly vaulted,
Nor yet for shriek nor shout he halted,
For swift as hail rings on the wind,
Came hollo, whoop and yell behind.
He laughed, for, horsed on ragweed nags,
A mile he left those sapless hags.
While Elspat flang and frisked and panted,
Ran round. Rob sat like one enchanted.

Away she went, her hoofs far spurning
The soil, her nostrils stretched and burning ;
O’er hillock heads, down rivulet banks ;
The foam in flakes flew from her flanks.
Rob rode where burns in dozens trotted,
And swarmed with trouts in crimson spotted.
Where old Dumfries, proud of her steeple
And kirk, with sleep indulged her people ;
And douce Kirkbean, its daughters bright,
Shone in their slumber like starlight.
Rob softer rode,—a note he took
Where he groped trouts in Preston brook.
Rob softer rode,—his fancy sported
’Mongst scenes where he had roved and courted.

The bush where he, at sixteen sweet,
Poured out his soul, he sighed to see't.
His heart waxed tender—dropping slack
The magic bridle, thus he spake.

“ A sonsie bit, red hung with rowans !
Here first outgush green April's gowans.
Here aft with ane mair fair to see
Than flowers in spring, I've wandered free ;
There plucked a bud, here stayed to fleech,
There sighed,—I oft was pinched for speech.
Speak Elspat, speak, this place in steep
Has laid my soul, I maist could weep.
By present woe the bygone pleasure
Is meted, and looks large of measure.
Ye've played us baith a pretty plisket,
Ask my twa sides,—look at thy brisket.
There, in the sun-lit stream, see plain
Thy tapering limbs and flowing mane ;
Was e'er so fair, so fleet a steed,
Bridled for man in hour of need.
Wilt thou with airn be sharply shod,
Or quit thy spells and turn to God ? ”

She looked,—alas, what could she say ?
Rob stroked her neck : “ My bonnie gray,
I understand thee, I can read
Baith look of woman and of steed.”
Down leap'd he, loosed the bridle,—there
A sweet dame stands with clustering hair :

Fresh as a rose, from breast to brow,
Or lily born in June's first dew.
She tried to speak, but choked and sobbin',
She wept, and all she said was "Robin!"
Rob rubbed his hands, o'er deil and woman
Triumphant, soothed her, Elspat Coman:
And home, like sister and like brother,
Linked like chain shot they went together.

The sun shone bright on Criffel's crown,
The laverock her sweet flight had flown;
The seagull, on the Solway side,
Plumed in the warmth her wings with pride.
From new woke fires, the curling smoke
Hung o'er each lumhead like a cloak.
When to their labour, with the lark,
Came Elspat's man and bondsman Mark.
John lifted up his eyes, and heaving
A sigh, said, "Seeing is believing,
There's Elspat,—man that's breathing maunie,
Say my sweet wife works deeds uncannie."
Mark muttered moody,—“Spur and switch
She laid on me, and she's a witch.”
“Oh John! Oh John!” said Elspat sobbin',
Thank him, this sôul's weelwisher, Robin;
But him, I had with foul shapes bedded,
Been to Auld Cloots betrothed and wedded.”
She clasped him close, and thrice she blest him;
Called him sweet husband thrice, and kissed him.

Mark loudly groaned and said, " She preaches
For sorrow, whom sly Satan teaches ;
Though fair, she's fause,—or lies at least ;
Has she not made me thrice a beast ?
She switched me last old Halloweven
O'er roads, their marrow's no 'neath heaven ;
Crossed o'er the Solway's foaming ripple,
On Flanders wine to tout and tipple."

He spake nae mair, for Robin Roole
The bridle took, of woe and dool,
O'er Mark to shake it. Ever, ever
Yon sun will shine and flow that river ;
Green grass will grow, glad birds will sing,
And witchcraft thrive like flowers in spring :
Thy hands, thy eyes, thy cheeks, thy tongue,
To music, like a fiddle, strung—
Charms fancied, felt, adored, 'tis well :
Woman! thou'rt all one wondrous spell.
And so thought Rob, as both his eyes
Flew open—Lo! in bed he lies,
Where he lay down. But O the change
Wrought on his frame was more than strange ;
From his hot head the hot sweat streamed ;
His toiled frame, like a cauldron, steamed ;
And sore of foot and heart, in dool
He thought, Can this be Robin Roole ?
But spite of witch and witches wand,
He held his witness in his hand,

The Magic Bridle. "Earth that's under us,
And heaven aboon!" quoth Rob, "it's wondrous."
Mark groaned,—he liked not to be near it,
And glowered as if he'd seen a spirit.
While Rob cried, "Mark! as sure's perdition,
I've been a beast, or seen a vision;
But whether my flesh or fancy dreed
The toil, I've learned to make a steed.
I swear by Solway, deep and wide,
I'll run nae mair while I can ride."
He shook the curb. But more ado,
Mark fled on four feet or on two,
I wotna which; he ne'er was seen
Again by Criffel cleft and green.
While Rob, victorious o'er the pit,
And harder still, o'er woman's wit;
Look'd pleased, and like her only child,
On Elspat glanced, and Elspat smiled.
From that day Rob cracked o'er his bowl,
How he had saved a beauteous soul;
From witches won a magic curb,
Could turn a bondsman to a barb.
Soft grew his bed, fat grew his food,
Large was his fee, his drink was good;
Loud was his song and loud his mirth,
And wept for when he went to earth.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

WE have met with few men whom we wished so much to meet again as Sir George Beaumont. We have met with men of greater talents, of higher rank, of equal learning, and of finer powers of conversation; but we never met with one who represented so gracefully and naturally the man of rank, of learning, and of literature. He had all the easy dignity which we assign to the Sidneys and the Raleighs of Elizabeth's court; united to the polished manners, refined taste, and sense of propriety which distinguish that of George the Fourth. His kindliness of nature and generosity of heart were his own. The man and his manners had a dignity about them which were inherited, not copied. His learning was extensive, and sat gracefully on him, like an every day dress; while his love of literature, and his admiration of art, dawned modestly out, and brightened upon you fuller and fuller.

He was of old descent, and had reason to be proud of it, for he came from a race of great warriors and poets, yet he was not proud; he had cause to be vain of his possessions, for they were ample, and of that picturesque kind which the owner loved, yet he was not vain; he had also good cause to be proud of his learning, his

taste, his talents, and his influence, yet he seemed unconscious of them all. You could see at once that he was not of the common order of men, for his looks were full of talent and intelligence; nor could you fail to feel that the graceful and simple stateliness of his manners was something hereditary—belonged a little to other days, and had nothing at all to do with the upstart lordliness of those who are the first of their family that find a gold spoon in their mouths.

If we had uttered the words we have now written, during the lifetime of our friend, and had they been doubted by any one, a single glance of the unbeliever at Sir George Beaumont, at the company he loved to keep, and at the house which he inhabited, would have wrought his cure. At home, his good taste and his good sense were alike visible. His house was not a glittering museum of shells and spars and specimens of clay and bits of bone and cracked porringers and things rare and strange and dirty and far-fetched—for the walls were hung with the noblest paintings, the finest efforts of the human intellect, which taste and riches had united in obtaining; his shelves were stored with the learning and genius of all ages, and his table was surrounded by men who had a claim on the world, not because the fire-new stamp of honour was upon them, nor because their fathers had been the “tenth transmitter of a foolish face,” but from the more unquestioned title, of learning, talent, and genius. Men were there whose genius honoured the age; men of rank, whose taste and attainments rendered their titles less

necessary; the poets and the artists most famous in their time. Nor were they there because they happened to be momentary bubbles sparkling on the stream of fashion; but from a sense of their worth and a feeling of their merits. Their entertainer could taste their various excellencies for himself; he could anticipate their future as well as present fame; he was no feeder of the popular lion that roars in the mobs which surround the mere rich man's table.

There were few men of eminence with whom Sir George Beaumont was not friendly and familiar. Of the genius of Wordsworth he was a rewarder, as well as a warm admirer; and the poet has repaid his affection by many touching verses and graceful allusions embodied in his works. They were companions. They planted trees, planned arbours, erected altars and ornamented fountains among the picturesque domains of Charnwood and Grace-Dieu; and nothing can display more touchingly the brotherhood of nature and union of taste and feeling than their joint employments. The fame of the poet was warmly aided by the friendship of Sir George. It is true that the original power of thought and deep sympathy with nature, and the supremacy claimed for genius over the artificial dignities of the earth, which distinguish the poet's works, were sure to make their way to public affection, for nature will assert her own power at last; but all this is wondrously facilitated by a friendly voice calling out, like the herald in Scripture, "Behold the man whom the king delighteth to honour."

Let Wordsworth speak for himself of this honour-

able brotherhood. "Several of my best poems were composed under the shade of your own groves—upon the classic ground of Coleorton—where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace-Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood. Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself, who have composed so many admirable pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery."

To the former illustrious proprietor the poet elsewhere refers when he is singing of Coleorton—and refers very happily:

"There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heartbreaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskin'd stage."

This is very honourable to all. In an age like this, when the patrons of literature are far from abounding; and in a country where a marketable borough, which contains ten inhabitants and returns two members to parliament, has more influence than all the genius of the land united, we could ill spare such a man as Sir George Beaumont. He lived long and profitably for his coun-

try ; he influenced its works of art and its productions in literature, and gave his friendship to modest worth and his protection to all who merited it.

We remember once of meeting at his table that wizard in conversation, Coleridge the poet. The discourse at first was discursive, and shifted with the shifting dishes ; it glanced upon art, upon prose romances, and then shone full upon poetry. Coleridge burst out like a conflagration. We had met the inspired man before, and were aware of the untiring fascination of his eloquence, and how effectually he could keep a listener captive. It was at a midnight supper ; he took up a prawn, and from that diminutive text preached upon the flux and reflux of the ocean, the wild theory of St. Pierre, the immensity of the leviathan, and the magnificence of the great deep. Had we supped upon a whale entire, he could not have done more with his subject. At the baronet's table, however, he seemed less inclined to pursue his wild career, though verse presented an ample field, and Lady Beaumont found time to say, " I wish, Mr. Coleridge, you would give us a volume of such poems as the *Genevieve*." "The *Genevieve*, my lady," said the Bard, in a voice as musical as the inimitable poem itself, " I shall give you a far worthier work than the *Genevieve*." He then proceeded to draw the character of a work of a devout nature, in which his learning and his talent would be poured freely out ; and if the excellence of the book equal the splendid summary of its contents, it will be a treasure to the church. From this a transition to the

Revelations was easy and natural; but if it had been neither, the orator would have made it both, for he is unequalled in the art of transition, and never seems embarrassed for a moment. From the Revelations, the hand of his friend the Rev. Edward Irving was then seeking to lift the veil, and to this new and magnificent task the Poet turned with sparkling eyes and glowing brow—he had found a theme suitable to his own lofty imagination, and as mystical as his own mind. How he soared! He appeared to think that the Apocalypse was a divine poem rather than a Revelation.

We have said that Sir George Beaumont was a lover of art; he was much more; he was a very beautiful landscape painter. But he felt the poetry of the profession better than he could fix his conceptions in suitable colours. His works have less of the fresh glow of nature—the dashing freedom which deals with grand scenes, and the sunshiny radiance of open fields and sloping hills, than some of the high masters of the calling. He had the soul of the artist—he wanted the complete discipline of hand, without which all feeling is vain and useless. The dignity of his household was well maintained by his lady, who in look and taste so much resembled him that they seemed akin. We have known many men of old descent and fine taste, inheriting splendid houses and enjoying fair estates, but we know of no one who continues to the nation the dignified image which Sir George Beaumont has left on our heart and mind.

N. M.

THE LASS OF LAMMERMOOR.

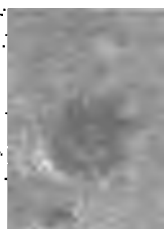
I MET a lass on Lammermoor,
 Between the corn and blooming heather ;
 Around her waist red gowd she wore,
 And in her cap she wore a feather.
 Her steps were light, her looks were bright,
 Her face shone out like summer weather ;
 Birds sing, sweet lass, said I, nor fear
 Thy looks so lovely 'mang the heather.

O sic a geck she gave her head,
 And sic a toss she gave her feather ;
 Man, saw ye ne'er a bonnie lass
 Before, among the blooming heather ?
 Pass on, pass on, so fair a one
 Should be less scornful ; I would rather
 Have one I name not in her snood,
 Than thou with thy proud cap and feather.

UPPER CANADA, MAY 2.

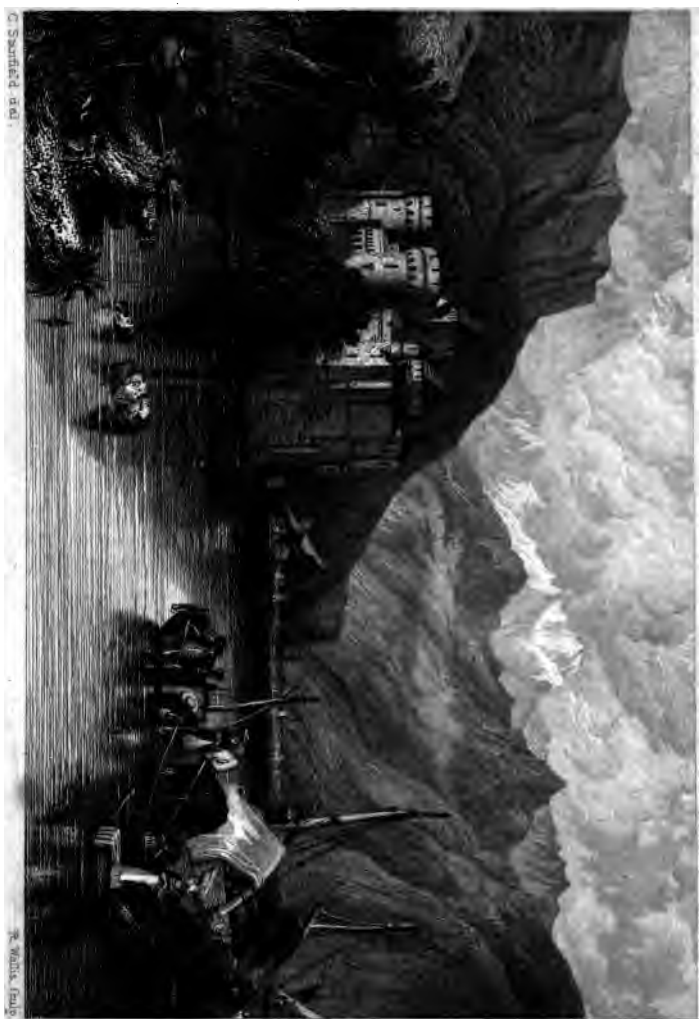
CHILLON.

A LONELY tower, a shaggy hill,
 Green spreading groves, and waters still :
 The sunlight slumbering 'mongst the flowers,
 The stray deer rustling 'mongst the bowers ;
 A beauteous sky that loves to brood
 With gorgeous wings o'er tower and wood :
 Boors watching well, with eyes of jet,
 The harvest of the dripping net.
 All, all is there that man can give,
 To bid the landscape glow and live ;
 All, all is there the eye can ask,
 Art well hath wrought its wondrous task ;
 And Stanfield with triumphant skill
 Hath steeped in splendour tower and hill.
 All is not there. Round that gray tower,
 And shaggy hill, and sunlit bower,
 There hangs a holier halo brought
 Bright down from heaven by Byron's thought.
 He gave that tower a tongue to tell
 Of sorrow like a parting knell ;
 He stamped the likeness of a god
 On every stone and crumbling clod ;
 The very water seems to take
 His form as we look on the lake ;

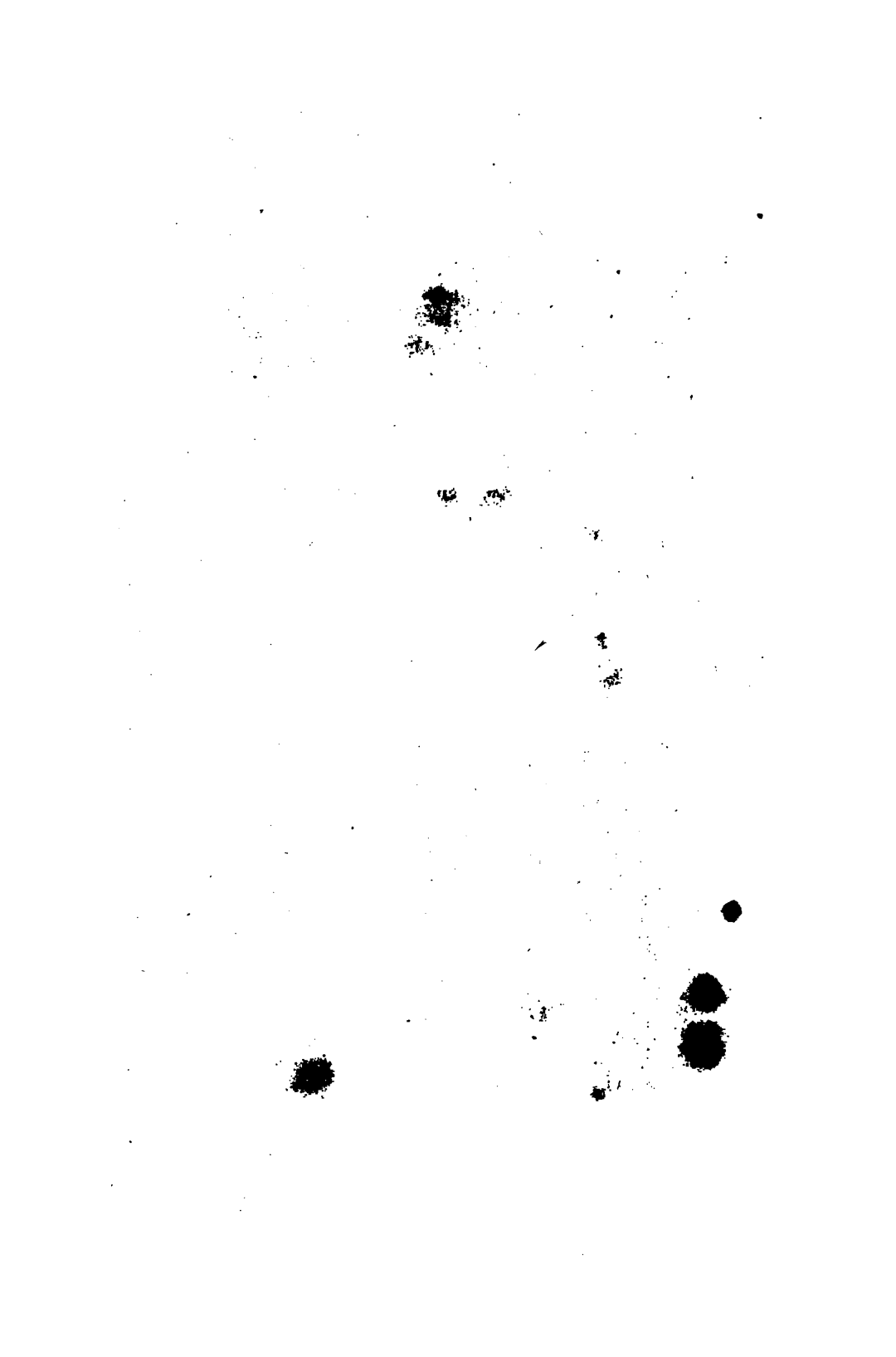


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CASTLE OF CHILLON.



The sweeping wind, the glittering rill,
Seem murmuring with his music still ;
Yon flower that glows above the clod
Seems proud that on its stem he trod.
'Tis thus the poet godlike flings
His glory round earth's lowliest things ;
Half earth, half heaven—half pure, half gross,
He stamps himself on gold or dross :
Warm, glowing, strong, soft, tender, faint—
Which all can feel and few can paint.

THE CHURCHYARD.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE thought of early death was in my heart,
Of the cold grave, and "dumb forgetfulness ;"
And with a weight like lead,
An overwhelming dread
Mysteriously my spirit did oppress.

And forth I roamed in that distressful mood,
Abroad into the sultry, sunless day ;
All hung with one huge cloud,
That like a sable shroud
On Nature's deep sepulchral stillness lay.

Black fell the shadows of the churchyard elms
 (Instinctively my feet had wandered there),
 And through that awful gloom,
 Headstone and altar tomb
Among the dark heaps gleamed with ghastlier glare.

Death—death was in my heart, as there I stood ;
 Mine eyes fast fixed on a grass grown mound ;
 As though they would descry
 The loathsome mystery
Consummating beneath that charnel ground.

Death, death was in my heart—Methought I felt
 A heavy hand that pressed me down below—
 And some resistless power
 Made me, in that dark hour,
Half long to *be*, where I abhorred *to go*.

Then suddenly—albeit no breeze was felt—
 Through the tall tree-tops ran a shivering sound—
 Forth from the western heaven
 Flashed out the flaming levin,
And one long thunder peal rolled echoing round.

One long, long echoing peal, and all was peace—
 Cool rain-drops gemmed the herbage—large and few ;
 And that dull vault of lead
 Disparting overhead,
Down beamed an eye of soft celestial blue.

And up toward the heavenly portal sprang
A skylark, scattering off the feathery rain—
Up from my very feet—
And Oh! how clear and sweet
Rang through the fields of air his mounting strain.

“Blithe, blessed creature! take me there with thee,”
I cried in spirit—passionately cried—
But higher still, and higher
Rang out that living lyre,
As if the bird disdained me in its pride.

And I was left below, but now no more
Plunged in the doleful realms of Death and Night;
Up with the skylark's lay
My soul had winged its way
To the supernal source of Life and Light.

THE MOTHER PRAYING.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SEE, in yon chamber's dim recesses,
 A lady kneels with loosened tresses ;
 A lovely creature lowly kneeling,
 With mournful eyes and brow of feeling ;
 One hand before her meekly spreading,
 The other back her ringlets shedding,
 That ay come gushing down betwixt
 Her eyes and that on which they're fixt.
 She shudders. See ! Hear how she's sighing,
 Can one so young, so fair, be dying ?
 Is she some favourite saint adoring,
 Confessing shame, or God imploring ?
 Her lustrous dark eyes wild are straying,
 She bows her head—lo ! she is praying.
 See, see ! before her, slumbering mild,
 A fair-haired and a faded child ;
 He is her son,—could any other
 Look with those rapt looks save a mother ?
 That bosom which seems nigh the burstin',
 Yon child was suckled, nestled, nurst in ;
 Those lips which o'er his sick bed hang,
 Have shrieked for him the birthtime pang ;
 That heart to God outpoured and offered,
 Death for her son hath three times suffered.

O ! of all mortal pangs there's nought
So dreadful as the death of thought.
He wakes, he smiles, looks up—and there
He rises—God hath heard her prayer ;
While she, 'twixt sobbing, tears, and shrieking,
Clasps him with heart too big for speaking—
She holds him up to God. And now,
Proud priest of Rome, what canst Thou do ?
In all thy miracles there's nought
Like that a mother's prayers hath wrought.

ON A LADY

WHO WOULD SING ONLY IN THE EVENING.

LIKE the sad-hearted minstrel of the Moon,
Who will not pour her misanthropic lay
Until the Night grows upward to its noon,
And the winds hymn the death-song of the day ;
But silent all, in woodlands far away,
A little hermit sits within her cell,
Mossy and dim, where no intruding ray
Peeps through the solitude she loves so well :
Like her, the sweet enchantress of the dell !
THOU wilt not sing, until the stars arise :
And then, like her, for ever wilt thou dwell
On themes to make Pity weep out her eyes !
Sure thou wert once a Nightingale !—And when
Thou leav'st this world, thou shalt be one again ! D.

THE CAMERONIAN PREACHER'S TALE.**BY THE AUTHOR OF THE QUEEN'S WAKE.**

SIT near me, my children, and come nigh, all ye who are not of my kindred, though of my flock ; for my days and hours are numbered ; death is with me dealing, and I have a sad and a wonderful story to relate. I have preached and ye have profited ; but what I am about to say is far better than man's preaching, it is one of those terrible sermons which God preaches to mankind, of blood unrighteously shed, and most wondrously avenged. The like has not happened in these our latter days. His presence is visible in it ; and I reveal it that its burthen may be removed from my soul, so that I may die in peace ; and I disclose it, that you may lay it up in your hearts and tell it soberly to your children, that the warning memory of a dispensation so marvellous may live and not perish. Of the deed itself, some of you have heard a whispering ; and some of you know the men of whom I am about to speak ; but the mystery which covers them up as with a cloud I shall remove ; listen, therefore, my children, to a tale of truth, and may you profit by it !

On Dryfe Water, in Annandale, lived Walter Johnstone, a man open hearted and kindly, but proud withal and warm tempered ; and on the same water lived John Macmillan, a man of a nature grasping and sordid, and as proud and hot tempered as the other. They were strong men, and vain of their strength ; lovers of pleasant company, well to live in the world, extensive dealers in corn and cattle ; married too, and both of the same age—five and forty years. They often met, yet they were not friends ; nor yet were they companions, for bargain making and money seeking narroweth the heart and shuts up generosity of soul. They were jealous, too, of one another's success in trade, and of the fame they had each acquired for feats of personal strength and agility, and skill with the sword—a weapon which all men carried, in my youth, who were above the condition of a peasant. Their mutual and growing dislike was inflamed by the whisperings of evil friends, and confirmed by the skilful manner in which they negotiated bargains over each other's heads. When they met, a short and surly greeting was exchanged, and those who knew their natures looked for a meeting between them, when the sword or some other dangerous weapon would settle for ever their claims for precedence in cunning and in strength.

They met at the fair of Longtown, and spoke, and no more—with them both it was a busy day, and mutual hatred subsided for a time, in the love of turning the penny and amassing gain. The market rose and fell, and fell and rose ; and it was whispered that

Macmillan, through the superior skill or good fortune of his rival, had missed some bargains which were very valuable, while some positive losses touched a nature extremely sensible of the importance of wealth. One was elated and the other depressed—but not more depressed than moody and incensed, and in this temper they were seen in the evening in the back room of a public inn, seated apart and silent, calculating losses and gains, drinking deeply, and exchanging dark looks of hatred and distrust. They had been observed, during the whole day, to watch each other's movements, and now when they were met face to face, the labours of the day over, and their natures inflamed by liquor as well as by hatred, their companions looked for personal strife between them, and wondered not a little when they saw Johnstone rise, mount his horse, and ride homewards, leaving his rival in Longtown. Soon afterwards Macmillan started up from a moody fit, drank off a large draught of brandy, threw down a half-guinea, nor waited for change—a thing uncommon with him; and men said, as his horse's feet struck fire from the pavement, that if he overtook Johnstone, there would be a living soul less in the land before sunrise.

Before sunrise next morning the horse of Walter Johnstone came with an empty saddle to his stable door. The bridle was trampled to pieces amongst its feet, and its saddle and sides were splashed over with blood as if a bleeding body had been carried across its back. The cry arose in the country, an instant search was made, and on the side of the public road was found

a place where a deadly contest seemed to have happened. It was in a small green field, bordered by a wood, in the farm of Andrew Pattison. The sod was dented deep with men's feet, and trodden down and trampled and sprinkled over with blood as thickly as it had ever been with dew. Blood drops, too, were traced to some distance, but nothing more was discovered; the body could not be found, though every field was examined and every pool dragged. His money and bills, to the amount of several thousand pounds, were gone, so was his sword—indeed nothing of him could be found on earth save his blood, and for its spilling a strict account was yet to be sought.

Suspicion instantly and naturally fell on John Macmillan, who denied all knowledge of the deed. He had arrived at his own house in due course of time, no marks of weapon or warfare were on him, he performed family worship as was his custom, and he sang the psalm as loudly and prayed as fervently as he was in the habit of doing. He was apprehended and tried, and saved by the contradictory testimony of the witnesses against him, into whose hearts the spirit of falsehood seemed to have entered in order to perplex and confound the judgment of men—or rather that man might have no hand in the punishment, but that God should bring it about in his own good time and way. "Revenge is mine, saith the Lord," which meaneth not because it is too sweet a morsel for man, as the scoffer said, but because it is too dangerous. A glance over this conflicting testimony will show how little was then

known of this foul offence, and how that little was rendered doubtful and dark by the imperfections of human nature.

Two men of Longtown were examined. One said that he saw Macmillan insulting and menacing Johnstone, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword with a look dark and ominous; while the other swore that he was present at the time, but that it was Johnstone who insulted and menaced Macmillan, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and pointed to the road homewards. A very expert and searching examination could make no more of them; they were both respectable men with characters above suspicion. The next witnesses were of another stamp, and their testimony was circuitous and contradictory. One of them was a shepherd—a reluctant witness. His words were these: “I was frae hame on the night of the murder, in the thick of the wood, no just at the place which was bloody and trampled, but gaye and near hand it. I canna say I can just mind what I was doing; I had somebody to see I jalouse, but wha it was is naebody’s business but my ain. There was maybe ane forbye myself in the wood, and maybe twa; there was ane at ony rate, and I am no sure but it was an auld acquaintance. I see nae use there can be in questioning me. I saw nought, and therefore can say nought. I canna but say that I heard something—the trampling of horses, and a rough voice saying, ‘Draw and defend yourself.’ Then followed the clashing of swords and half smothered sort of work, and then the sound of horses’ feet was heard again, and

that's a' I ken about it; only I thought the voice was Walter Johnstone's, and so thought Kate Pennie, who was with me and kens as meikle as me." The examination of Katherine Pennie, one of the Pennies of Pennieland, followed, and she declared that she had heard the evidence of Dick Purdie with surprise and anger. On that night she was not over the step of her father's door for more than five minutes, and that was to look at the sheep in the fauld; and she neither heard the clashing of swords nor the word of man or woman. And with respect to Dick Purdie, she scarcely knew him even by sight; and if all tales were true that were told of him, she would not venture into a lonely wood with him, under the cloud of night, for a gown of silk with pearls on each sleeve. The shepherd, when recalled, admitted that Kate Pennie might be right, "For after a'," said he, "it happened in the dark, when a man like me, no that gleg of the uptauk, might confound persons. Somebody was with me, I am gaye and sure, frae what took place—if it was nae Kate, I kenna wha it was, and it couldna weel be Kate either, for Kate's a douce quean, and besides is married." The judge dismissed the witnesses with some indignant words, and, turning to the prisoner, said, "John Macmillan, the prevarications of these witnesses have saved you; mark my words—saved you from man, but not from God. On the murderer, the Most High will lay his hot right hand, visibly and before men, that we may know that blood unjustly shed will be avenged. You are at liberty to depart." He left the bar and resumed

his station and his pursuits as usual ; nor did he appear sensible to the feeling of the country, which was strong against him.

A year passed over his head, other events happened, and the murder of Walter Johnstone began to be dismissed from men's minds. Macmillan went to the fair of Longtown, and when evening came he was seated in the little back room which I mentioned before, and in company with two men of the names of Hunter and Hope. He sat late, drank deeply, but in the midst of the carousal a knock was heard at the door, and a voice called sharply, "John Macmillan." He started up, seemed alarmed, and exclaimed, "What in Heaven's name can *he* want with me?" and opening the door hastily, went into the garden, for he seemed to dread another summons lest his companions should know the voice. As soon as he was gone, one said to the other, "If that was not the voice of Walter Johnstone, I never heard it in my life ; he is either come back in the flesh or in the spirit, and in either way John Macmillan has good cause to dread him." They listened—they heard Macmillan speaking in great agitation ; he was answered only by a low sound, yet he appeared to understand what was said, for his concluding words were, "Never! never! I shall rather submit to His judgment who cannot err." When he returned he was pale and shaking, and he sat down and seemed buried in thought. He spread his palms on his knees, shook his head often, then, starting up, said, "The judge was a fool and no prophet—to mortal man is not given the wisdom of God

—so neighbours let us ride.” They mounted their horses and rode homewards into Scotland at a brisk pace.

The night was pleasant, neither light nor dark ; there were few travellers out, and the way winded with the hills and with the streams, passing through a pastoral and beautiful country. Macmillan rode close by the side of his companions, closer than was desirable or common ; yet he did not speak, nor make answer when he was spoken to ; but looked keenly and earnestly before and behind him, as if he expected the coming of some one, and every tree and bush seemed to alarm and startle him. Day at last dawned, and with the growing light his alarm subsided, and he began to converse with his companions, and talk with a levity which surprised them more than his silence had done before. The sun was all but risen when they approached the farm of Andrew Pattison, and here and there the top of a high tree and the summit of a hill had caught light upon them. Hope looked to Hunter silently, when they came nigh the bloody spot where it was believed the murder had been committed. Macmillan sat looking resolutely before him, as if determined not to look upon it ; but his horse stopt at once, trembled violently, and then sprung aside, hurling its rider headlong to the ground. All this passed in a moment ; his companions sat astonished ; the horse rushed forward, leaving him on the ground, from whence he never rose in life, for his neck was broken by the fall, and with a convulsive shiver or two he expired. Then did the prediction of

the judge, the warning voice and summons of the preceding night, and the spot and the time, rush upon their recollection ; and they firmly believed that a murderer and robber lay dead beside them. "His horse saw something," said Hope to Hunter ; "I never saw such flashing eyes in a horse's head ;"—"and *he* saw something too," replied Hunter, "for the glance that he gave to the bloody spot, when his horse started, was one of terror. I never saw such a look, and I wish never to see such another again."

When John Macmillan perished, matters stood thus with his memory. It was not only loaded with the sin of blood and the sin of robbery, with the sin of making a faithful woman a widow and her children fatherless, but with the grievous sin also of having driven a worthy family to ruin and beggary. The sum which was lost was large, the creditors were merciless ; they fell upon the remaining substance of Johnstone, sweeping it wholly away ; and his widow sought shelter in a miserable cottage among the Dryfesdale hills, where she supported her children by gathering and spinning wool. In a far different state and condition remained the family of John Macmillan. He died rich and unincumbered, leaving an evil name and an only child, a daughter, wedded to one whom many knew and esteemed, Joseph Howatson by name, a man sober and sedate ; a member, too, of our own broken remnant of Cameronians.

Now, my dear children, the person who addresses you was then, as he is yet, God's preacher for the scattered kirk of Scotland, and his tent was pitched.

among the green hills of Annandale. The death of the transgressor appeared unto me the manifest judgment of God, and when my people gathered around me I rejoiced to see so great a multitude, and, standing in the midst of them, I preached in such a wise that they were deeply moved. I took for my text these words, "Hath there been evil in the land and the Lord hath not known it?" I discoursed on the wisdom of Providence in guiding the affairs of men. How he permitted our evil passions to acquire the mastery over us, and urge us to deeds of darkness; allowing us to flourish for a season, that he might strike us in the midst of our splendour in a way so visible and awful that the wildest would cry out, "Behold the finger of God." I argued the matter home to the heart; I named no names, but I saw Joseph Howatson hide his face in his hands, for he felt and saw from the eyes which were turned towards him that I alluded to the judgment of God upon his relative.

Joseph Howatson went home heavy and sad of heart, and somewhat touched with anger at God's servant for having so pointedly and publicly alluded to his family misfortune; for he believed his father-in-law was a wise and a worthy man. His way home lay along the banks of a winding and beautiful stream, and just where it entered his own lands there was a rustic gate, over which he leaned for a little space, ruminating upon earlier days, on his wedded wife, on his children, and finally his thoughts settled on his father-in-law. He thought of his kindness to himself and to many others,

on his fulfilment of all domestic duties, on his constant performance of family worship, and on his general reputation for honesty and fair dealing. He then dwelt on the circumstances of Johnstone's disappearance, on the singular summons his father-in-law received in Longtown, and the catastrophe which followed on the spot and on the very day of the year that the murder was supposed to be committed. He was in sore perplexity, and said aloud, "Would to God that I knew the truth; but the doors of eternity, alas! are shut on the secret for ever." He looked up and John Macmillan stood before him—stood with all the calmness and serenity and meditative air which a grave man wears when he walks out on a sabbath eve.

"Joseph Howatson," said the apparition, "on no secret are the doors of eternity shut—of whom were you speaking?" "I was speaking," answered he, "of one who is cold and dead, and to whom you bear a strong resemblance." "I am he," said the shape; "I am John Macmillan." "God of heaven!" replied Joseph Howatson, "how can that be; did I not lay his head in the grave; see it closed over him; how, therefore, can it be? Heaven permits no such visitations." "I entreat you, my son," said the shape, "to believe what I say; the end of man is not when his body goes to dust; he exists in another state, and from that state am I permitted to come to you; waste not time, which is brief, with vain doubts, I am John Macmillan." "Father, father," said the young man, deeply agitated, "answer me, did you kill and rob

Walter Johnstone?" "I did," said the Spirit, "and for that have I returned to earth; listen to me." The young man was so much overpowered by a revelation thus fearfully made, that he fell insensible on the ground; and when he recovered, the moon was shining, the dews of night were upon him, and he was alone.

Joseph Howatson imagined that he had dreamed a fearful dream; and conceiving that Divine Providence had presented the truth to his fancy, he began to consider how he could secretly make reparation to the wife and children of Johnstone for the double crime of his relative. But on more mature reflection he was impressed with the belief that a spirit had appeared to him, the spirit of his father-in-law, and that his own alarm had hindered him from learning fully the secret of his visit to earth; he therefore resolved to go to the same place next sabbath night, seek rather than avoid an interview, acquaint himself with the state of bliss or woe in which the spirit was placed, and learn if by acts of affection and restitution he could soften his sufferings or augment his happiness. He went accordingly to the little rustic gate by the side of the lonely stream; he walked up and down; hour passed after hour, but he heard nothing and saw nothing save the murmuring of the brook and the hares running among the wild clover. He had resolved to return home, when something seemed to rise from the ground, as shapeless as a cloud at first, but moving with life. It assumed a form, and the appearance of John Macmillan was once more before him. The young man was nothing

daunted, but looking on the spirit, said, "I thought you just and upright and devout, and incapable of murder and robbery." The spirit seemed to dilate as it made answer. "The death of Walter Johnstone sits lightly upon me. We had crossed each other's purposes, we had lessened each other's gains, we had vowed revenge, we met on fair terms, tied our horses to a gate, and fought fairly and long; and when I slew him, I but did what he sought to do to me. I threw him over his horse, carried him far into the country, sought out a deep quagmire on the north side of the Snipe Knowe, in Crake's Moss, and having secured his bills and other perishable property, with the purpose of returning all to his family, I buried him in the moss, leaving his gold in his purse, and laying his cloak and his sword above him.

"Now listen, Joseph Howatson. In my private desk you will find a little key tied with red twine, take it and go to the house of Janet Mathieson in Dumfries, and underneath the hearthstone in my sleeping room you will get my strong-box, open it, it contains all the bills and bonds belonging to Walter Johnstone. Restore them to his widow. I would have restored them but for my untimely death. Inform her privily and covertly where she will find the body of her husband, so that she may bury him in the churchyard with his ancestors. Do these things, that I may have some assuagement of misery; neglect them, and you will become a world's wonder." The spirit vanished with these words, and was seen no more.

Joseph Howatson was sorely troubled. He had communed with a spirit, he was impressed with the belief that early death awaited him; he felt a sinking of soul and a misery of body, and he sent for me to help him with counsel, and comfort him in his unexampled sorrow. I loved him and hastened to him; I found him weak and woe-begone, and the hand of God seemed to be sore upon him. He took me out to the banks of the little stream where the shape appeared to him, and having desired me to listen without interrupting him, told me how he had seen his father-in-law's spirit, and related the revelations which it had made and the commands it had laid upon him. "And now," he said, "look upon me. I am young, and ten days ago I had a body strong and a mind buoyant, and gray hairs and the honours of old age seemed to await me. But ere three days pass I shall be as the clod of the valley, for he who converses with a spirit, a spirit shall he soon become. I have written down the strange tale I have told you and I put it into your hands, perform for me and for my wretched parent, the instructions which the grave yielded up its tenant to give; and may your days be long in the land, and may you grow gray-headed among your people." I listened to his words with wonder and with awe, and I promised to obey him in all his wishes with my best and most anxious judgment. We went home together; we spent the evening in prayer. Then he set his house in order, spoke to all his children cheerfully and with a mild voice, and falling on the neck of his wife, said, "Sarah Macmillan,

you were the choice of my young heart, and you have been a wife to me kind, tender, and gentle." He looked at his children and he looked at his wife, for his heart was too full for more words, and retired to his chamber. He was found next morning kneeling by his bedside; his hands held out as if repelling some approaching object, horror stamped on every feature, and cold and dead.

Then I felt full assurance of the truth of his communications; and as soon as the amazement which his untimely death occasioned had subsided, and his wife and little ones were somewhat comforted, I proceeded to fulfil his dying request. I found the small key tied with red twine, and I went to the house of Janet Mathieson in Dumfries, and I held up the key and said, "Woman, knowest thou that?" and when she saw it she said, "Full well I know it, it belonged to a jolly man and a douce, and mony a merry hour has he whiled away wi' my servant maidens and me." And when she saw me lift the hearthstone, open the box, and spread out the treasure which it contained, she held up her hands, "Eh! what o' gowd! what o' gowd! but half's mine, be ye saint or sinner; John Macmillan, douce man, aye said he had something there which he considered as not belonging to him but to a quiet friend; weel I wot he meant me, for I have been a quiet friend to him and his." I told her I was commissioned by his daughter to remove the property, that I was the minister of that persecuted remnant of the true kirk called Cameronians, and she might therefore deliver it up without

fear. "I ken weel enough wha ye are," said this worthless woman, "d'ye think I dinna ken a minister of the kirk; I have seen meikle o' their siller in my day, frae eighteen to fifty and aught have I caroused with divines, Cameronians, I trow, as well as those of a freer kirk. But touching this treasure, give me twenty gowden pieces, else I'se gar three stamps of my foot bring in them that will see me righted, and send you awa to the mountains bleating like a sheep shorn in winter." I gave the imperious woman twenty pieces of gold, and carried away the fatal box.

Now, when I got free of the ports of Dumfries, I mounted my little horse and rode away into the heart of the country, among the pastoral hills of Dryfesdale. I carried the box on the saddle before me, and its contents awakened a train of melancholy thoughts within me. There were the papers of Walter Johnstone, corresponding to the description which the spirit gave, and marked with his initials in red ink by the hand of the man who slew him. There were two gold watches and two purses of gold, all tied with red twine, and many bills and much money to which no marks were attached. As I rode along pondering on these things, and casting about in my own mind how and by what means I should make restitution, I was aware of a morass, broad and wide, which with all its quagmires glittered in the moonlight before me. I knew I had penetrated into the centre of Dryfesdale, but I was not well acquainted with the country; I therefore drew my bridle, and looked around to see if any house was nigh, where I could find shelter

for the night. I saw a small house built of turf and thatched with heather, from the window of which a faint light glimmered. I rode up, alighted, and there I found a woman in widow's weeds, with three sweet children, spinning yarn from the wool which the shepherds shear in spring from the udders of the ewes. She welcomed me, spread bread and placed milk before me. I asked a blessing, and ate and drank, and was refreshed.

Now it happened that, as I sat with the solitary woman and her children, there came a man to the door, and with a loud yell of dismay burst it open and staggered forward crying, "There's a corse candle in Crake's Moss, and I'll be a dead man before the morning." "Preserve me! piper, said the widow, ye're in a piteous taking; here is a holy man who will speak comfort to you, and tell you how all these are but delusions of the eye or exhalations of nature." "Delusions and exhalations, Dame Johnstone," said the piper, "d'ye think I dinna ken a corse light from an elf candle, an elf candle from a will-o'-wisp, and a will-o'-wisp from all other lights of this wide world." The name of the morass and the woman's name now flashed upon me, and I was struck with amazement and awe. I looked on the widow, and I looked on the wandering piper, and I said, "Let me look on those corse lights, for God creates nothing in vain; there is a wise purpose in all things, and a wise aim." And the piper said, "Na, na; I have nae wish to see ony mair on't, a dead light bodes the living nae gude; and I am sure if I gang near Crake's Moss it will lair me amang the hags and quags."

And I said, "Foolish old man, you are equally safe every where; the hand of the Lord reaches round the earth, and strikes and protects according as it was fore-ordained, for nothing is hid from his eyes—come with me." And the piper looked strangely upon me and stirred not a foot; and I said, "I shall go by myself;" and the woman said, "Let me go with you, for I am sad of heart, and can look on such things without fear; for, alas! since I lost my own Walter Johnstone, pleasure is no longer pleasant: and I love to wander in lonesome places and by old churchyards." "Then," said the piper, "I darena bide my lane with the hairns; I'll go also; but O! let me strengthen my heart with ae spring on my pipes before I venture." "Play," I said, "Clavers and his Highlandmen, it is the tune to cheer ye and keep your heart up." "Your honour's no cannie," said the old man; "that's my favourite tune." So he played it and said, "Now I am fit to look on lights of good or evil." And we walked into the open air.

All Crake's Moss seemed on fire; not illumined with one steady and uninterrupted light, but kindled up by fits like the northern sky with its wandering streamers. On a little bank which rose in the centre of the morass, the supernatural splendour seemed chiefly to settle; and having continued to shine for several minutes, the whole faded and left but one faint gleam behind. I fell on my knees, held up my hands to heaven, and said, "This is of God; behold in that fearful light the finger of the Most High. Blood has been spilt, and can be no longer

concealed ; the point of the mariner's needle points less surely to the north than yon living flame points to the place where man's body has found a bloody grave. Follow me," and I walked down to the edge of the moss and gazed earnestly on the spot. I knew now that I looked on the long hidden resting place of Walter Johnstone, and considered that the hand of God was manifest in the way that I had been thus led blindfold into his widow's house. I reflected for a moment on these things ; I wished to right the fatherless, yet spare the feelings of the innocent ; the supernatural light partly showed me the way, and the words which I now heard whispered by my companions aided in directing the rest.

" I tell ye, Dame Johnstone," said the piper, " the man's no cannie ; or what's waur, he may belong to the spiritual world himself, and do us a mischief. Saw ye ever mortal man riding with ae spur and carrying a silver-headed cane for a whip, wi' sic a fleece of hair about his haffets and sic a wild ee in his head ; and then he kens a' things in the heavens aboon and the earth beneath. He kenned my favourite tune Clavers ; I'se uphaud he's no in the body, but ane of the souls made perfect of the auld Covenanters whom Grahame or Grierson slew ; we're daft to follow him." " Fool body," I heard the widow say, " I'll follow him ; there's something about that man, be he in the spirit or in the flesh, which is pleasant and promising. O ! could he but, by prayer or other means of lawful knowledge, tell me about my dear Walter Johnstone ; thrice has he ap-

peared to me in dream or vision with a sorrowful look, and weel ken I what that means." We had now reached the edge of the morass, and a dim and uncertain light continued to twinkle about the green knoll which rose in its middle. I turned suddenly round and said, "For a wise purpose am I come; to reveal murder; to speak consolation to the widow and the fatherless, and to soothe the perturbed spirits of those whose fierce passions ended in untimely death. Come with me; the hour is come, and I must not do my commission negligently." "I kenned it, I kenned it," said the piper, he's just one of the auld persecuted worthies risen from his red grave to right the injured, and he'll do't discreetly; follow him, Dame, follow him." "I shall follow," said the widow, "I have that strength given me this night which will bear me through all trials which mortal flesh can endure."

When we reached the little green hillock in the centre of the morass, I looked to the north and soon distinguished the place described by my friend Joseph Howatson, where the body of Walter Johnstone was deposited. The moon shone clear, the stars aided us with their light, and some turfcutters having left their spades standing near, I ordered the piper to take a spade and dig where I placed my staff. "O dig carefully," said the widow, "do not be rude with mortal dust." We dug and came to a sword; the point was broken and the blade hacked. "It is the sword of my Walter Johnstone," said his widow, "I could swear to it among a thousand." "It is my father's sword,"

said a fine dark haired boy who had followed us unperceived, "it is my father's sword, and were he living who wrought this, he should na be lang in rueing it." "He is dead, my child," I said, "and beyond your reach, and vengeance is the Lord's." "O, Sir," cried his widow, in a flood of tears, "ye ken all things; tell me, is this my husband or no?" "It is the body of Walter Johnstone," I answered, "slain by one who is passed to his account, and buried here by the hand that slew him, with his gold in his purse and his watch in his pocket." So saying we uncovered the body, lifted it up, laid it on the grass; the embalming nature of the morass had preserved it from decay, and mother and child, with tears and with cries, named his name and lamented over him. His gold watch and his money, his cloak and his dress, were untouched and entire, and we bore him to the cottage of his widow, where with clasped hands she sat at his feet and his children at his head till the day drew nigh the dawn; I then rose and said, "Woman, thy trials have been severe and manifold; a good wife, a good mother, and a good widow hast thou been, and thy reward will be where the blessed alone are admitted. It was revealed to me by a mysterious revelation that thy husband's body was where we found it; and I was commissioned by a voice, assuredly not of this world, to deliver thee this treasure, which is thy own, that thy children may be educated, and that bread and raiment may be thine." And I delivered her husband's wealth into her hands, refused gold which she offered, and mounting my horse, rode over the hills

and saw her no more. But I soon heard of her, for there rose a strange sound in the land, that a Good Spirit had appeared to the widow of Walter Johnstone, had disclosed where her husband's murdered body lay, had enriched her with all his lost wealth, had prayed by her side till the blessed dawn of day, and then vanished with the morning light. I closed my lips on the secret till now ; and I reveal it to you, my children, that you may know there is a God who ruleth this world by wise and invisible means, and punisheth the wicked, and cheereth the humble of heart and the lowly minded.

Such was the last sermon of the good John Farley, a man whom I knew and loved. I think I see him now, with his long white hair and his look mild, eloquent, and sagacious. He was a giver of good counsel, a sayer of wise sayings, with wit at will, learning in abundance, and a gift in sarcasm which the wildest dreaded.

PICKABACK ;

OR,

MOTHER AND CHILD.

YOUNG mother, may thy spirit long
Retain its joyous light,
Thy step as firm and springy be,
Thy brow as smooth and bright
As now, e'er cares of womanhood
Have left one dreary trace,
Deprived thee of one youthful charm,
Or marred one maiden grace !

And that fair rosy boy ! 'tis bliss
Heart-thrilling and divine,
To clasp him in thine arms, and press
His ruddy lips to thine ;—
To hear his artless thoughts lisped forth
In music's gentlest tone ;
To mark the gaze of his blue eye
Uplifted to thine own.

Along the smooth and fragrant turf
To act the courser's part,
And fondly hail the rapturous gush
Of laughter from his heart ;—
Yes, these are earth's divinest joys,
Surpassed alone in heaven,—
And shall they die like summer flowers,
And fade like hues of even ?

Alas ! alas ! the brightest morn
May change to darkest day,
And where the early sunshine glowed
Wild tempests hold their way ;
Glad voices may grow sorrowful,
And merry eyes be dim,
And grief may lurk in wait for thee,
And wasting pain for him !

'Twere vain—'twere impotent to wish
That Time should stay his wing,
Autumn and Winter *must* succeed
To Summer and to Spring ;
Or fain I'd hope years, withering years,
Might thy pure pleasures spare,
Leave him as artless and as young,
And thee as glad and fair !

N. H.

INSCRIPTIONS
FOR
THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

I. AT CLACHNACHARRY.

ATHWART the island here, from sea to sea,
Between these mountain barriers, the great glen
Of Scotland offers to the traveller,
Through wilds impervious else, an easy path,
Along the shore of rivers and of lakes,
In line continuous, whence the waters flow
Dividing, east and west. Thus had they held
For untold centuries their perpetual course
Unprofited, till in the Georgian age
This mighty work was planned, which should unite
The lakes, control the innavigable streams,
And through the bowels of the land deduce
A way, where vessels which must else have braved
The formidable cape, and have essayed
The perils of the Hyperborean sea,
Might from the Baltic to the Atlantic deep
Pass and repass at will. So when the storm
Careers abroad, may they securely here,

Through birchen groves, green fields, and pastoral hills,
Pursue their voyage home. Humanity
May boast this proud expenditure, begun
By Britain in a time of arduous war ;
Through all the efforts and emergencies
Of that long strife continued ; and achieved
After her triumph, even at the time
When national burdens bearing on the state
Were felt with heaviest pressure. Such expense
Is best economy. In growing wealth,
Comfort, and spreading industry, behold
The fruits immediate ! And in days to come
Fitzly shall this great British work be named
With whatsoe'er of most magnificence
For public use, Rome in her plenitude
Of power effected, or all-glorious Greece,
Or Egypt, mother-land of all the arts.

2. AT FORT AUGUSTUS.

THOU who hast reached this level where the glede
Wheeling between the mountains in mid air,
Eastward or westward as his gyre inclines,
Descries the German or the Atlantic Sea,
Pause here ; and as thou seest the ship pursue
Her easy way serene, call thou to mind
By what exertions of victorious art
The way was opened. Fourteen times upheaved
The vessel hath ascended since she changed
The salt sea water for the Highland lymph :
As oft in imperceptible descent

Must, step by step, be lowered, before she woo
The ocean breeze again. Thou hast beheld
What basins most capacious of their kind
Enclose her, while the obedient element
Lifts or depones its burthen. Thou hast seen
The torrent hurrying from its native hills
Pass underneath the broad canal inhumed,
Then issue harmless thence ; the rivulet
Admitted by its intake peaceably,
Forthwith by gentle overfall discharged :
And haply too thou hast observed the herds
Frequent their vaulted path, unconscious they
That the wide waters on the long low arch
Above them, lie sustained. What other works
Science, audacious in emprise, hath wrought,
Meet not the eye, but well may fill the mind.
Not from the bowels of the land alone,
From lake and stream hath their diluvial wreck
Been scooped to form this navigable way ;
Huge rivers were controled, or from their course
Shouldered aside ; and at the eastern mouth,
Where the salt ooze denied a resting place,
There were the deep foundations laid, by weight
On weight immersed, and pile on pile down-driven,
Till stedfast as the everlasting rocks
The massive outwork stands. Contemplate now
What days and nights of thought, what years of toil,
What inexhaustive springs of public wealth
The vast design required ; the immediate good ;
The future benefit progressive still,

And thou wilt pay thy tribute of due praise
To those whose counsels, whose decrees, whose care
For after ages formed the generous work.

3. AT BANAVIE.

WHERE these capacious basins, by the laws
Of the subjacent element receive
The ship, descending or upraised, eight times,
From stage to stage with unfelt agency
Translated, fittest may the marble here
Record the architect's immortal name.
Telford it was by whose presiding mind
The whole great work was planned and perfected;
Telford, who o'er the vale of Cambrian Dee,
Aloft in air, at giddy height upborne,
Carried his navigable road, and hung
High o'er Menäi's straits the bending bridge;
Structures of more ambitious enterprise,
Than minstrels in the age of old romance
To their own Merlin's magic lore ascribed.
Nor hath he for his native land performed
Less, in this proud design; and where his piers
Around her coast from many a fisher's creek
Unsheltered else, and many an ample port,
Repel the assailing storm; and where his roads
In beautiful and sinuous line far seen,
Wind with the vale, and win the long ascent,
Now o'er the deep morass sustained, and now
Across ravine, or glen, or estuary,
Opening a passage through the wilds subdued.

THE SEA-KING'S DEATH-SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I'LL launch my gallant bark no more,
Nor smile to see how gay
Its pennon dances, as we bound
Along the watery way ;
The wave I walk on's mine—the god
I worship is the breeze ;
My rudder is my magic rod,
Of rule, on isles and seas :
Blow, blow, ye winds, for lordly France,
Or shores of swarthy Spain ;
Blow where ye list, of earth I'm lord,
When monarch of the main.

When last upon the surge I rode,
A strong wind on me shot,
And tossed me as I toss my plume,
In battle fierce and hot ;
Three days and nights no sun I saw,
Nor gentle star, nor moon ;
Three foot of foam flashed o'er my decks,
I sang to see it—soon

The wind fell mute, forth shone the sun,
Broad dimpling smiled the brine ;
I leap'd on Ireland's shore, and made
Half of her riches mine.

The wild hawk wets her yellow foot
In blood of serf and king ;
Deep bites the brand, sharp smites the axe,
And helm and cuirass ring ;
The foam flies from the charger's flanks,
Like wreaths of winter's snow ;
Spears shiver, and the bright shafts start
In thousands from the bow—
Strike up, strike up, my minstrels all,
Use tongue and tuneful chord—
Be mute!—My music is the clang
Of cleaving axe and sword.

Cursed be the Norseman who puts trust
In mortar and in stone ;
Who rears a wall, or builds a tower,
Or makes on earth his throne ;
My monarch throne's the willing wave,
That bears me to the beach ;
My sepulchre's the deep sea surge,
Where lead shall never reach ;
My death song is the howling wind,
That bends my quivering mast,—
Bid England's maidens join the song,
I there made orphans last.

Mourn, all ye hawks of heaven, for me,
Oft, oft, by frith and flood,
I called ye forth to feast on kings;
Who now shall give ye food?
Mourn, too, thou deep devouring sea,
For of earth's proudest lords
We served thee oft a sumptuous feast
With our sharp shining swords;
Mourn, midnight, mourn, no more thou'lt hear
Armed thousands shout my name,
Nor see me rushing, red wet shod,
Through cities doomed to flame.

My race is run, my flight is flown;
And, like the eagle free,
That soars into the cloud and dies,
I leave my life on sea.
To man I yield not; spear nor sword
Ne'er harmed me in their ire,
Vain on me Europe shower'd her shafts,
And Asia poured her fire.
Nor wound, nor scar, my body bears,
My lip made never moan,
And Odin bold, who gave me life,
Now comes and takes his own.

Light! light there! let me get one look,—
Yon is the golden sky,
With all its glorious lights, and there
My subject sea flows by:

Around me all my comrades stand,
Who oft have trod with me
On princes' necks, a joy that's flown,
And never more may be.
Now put my helmet on my head,
My bright sword in my hand,
That I may die as I have lived,
In arms and high command.

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH BEAUTY.

It has been said by some one, and if not said, it shall be said now, that no woman is incapable of inspiring love, fixing affection, and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine. Men speak with admiration and write with rapture of the beauty which the artist loves, which, like genius in the system of Gall, is ascertained by scale and compass : but in practice, see how they despise those splendid theories, and yield to a sense of beauty and loveliness, of which the standard is in their own hearts. It is not the elegance of form, for that is often imperfect ; it is not in loveliness of face, for there nature has been perchance neglectful ; nor is it in the charm of sentiment or sweet words, for even among women there is an occasional lack of that ; neither is it in the depth

of their feelings, nor in the sincerity of their affection that their whole power over man springs from. Yet every woman, beautiful or not, has that power more or less; and every man yields to its influence.

The women of all nations are beautiful. Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person and mind and heart, which insures to man the greatest portion of happiness. One of our best poets has touched on this matter with the wisdom of inspiration; these are his words:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and, Oh!
The difference to me!

This was a maiden something more to the purpose than the slender damsels whom academies create on canvass, or of whom some bachelor bards dream. The Poet of Rydal Mount is a married man, and knows from what sources domestic happiness comes. The gossamer creations of the fancy, were they transformed to breathing flesh and blood, would never do for a man's bosom. Those delicate aerial visions, those personified zephyrs,

are decidedly unfit for the maternal wear and tear of the world, and would never survive the betrothing. Not so the buxom dames of our two fine islands. It was the intention of nature that they should be the mothers of warriors and poets and philosophers and historians, of men of sense and science ; and she formed them for the task. Look at them as they move along. If art with its scale and its compasses and its eternal chant of "the beau ideal—the beau ideal," had peopled the world, we would have been a nation of ninnies, our isles would have been filled with lay figures and beings "beautiful exceedingly," but loveless, joyless, splendidly silly, and elegantly contemptible. It has been better ordered.

I have looked much on man, and more on woman. The world presents a distinct image of my own perception of beauty ; and from the decisions of true love I could lay down the law of human affection, and the universal sense entertained respecting female loveliness. There is no need to be profound, there is no occasion for research ; look on wedded society, it is visible to all. There, a man very plain is linked to a woman very lovely ; a creature as silent as marble, to one eloquent, fluent, and talkative ; a very tall man to a very little woman ; a very portly lady to a man short, slender, and attenuated ; the brown weds the black, and the white the golden ; personal deformities are not in the way of affection ; love contradicts all our theories of loveliness, and happiness has no more to do with beauty than a good crop of corn has with the personal looks of him who sowed the seed. The question, there-

fore, which some simple person has put, "which of the three kingdoms has the most beautiful ladies?" is one of surpassing absurdity. Who would ever think of going forth with rules of artists in their hands, and scraps of idle verse on their lips, to measure and adjust the precedence of beauty among the three nations? Who shall say which is the fairest flower of the field, which is the brightest of the stars of heaven? One loves the daisy for its modesty, another the rose for its splendour, and a third the lily for its purity; and they are all right.

We know not, indeed, by our natural theory of female loveliness, which of the nations has the most beautiful women, because we know not which of them is the happiest. Wherever there is most bosom tranquillity, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal; she is a good mother and an affectionate wife; and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage; there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks

of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that Englishwoman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with vulgar health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly and with protracted delight the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now, that is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo around her person, adorning her as a honeysuckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight—a creation more honourable to nature and more beneficial to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, and catch the eye and vex the heart.

M.

THE THREE QUESTIONS.

DURING the sunset of a summer's day, I chanced to enter one of those numerous glens in the north country, where a ruined castle and a parish kirk present an image of war and peace, and where a clear deep stream, tenanted with trouts, runs glittering in link succeeding link, amongst the homes and gardens of the peasantry. The beauty and seclusion of the scene induced me to stop and look; several old gray-headed men walked idly about, shepherds and hinds returned from their labours on the hills, their wives saw them approach with a silent gladness of eye; the whole place swarmed with children. A young woman, a mother and a widow, sat at her door spinning flax; one son had just returned from school, the flask which held milk for his midday meal was on his back, his catechism was in his hand, while a brother and a sister, both less than himself, stood with their hands and hats filled with flowers which they had gathered in their native glen.

She smiled on her children, set her wheel aside, clasped her hands on her knees, and looked upward, silent and happy. Her little daughter, with dark eyes, a head overflowed with glittering curls, and a voice as

sweet as music, tried several innocent stratagems to gain her mother's notice ; she held up her hat and flowers, showed first a foxglove and then a honeysuckle, crying, "Look, mother, look, I pulled this at the Raven's Crag, and Johnnie pulled that by the Otter's Pool." Her mother answered only by passing her hand tenderly over her head, and stroking down her clusters of natural curls. The moon now became a visiter, and rising over the eastern woods, dropt her light into every nook of the glen, making stream and cottage shine. The little girl looked anxiously in her mother's face, and said, "Who made the moon, mother ; and why is it shining there?" Her mother seemed in no haste to speak, but sat looking upwards, in quiet gladness of heart. The child made her hands quiver and her feet patter, and cried again with importunate impatience of voice,

"WHO MADE THE MOON?"

"The moon was made, Mary," said her mother, "to give us light by night, as the sun gives us light by day ; a mild and sober light, refreshing to our eyes and pleasant to look upon. It has risen where it rises now, shining with the same beauty and purity, since woods grew and water ran, since man obeyed God and little children loved his name. The moon was made to be the evening companion to man, to cheer him with its dewy light when the sun which ripens corn and fruit is withdrawn, and man retires from labour. It rises now

in its appointed place, to fulfil the will of its Maker, as you, my child, rise in the morning at the command of your mother ; it has its evening duty to do on earth, as you have your bedtime duty to do to God. Yon cloud now passing along, hides its beauty but for a moment ; like virtue, it shines though it is out of our sight. Your uncle, who is sailing on the wide sea, is glad of the rising of the moon ; he stands on deck and rejoices as it rises above the waters. He thinks how often he has seen it arise where you now stand ; its presence unites his heart with home, and he blesses the moon, and blessing the moon is honouring the moon's Maker. Your father, too, my poor children, who is now where the blessed are, loved the same moon which you love ; and as he came to us at eve, blest the planet which released him from toil and sent him home to his babes and me. And I, too, have blest the moon, my beloved children, in other days as well as now. When I was a maiden, and in my teens, I was glad to see it rise in the evening and shine on the way along which your father came to sing a song nigh my window, and walk among the trees which I loved and the flowers which I planted.

“The moon, my child, is pleasant to the weary husbandman ; he wipes his hot brow, and sits and rests him when its light arises. It is pleasant to the wise man, for he has leisure then to give counsel to others and to do his duty to heaven. It is welcome to those who are thirsty for knowledge ; they sit and gather wisdom from the words of the wise, from the songs of the poets, and the sermons of divines. It is gladsome to the song-birds,

for they sit quiet among the green branches, nor dread any longer the hawk. It is pleasant to the deer, they roam then among the dewy groves and by the running streams, for the horn is silent and the chase-dog is chained. It is pleasant to the horse, for he reposes from toil; and to the milch cow, ruminating over her crib of new mown clover. It is dear to the flowers, for they gather their leaves together, and sleep in fragrance till the sun awakes them. It is pleasant, too, to look upon, for see how brightly it shines on Torthorold Castle, softening into beauty all that is rough and rugged in the massy walls." Her eldest son looked on the ruin, through whose battered and breached sides the moonlight found a passage, and with a voice anxious and enthusiastic, said,

"WHO BUILT TORTHOROLD CASTLE?"

She smiled on her child, and answered, "History says it was built by a bold baron to repel the Southron; but tradition tells another tale. In this glen there lived on a time a man who made shoes; and in allusion at once to his trade and his disposition, his neighbours called him Skrinky Hardscraes. Now, this man was skilful and diligent, and who on all the banks of the Nith could measure a foot and put it handsomely into black leather compared to him? He was a merry man too; he whistled as he made his shoes, and sang as he took them home, and no one in the valley was so happy till he dreamed a dream. He dreamed thrice in one night

that he found a coffer of gold at the end of London Bridge; and as he rose from his sleep he was heard to exclaim, 'O what o' gold! and pure gold too.' He thought of his dream, and was sure it would come to pass; so he took his staff in his hand and a bag to carry the gold, and went on his way.

"Now, the story of his dream ran through the valley; and when his neighbours saw him depart, they one and all followed him to the gorge of the glen, crying, 'Skrinky Hardscraes, you're mad, O what o' gold! and pure gold too.' But he heard them as if he heard them not, and travelled till he came to London; and the rising sun shone bright on wall and tower and stream, and brighter still on the bridge. He went to the bridge, but no coffer of gold was there; so he sat down on a stone, clasped his hands, set his knees together, and placed his heels apart like a good shoemaker, and was very sorrowful. Thousands and tens of thousands of people passed him; he sighed to see them go gaily by, and he thought on his house in the glen with its garden filled with flowers and gooseberry bushes, and on the scoffs and laughter of his neighbours, and he almost shed tears.

"Now there came to the end of the bridge an old man with a box of spice and a bag of oranges, and he sat down, and opening the little box from which the smell of cinnamon arose, spread out his oranges, and cried, 'Buy, buy, who will buy.' And Skrinky bought an orange, for sorrow makes the heart dry, and he sucked it and sighed; and the old man said, 'Friend, thou art

sad.' And Skrinky said, 'I am sad because I have been foolish;' and the old man said, 'If all the foolish were sad, there would be few dry cheeks in London.' And Skrinky smiled as well as his sorrow would let him, and made answer, 'Of my folly you shall judge,' and so he told his dream. 'In truth,' said the old man, 'folly flourishes in the north as well as in the south; there are some very foolish creatures in the world, though I am not one of them. Of my wisdom be thou the judge. I dreamed a dream and I dreamed it thrice, that in a wild place called Torthorold, where dwells a man called Skrinky Hardscraes, there is as much red gold in a coffer under his middle beehive as would buy a baron's land and build a stately tower; but I am not the fool to run and seek it.' Skrinky said nought, but bought another orange, and returned home.

"Now word flew far and wide that the dreamer was coming, and out gushed the whole population of the glen to meet him. 'Where's the gold, Skrinky, ye got at London Bridge,' cried one; 'Skrinky, wilt thou dream me a golden dream,' cried a second; 'Stick to your in-seam awls, out-seam awls, pegging awls, and closing awls,' shouted a third; while, worse than all, a man who was infected with the incurable malady of rhyme chanted aloud:

O silly Skrinky Hardscraes!
 When red grapes grow on Tinwald braes,
 When eagles build 'mang Amisfield broom,
 When ships of might down Lochar swoom,
 When Scotland is to England knit
 By might of sword or slight of wit,

When in Lochmaben Castle stark
The blind bats build and foxes bark,
And Nith's cold water carries cream,
Thou'lt find red gold to rid thy dream.

Skrinky smiled to one and shook his empty bag good humouredly at another, and went home and recommenced his whistling and his making of shoes. It happened soon after that the neighbours saw him measuring out the foundations and giving directions for building a grand castle, and they rubbed their eyes and said, 'Skrinky's wiser than we believed him;' but when they beheld the walls rising and saw towers climbing into the air and the dreamer presiding over all, they rubbed their eyes again, and Skrinky said unto them, 'Neighbours, have ye dreamed a dream?' and they said, 'Whose tower is that?' And he made answer, 'It belongeth to one who was once a maker of shoes, but who is now a bold border baron; a foolish man, a dreamer of dreams, and Skrinky Hardscraes is his name.' And they all wondered and cried, 'Long live the dreamer of dreams, and long live Skrinky Hardscraes; may his banner ever float free on his castle wall, and may his lance pierce as surely as his elson!' And so Torthorold Castle was built, my child, and there it will stand, says the legend, till Nith runs dry." The widow's youngest son looked on the stream as it flowed and dimpled in the sweet moonlight, and said,

"WHEN WILL THE NITH RUN DRY?"

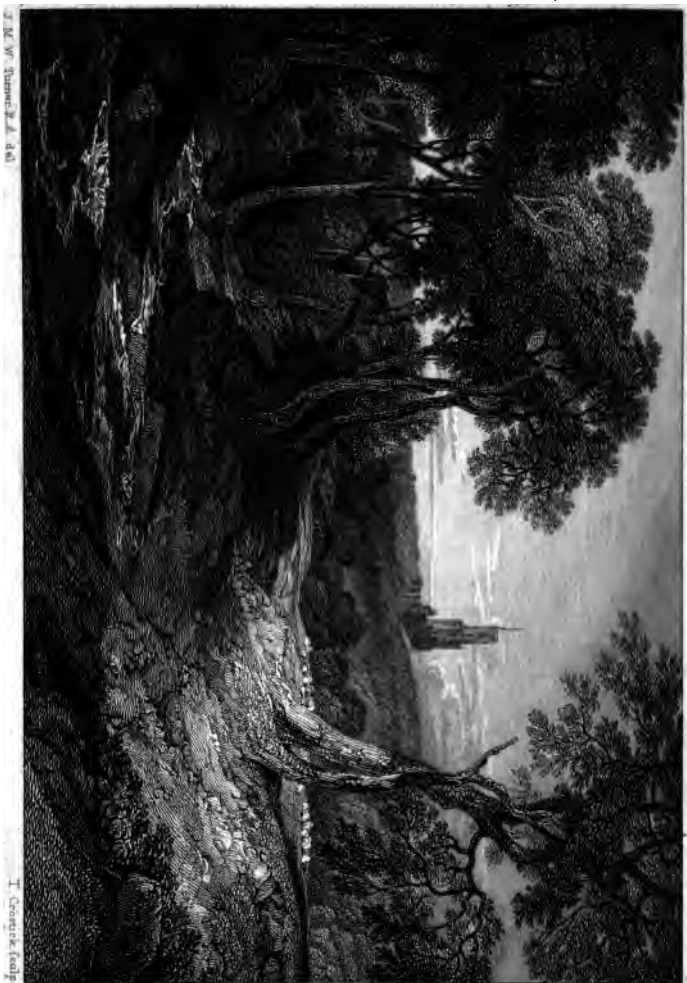
"The Nith will never run dry, my child, while the sun shines and the grass grows. It runs and will ever run.

The folly of man may stain it and turn its course, but still the stream will flow and refresh the land. Nor is it to shine in the sun or glitter to the moon that its Maker has poured it out. There is a use and intention in all the works of nature ; nor does she do her work slovenly or unwisely like man. That river is made up of many brooks, and each brook waters its own little vale, refreshes its own trees and flowers, turns the mill which grinds the corn, supplies water to the maiden to bleach her linen, is drink to man and beast, and contains within its bosom ten thousand speckled trouts which leap in the water and play in the sunlighted pools. All those brooks gather into one and form a river, broad and deep, on the banks of which castles and cities are built, and on the bosom of which ships swim as swans do, and spreading out their wings, bring to us the fatness of far countries. The river has its people also as the earth has. The fish which swim there come as food to man, and nothing can surpass them in beauty as they glide along in their native element. God sends the river and God sends the fish, that they may be a benefit and a blessing to the sons of men. Listen, my children. There was once a good man who lived in this vale, and he had a wife and seven children. And it was a time of drought and of famine, and crops failed and cattle died, and his children cried for bread and he had none to give them. And he went out and the moon shone bright on the hill and bright on a rich man's flock of sheep, and the unhappy man said to himself, ' I shall take one from the fold, for my children will surely perish.' And he took a staff in his hand and began to wade the river: as he

passed through, he saw two large fish struggling to swim up the ford, and he struck them with his staff and carried them home, and said, 'Eat, and bless the Lord, for he is good, and has delivered me this night from a great sin; eat, for these are of his providing.' So he asked a blessing when they were dressed, and his wife and children ate, and want fled and never more returned; and before he died he told me the story, that the mercy of God might be known among us. Let us go in and bless him and praise him, my children, for he is good and he is merciful and he is wondrous."

F O N T H I L L.

MAN and his works! The meteor's gleam,
The sun-flash on a winter stream,
A vision seen in sleep, that gives
Of gladness more than aught which lives,
A palace from a splendid cloud
Formed, while the wind is rising loud,
A bubble on the lake, a cry
Heard sad from sea when storms are high,
Ways made through air by wild birds' wings,
Are sure and well established things;
Man and his works! words writ on snow
Are emblem of them both below:
Stars dropt from heaven to darkness thrown,
A moment light—and all is gone.



J. M. W. Turner, R. A. del.

J. C. G. engr.

F O N T E I L.



See, Art has cast her spell to check
Man's greatness ere it goes to wreck ;
Here, Turner, with a wizard's power,
Has fixed in splendour tree and tower ;
And bravely from oblivion won,
A landscape steeped in dew and sun.
A grove, a shepherd, sheep, a rill,
Towers seen o'er all—behold Fonthill !
Where, like a saint embalmed and shrined,
Long worshiped Beckford dozed and dined ;
Strayed through that wood, strolled by that brook
Ate much—thought little—wrote a book ;
Tattled with titled dames and sighed
In state like any prince, and died.
And that's Fonthill ! things of high fame
Less lovely are in look than name—
Spots bright in song and fair in story
Glow far less lustrous than their glory :
Historians' heroes, poets' lasses,
Shine glorious through Fame's magic glasses,
Who in rude war, or rapture's hour,
Had no such heart-inspiring power.

So fares it with Fonthill, which proud
Shoots there in lustre to the cloud ;
Give fame its portion, art its share,
And all the rest is empty air.
No longer, through the lighted hall,
Its lord at midnight leads the ball ;
Nor, dancing 'mid its dazzling rooms,
Young jewelled beauty shakes her plumes ;

Nor bards are there, glad to rehearse
A rich man's praise in trembling verse ;
Nor shrewder souls who breathe rich wines
In laughter when their landlord shines :
All, all are gone—the green grass sward,
On jewelled belle and beau and bard
And man of rank, grows long and green,
Nor seems to know that such have been.
The tower that rose so proud and fair,
Hath left its station in mid air ;
While in its place the sunbeam flings
Its glory down—the skylark sings :
O'er the wide space usurped by vain
Man, Nature hath resumed her reign.

So hath it been, and will be still
With all, as well as proud Fonthill.
Where's Cicero's villa, Cæsar's hall ?
Attila's hut, Alaric's pall ?
The throne of iron whence late flew forth
Napoleon's words which shook the earth ?
Men, glorious men, where are they gone,
Who ruled and fooled and sinned and shone ?
And women who, like babes in strings,
Led mighty earls and conquering kings ?
They lie beneath our feet—we tread,
Regardless, o'er the illustrious dead !
The dust which we shake from our shoe,
Once breathed and lived and loved. Adieu !
Dames with their charms, bards with their laurel—
Read ye who run, and sigh the moral.

TWO SCENES
FROM
THE WALLENSTEINS CAMP OF SCHILLER.

SCENE—*The Camp near Pilsen in Bohemia.*

Soldiers' tents. In front of them a sutler's booth. Soldiers of all uniforms and insignia passing backwards and forwards. Tables all occupied. Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire. Sutler's wife serving out wine. Soldiers' children throwing dice on a drum. Singing in the tents.

SCENE VI.

Sergeant, *two of* HOLK's Yægers, *and* Trumpeter.

FIRST YÆGER.

YOUR health, my masters. We sit with you
By your permission.

SERGEANT.

And welcome too.
How like you our quarters?

FIRST YÆGER.

We like them well.
Your seats are warm. Where we followed the Swede,
On such goodly lodgings we seldom fell.

TRUMPETER.

Yet you show small symptoms of hardship or need.

SERGEANT.

Aye, aye—no blessings on you of yore,
We heard by Meissen and Sala's shore.

SECOND YÆGER.

And what has Meissen of us to tell?
God wot the Croat had gone before,
And we had his leavings and nothing more.

TRUMPETER.

Yet your hose sit well, and it falls with grace
O'er the collar, your ruff with its cobweb lace,
The soldier's hat with its plume erect,
The fine wove linen all make effect;
On others, for ever, such luck may shine,
Such luck and such trappings were never mine.

SERGEANT.

No wonder; for we are the Friedlander's own,
And claim the respect that is due to his fame.

FIRST YÆGER.

Do you think it belonging to you alone?
We serve the Duke too, and bear his name.

SERGEANT.

Yes. You are a part of the general throng.

FIRST YÆGER.

And to what, by distinction, do you belong?
I think that the uniform draws the line—
I shall gladly abide by this coat of mine.

SERGEANT.

I pity your notions, but cannot condemn,
You live with the peasants and think with them;
The air, the manner, the tone to gain,
One must be in the Duke's peculiar train.

FIRST YÆGER.

Oh yes. In trifles you hit it off,
You can spit like the Friedlander, ape his cough;
But the spirit, the genius, with which to his aid,
His dukedom was won and his fortune made,
Are not to be learnt on the guards' parade.

SECOND YÆGER.

Question and ask us what men we be—
The Friedlander's huntsmen wild are we;
We shame not the title, for free we go
Over the country of friend or foe;
Over furrow and ridge, through the yellow corn,
They know the yell of Holk's Yæger horn;
In the lapse of an instant, near and far,
Swift as the sun-flood there we are;
As the red fire flame through the rafters breaks,
In the dead of dark night, when no man wakes;

To fight or to fly they may neither avail,
Drill and discipline both must fail;
In the sinewy arm may the maiden strain,
War has no pity, she struggles in vain.
Now ask, if ye doubt me. Ask, far and wide,
In Baireuth and Cassel, and elsewhere beside;
Where'er we have marched they remember us well,
Their children's children the tale shall tell,
For the age to come, and for others too,
Where Holk and his squadrons have once marched
through.

SERGEANT.

Hear how he talks. Is the soldier found
In the riot and waste which he spreads around?
The sharpness makes him; the dash, the tact;
The cunning to plan, and the spirit to act.

FIRST YEGER.

'Tis liberty makes him! That I should hear
Such phrases unmeet for a soldier's ear;
That I should have left the rod and the school,
The inky desk and the pedant's rule;
In the tent of the soldier again to find
The galley slave work which I left behind.
I will swim with the current and idle stray
For change and for novelty every day;
To the will of the instant give myself o'er,
Look not behind me, and look not before;

For this I'm the Emperor's, body and limb,
My cares and my troubles make over to him ;
Let him order me straight where the battle is hot,
Through the smoke of the cartridge the hail-storm of shot ;
Or o'er the blue deeps of the hurrying Rhine,
Let the third man be down to the end of the line,
I will march where he will, so that freedom be mine.
But as for restraint, I must beg for a truce,
And for every thing further I make my excuse.

SERGEANT.

In truth, what you ask is no mighty affair,
'Tis but little, in conscience, you claim for your share.

FIRST YÆGER.

What a coil and a turmoil in word and in deed,
With that plague of his people, Gustavus the Swede.
His camp was a church, and a chapel each tent,
And to it at morning and evening we went ;
To psalms and to prayers round the standard we flew,
By the morning reveille and the evening tattoo ;
And if we but ventured an oath or a jest,
He would preach from the saddle as well as the best.

SERGEANT.

He ruled in religion and godly fear.

FIRST YÆGER.

And as for the girls they must fly the camp,
Or straight to the altar both parties must tramp.
This last was too much, and I left him here.

SERGEANT.

The Swede on this head now is less severe.

FIRST YEGER.

So I rode where the Liguist had just sat down,
And opened his trenches against Magdeburgh's town
Aye, there was a different game to play,
All was jovial, merry, and gay ;
Dice and women, and plenty of wine.
The stakes were deep and the sport was fine ;
For the fierce old Tilly knew how to command ;
Though he governed himself with an iron hand,
He could blink at our faults, and the soldier could claim
The license denied to his own old frame ;
And if from the chest he had little to give,
He went by the proverb of, live and let live.
But Tilly's fortunes might not stand fast,
And he lost his all on the Leipsick cast ;
All crumbled at once and to pieces fell,
No scheme would answer, no blow would tell.
Where we came and where we knocked,
Faces were surly and doors were locked ;
We begged and we wandered the country round,
For the old respect was not to be found.
So to mend my fortunes I marched away
To the Saxon's forces and touched his pay.

SERGEANT.

You nicked the moment, no doubt you fell
On Bohemia's plunder.

FIRST YÆGER.

It went not well ;
For their cursed discipline held us tight,
And we dared not demean us as foes outright.
We had castles to guard which we longed to burn,
With compliments, speeches at every turn ;
The war was a jest, and we played our part
In such childish sport with but half an heart ;
In a wholesale fashion we might not deal,
No honour nor profit to win or steal ;
And to fly from a life which I liked so ill,
I had well nigh returned to the desk and quill.
But the sword still carried it over the pen,
For the Friedlander's levies began just then.

SERGEANT.

And how long here may you look to stay ?

FIRST YÆGER.

You joke. While the Friedlander holds the sway.
For my desertion take you no fear,
Where can the soldier sit better than here ?
We have war to deal with in form and soul,
And the cut of greatness throughout the whole ;
And the spirit that works in the living form,
Whirls on in its course like the winter storm ;
Trooper, like officer, on with the rest,
I too step forward among the best ;
I oo on the citizen learn to tread,
As the general steps on the prince's head.

Such customs the good old times recall,
When the blade of the soldier was all in all.
There is one transgression : by word or look
To gainsay the word of the order book.
All that is not forbidden is free,
No man asks of what creed ye be.
All things to the army belong or not,
I with the former have cast my lot ;
I to the standard am pledged alone.

SERGEANT.

You please me, Yæger, in sooth your tone
Is that of ourselves, of the Friedlander's own.

FIRST YÆGER.

He bears not his staff like some petty sway,
Which the Emperor gave and can take away ;
He serves not, he, for the Emperor's gain,
And how has he propped the Emperor's reign ?
And what has he done to protect the land
From the terrible Swede and his Lutheran band ?
No : a soldier kingdom he fain would found ;
Light up and fire the world around,
Measure out and conquer his own domain.

TRUMPETER.

Hush, who would venture so bold a strain.

FIRST YÆGER.

I speak what I think, and I speak it plain,
'Twas the General's saying that words are free.

SERGEANT.

He stood, as he uttered it, close to me,
And added, moreover, I call it to mind,
“That deeds are dumb and obedience blind;”
And these are his spoken words I know.

FIRST YÆGER.

I wot not if these were his words or no;
But, however, he said it—the thing is so.

SECOND YÆGER.

For him the chances are ever the same;
Not as with others they turn and veer.
The fierce old Tilly outlived his fame;
But the Friedlander’s banner is charmed to fly
To certain triumph and victory.
He has spell-bound fortune to his career.
Those who follow him to fight
Own the aid of darker might;
For friends and foes alike will say
That the Friedlander holds a devil in pay.

SERGEANT.

He is proof; and of that no man can doubt:
I saw him in Lutzen’s bloodiest rout,
Where the musket’s cross fire chiefly swept,
As coolly as on the parade he stepped;
His hat, I saw it, was riddled with shot;
In his boots and buff coat the lead was hot;

But the hellish salve was so well rubbed in,
That not a bullet might raze the skin.

FIRST YÆGER.

What, miracles now? Who credits such stuff?
He wears a jerkin of elk skin tough,
Through which no bullet may find its way.

SERGEANT.

Once more, 'tis the witches' salve, I say,
Cooked up with vigil and sign and spell.

TRUMPETER.

Dark doings these with the fiends of hell.

SERGEANT.

They say that he reads in planet and star
Things to happen both near and far;
But others believe, and I know they are right,
That a small gray man, at the hour of night,
Through the bolted portals is wont to glide,
Has brushed by the sentinels' very side,
Challenged and screamed to, has never replied;
And something of import was ever near,
When the little gray man has been known to appear.

SECOND YÆGER.

He is sold to the devil, I doubt, indeed,
Which causes the jovial life we lead.

SCENE VIII.

Enter CAPUCHIN.

Shout and swear. Ye devil's crew,
He is one among ye, and I make two.
Can these be Christians in faith or works?
Are we Anabaptists, Jews, or Turks?
Is this a time to feast and play,
For banquet, dance, and holiday?
When the quickest are slow, and the earliest late is,
Quid hic otiosi, statis?
When the Furies are loose by the Danube side,
And the bulwark is low of Bavaria's pride,
And Ratisbon in the enemy's claw,
The soldier still looks to his ravenous maw:
For praying or fighting, he eats and swears;
Less for the battle than bottle he cares;
Loves better his beak than his blade to whet,
On the ox, not Oxenstiern, would set.
'Tis a time for mourning, for prayers and tears,
Sign and wonder in heaven appears;
Over the firmament is spread
War's wide mantle, all bloody red,
And the streaming comet's fiery rod
Betokens the right full wrath of God.
Whence comes all this? I now proclaim
That from your sin proceeds your shame.
Sin, like the magnet, draws the steel,
Which in its bowels the land must feel.

Ruin as close on wrong appears
As on the acrid onion tears ;
Who learns his letters this may know,
That violence produces woe ;
As in the alphabet you see
How W comes after V.
When the altar and pulpit despised we see,
Ubi erit spes victoriæ ?
Si offenditur Deus. How can we prevail,
If his house and preachers we assail ?
The woman in the Gospel found
The farthing dropped upon the ground ;
Joseph again his brothers knew,
(Albeit a most unworthy crew) ;
Saul found his father's asses too.
Who in the soldier seeks to find
The Christian's love and humble mind,
And modesty and just restraint,
He in the devil seeks a saint ;
And small reward will crown his hopes,
Though with a hundred lights he gropes.
The gospel tells how the soldiers ran
In the desert of old to the holy man,
Did penance, were baptized, and prayed :
Quid faciemus nos ? they said.
Et ait illis, he answers them,
Concutiatis veminem,
No one vex, or spoil, or kill,
Nec calumniam—speak no ill ;
Contenti estote—learn not to fret,
Stipendiis vestris—at what you get.

The Scripture forbids us, in language plain,
To take the holiest name in vain ;
But here the law might as well be dumb,
And if for the thundering oaths which come
From the tip of the blasphemous soldier's tongue,
As for heaven's thunder the bells were rung,
The sacristans would soon be dead ;
And if for each wanton and wicked prayer,
Were plucked from the blasphemous soldier's head,
As a gift for Satan, a single hair,
Each head in the camp would be smooth and bare
Ere the watch was set and the sun was down,
Though at morn it were bushy as Absalom's crown.
A soldier Joshua was like you,
And David tall Goliath slew ;
They layed about them, as much and more,
But where do we read that they cursed or swore?
Yet the lips which we open to curse and swear
Are not opened wider for creed or prayer ;
But that with which the cask we fill,
The same we must draw, and the same must spill.

Thou shalt not steal, so the Scriptures tell,
And for this I grant that you keep it well,
For you carry your plunder and lift your prey
With your vulture claws in the face of day ;
Gold from the chest your tricks convey ;
The calf in the cow is not safe from you,
You take the egg and the hen thereto.

Contenti estote, the preacher has said,
Be content with your ammunition bread.
But the low and the humble 'twere sin to blame.
From the greatest and highest the evil came.
The limbs are bad, but the Head as well,
No one his faith or his creed can tell.

FIRST YEGER.

Sir priest, the soldier I count fair game,
So, please you, keep clear of the general's name.

CAPUCHIN.

Ne custodias gregem meam !
He is an Ahab and Jerobeam.
God's people to folly he leads astray ;
To idols of falsehood he points the way.

TRUMPETER.

Let us not hear that twice, I pray.

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Bramarbas, with iron hand,
Would spoil the high places throughout the land.
We know, though Christian lips are loath
To repeat the words of his godless oath,
How Stralsund's city he vowed to gain,
Though it held to heaven with bolt and chain.

TRUMPETER.

Will no man throttle him, once for all ?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard ; a fiend-invoking Saul ;
 A Jehu, or he whom Judith slew,
 By a woman's hand, in his cups who died ;
 Like him who his Master and Lord denied,
 Who was deaf to the warning cock that crew ;
 Like him, when the cock crows he cannot hear.

FIRST YÆGER.

Shaveling liar, thy death is near.

CAPUCHIN.

A fox-like Herod, in wiles and lies.

TRUMPETER AND YÆGERS (*pressing upon him*).

The lie in his slanderous throat—he dies.

CROATS (*interfering*).

They shall not harm thee, discourse thy fill,
 Give us thy sermon, and fear no ill.

CAPUCHIN.

A Nebuchadnezzar in pride and sin,
 Heretic, Pagan, his heart within ;
 While such a Friedland has command,
 The country is ever an unfreed land.

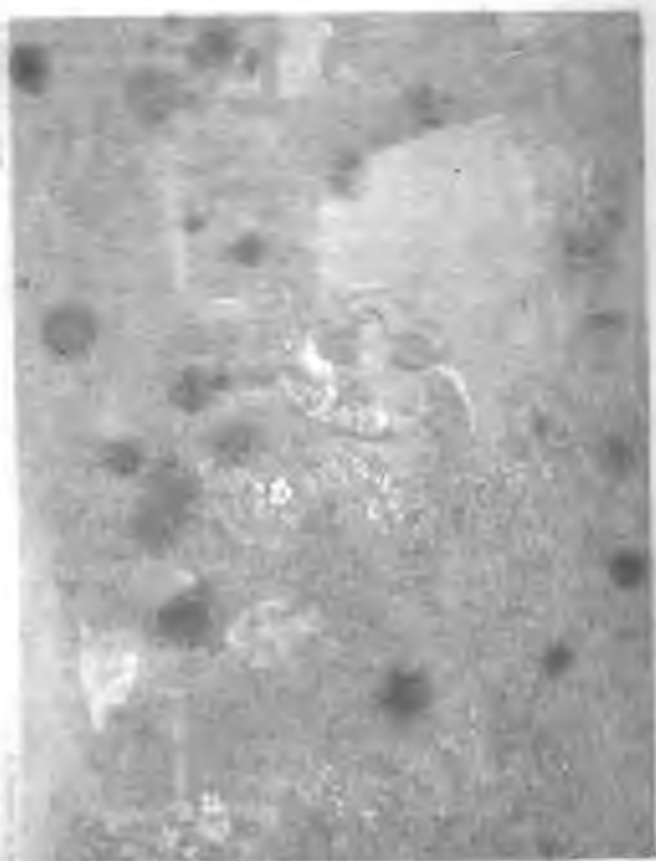
(During this last speech he has gradually been making his retreat. The Croats meanwhile protecting him from the rest.)

BEATRICE.

SHE couches in the pleached bower
 Which tasselling honeysuckles deck ;
 Peers out and pants with parted lips,
 Nor heeds that o'er her ivory neck
 Boon Nature's hand admiring pours
 Her richest scents and newest flowers.

Young Beatrice, ne'er were Nature's sweets
 Before for thee so vainly flung ;
 How thou dost drink ! Lips, eyes, and ears
 Suck in the words thy cousin's tongue
 Thus scatters, as the fowler grain
 Some sweet wild bird from heaven to train.

I love to see fair woman shoot
 Her shafts of gay and gladsome wit ;
 I smile, and 'tis no bitter smile,
 And cry, a hit, a pleasant hit.
 E'en let her tongue's sarcastic measure
 Mete me full length, if such her pleasure.





H. Howard R.A. pinx.

S. Sargant sculp.



A lance ill headed ; a foul blot ;
An agate vilely cut ; a vane
Blown round by every blast. Go on,
Gay Beatrice, give thy fancy rein ;
In all thy proud sarcastic glory
Descend. Need I repeat the story

Which Shakspeare tells and Howard paints ?
See there she listens, breast and brow
Throbbing and flushed—the blind might see
The serpent that hath stung her now.
Flowed off, her wits o’ermastering mood,
That swept men’s follies like a flood.

Love on that sharp satiric tongue
Hath laid his load ; no more it sins
’Gainst man—what merry fish could swim,
Hooked thus with lead upon its fins.
Farewell. An image fair thou art,
Of a keen wit and kindly heart.

N. M.

SONG.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.

OH ! not when hopes are brightest,
 Is all love's sweet enchantment known ;
 Oh ! not when hearts are lightest,
 Is all fond woman's fervour shown :
 But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
 And the cold world is clothed in gloom ;
 When summer friends forsake us,
 The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,
 That lures astray with treacherous spark ;
 Love is no transient taper,
 That lives an hour and leaves us dark :
 But, like the lamp that lightens
 The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
 The bosom's home it brightens,
 When all beside is chill below.

THE DEAD.

BY LUD. COLQUHOUN, ESQ.

“As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away ; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.” Jos.

ARISE ! arise, ye dead !
 Unseal your closed eyes ;
 Ye have lingered long in your narrow bed,
 From the sleep of death arise !

Would ye not look upon
 The things ye loved while here ?
 O brightly gleams the glorious sun
 In the ocean's mirror clear ;

The gorgeous sky is loud
 With the ringing voice of mirth,
 And the sounds of joy have overflowed
 This fair and fruitful earth :

Would ye not look once more
 On the scene of bliss and bloom
 Ye left for a land where joy is o'er,
 The dank and dreary tomb ?

Ye answer not! The flowers
Of spring are glancing fair,
Nursed by the warm and welcome showers
That southern breezes bear ;

The wild bird's mellow song,
From her leafy solitude,
Pours in a rapturous flood along
The green and sunlit wood ;

All, all around us seems
Without a taint of woe,
Bright as the lovely clime his dreams
To the sinless hermit show :

Joy is over the earth,
Joy is over the sky,
Would ye not mix with the sons of mirth,
And the festal revelry ?

What! silent still? May none
Of these things win your praise ;
Not the smiling earth, nor the glittering sun,
Nor the wild bird's sweetest lays ?

The friends ye prized of old,
May not they your greeting crave ;
Or waxeth the hand of friendship cold
In the chill and cheerless grave ?

Long ye not yet to press
To your hearts each once loved form,
Or reck ye less of love's embrace
Than the clasp of the slimy worm?

Arise! arise! for they
Invite to the banquet hall;
Rend, then, your mouldering shrouds away,
And burst the charnel's thrall!

Ye linger! Sleep ye yet
In the narrow house of fear?
The feast is spread, and the guests are met,
But still ye come not here!

The young, the fair, are sped
To the banquet in their pride;
The wine is sparkling, ruby red,
O'er the goblet's jewelled side;

The song of pleasure rings
From joyous hearts on high,
And the minstrel wakes the golden strings
Of his lyre to melody:

Would ye not know the mirth
That lits each burning soul?
Then shake off the weary weight of earth,
And spurn the grave's control!

Still silent! Then 'tis vain
For man to call ye back
To pass the bourne of death again,
And retrace life's shining track :

As the rainbow is consumed,
And vanisheth away,
So were ye in your springtime doomed
To fade from the light of day ;

To sink in that dark sea
Where fear and hope are o'er,
And a breathless calm eternally
Broods o'er a tideless shore :

Slumber, then, yet, ye dead !
Till the hour when earth and sky
Shall echo the angel's voice of dread,
And the tyrant Death must die !

PADDY KELLEHER AND HIS PIG.

A Tale.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

“THUNDER an’ ages! an’ what’s that?” exclaimed a voice, which appeared to proceed from behind me. I was somewhat startled, and naturally so, for I was quietly sketching amidst the neglected ruins of Bridgetown Abbey. It was a soft autumnal evening, whose mellow light and shadowy clouds, alternately flitting across those solitary ruins, rendered the mind peculiarly alive to the startling effect of such an unexpected exclamation.

“Thunder an’ ages! an’ what’s that?” I lowered my drawing frame, placed it against a tree, and turned to gaze on the speaker: he was a peasant who had just entered by a side door of the ruin. “Well, my friend,” said I, “what is the matter with you?”

“If I didn’t think that white thing, before your honour there, was a real ghost; and if it didn’t take the start out of me, just for all the world as Paddy Kelleher’s pig did out of the priest, my name isn’t Darby Hoolahan, why.”

“How came Paddy Kelleher’s pig to startle his reverence?”

“ Oh, ’tis a true story, sir ; as true as you are there ; and the never a word of lie in it from beginning to end ; but see now if it isn’t drawing out the place your honour would be. Oh, then, it’s as like as itself, and so it is.”

“ But, Darby, I want to hear the story about Kelleher’s pig.”

“ The story is it, ’tis I that’ll tell you that same, and a thousand welcomes. Your honour must know, then, that Paddy Kelleher was a mighty decent sort of a man, and no one could say ‘ black was the white of his eye ’ to him or any one belonging to him, barring a small misfortune that happened to his brother, who was transported one day, for being out one night ; but what of that ? he was as innocent as the child unborn ; and sure many an honest man has had the luck to be hanged in Ireland before now, let alone being transported. ’Tis I that knew that same Paddy Kelleher well, for he rented a snug patch of common, and a neat bit of a bog, from one Counsellor O’Leary ; and a good landlord he was to Kelleher, who without any kind of doubt was a good tenant to the counsellor.

“ If ever you travelled, sir, you see, like myself, some fifteen years ago, from Cork to the raking town of Mallow, you’d remember the spot of Kelleher’s farm to this hour, or I’m much mistaken. At that time (may be ’tis now rather better than fifteen years), the man who took the new road, which for certain every man having any sense in him would do, if it was only to save the bother of putting his hand in his pocket, whenever he’d meet with a ’pike, which was at least at every mile and

a half of his journey. The man who took the new road, from the blessed moment he turned his back on the old red forge at the end of sweet Blackpool, if it wasn't for the new state house, close to Kelleher's bounds ditch, might have gone thirsty enough into the town of Mallow itself! with his throat as dry as any powder horn of a midsummer's day, there being then but that one place of entertainment to be met with. And a real beautiful painted sign it had up over the door, of three pots of porter, with their white heads on them like any cauliflowers, and underneath was printed out in elegant large letters, 'ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.' It was none of your poverty struck 'dry lodging' houses. It was ask and have, if you had but the tenpennies to pay for it.

"The place was called Lissavoura, and the same name was on Paddy Kelleher's farm, for I am never the man to forget the name of a place where I was well treated. Well, one morning about eight o'clock, Kelleher was standing by the side of a bog hole, and scratching his head with thinking how in the wide world he should ever lift a great lump of bog oak that was there lying in the ground since the time of Noah. He was in the midst of a perplexity, when, who should he see but a man coming across the road towards him, without shoe or stocking, but they hanging over his shoulder, and a stick in his hand, as if he was in great haste after a smart journey.

"So up the man came to Kelleher, and asked him, as well as he could for want of the breath, if he knew

whereabouts one Mister Kelleher lived. 'I have come,' says he, 'without having time to bless myself, every step of the way from Buttevant, and 'tis a sister of Kelleher's has sent me; she's lying, poor creature, in a dying way, and has a deal of money, and no one in life to leave it to but Kelleher.' 'I'm the man,' says Kelleher, 'and 'tis poor Biddy you've come from? Lord relieve her, any way; I'll just step up to the house and get the mare, and be off at once, back with you, honest man.'

" 'Never mind the mare,' said the messenger, 'if you don't make all speed, you'll never be after overtaking her alive. Sure, if you step at once across to the half-way house, you'll just catch Purcel's coach going into Mallow; and I'll be bail, when you get there, Mr. Ahern will lend you the best horse in his stable, and have it saddled and bridled for you with all speed. So come along, Mr. Kelleher, if you please, sir, without stopping or staying for any mare, if 'twas his worship the mayor of Cork himself. Come along, sir.'

" Away went Paddy Kelleher after the man, without telling any one where he was going, or saying as much as '*Beannait De leat*' * to his wife, so much afraid was he of losing his sister and her money, if she heard that he delayed coming off at once, hot foot, at her bidding. Kelleher got to Buttevant without delay, and sure enough he found his sister there, very bad entirely; but she did not die that night, and she was a little better the

* God's blessing with you.

next day; and then she'd be worse again, and then better, and so she kept them on from day to day for as good as a fortnight, thinking the life would go out of her every minute. Kelleher didn't mind sending word to let his woman know where he was, because why he thought his sister would draw the last breath every hour, and then he could carry the news himself; and to be sure she did die, at long last, and left all her money to Kelleher, tied up in the toe of an old stocking.

" 'Och ullagone, what'll I do at all, for sure and certain something has happened to Paddy, or he wouldn't stay out in this kind of way from me. Oh, then for certain he's *drowned*, *kilt*, and murdered, and I to be left after him, a poor lonesome widow, with never a one in the wide world to do a hand's turn for me,' cried poor Moll Kelleher, as she sat on a siestheen in the chimney corner; and then she threw her apron over her head, and began to clap her hands, and rock her body to and fro, like a ship on the wild sea, and she cronauning all the time, enough to break the heart in a stone, if it had one.

" 'Why then, Molly dear, can't you be *asy*,' said Murty Mulcahy, a red headed tailor that was at work in the house, winking his left eye, 'can't you be *asy*, and who knows but things mayn't be so bad entirely; and sure, which ever way it goes, you won't want a friend, and Murty Mulcahy to the fore.'

"Now, whether it was Murty's coaxing words, or the wink, or whatever it was, it's quite certain, that Moll Kelleher from that out got quite *asy*, and did'n't seem to

take on half so much as before, no not even when news was brought that a man was found drowned in a bog hole on the farm; and though she didn't half believe that it was her own Paddy, she let Murty persuade her to it; for he swore by this and by that, and by all the saints in the calendar, that the drowned man was Paddy Kelleher himself, and no other in life; so they had a fine wake, and lost a world and all, till they buried him.

"Well, sir, when the *berring* was over, Murty began to discourse Mrs. Kelleher to try and persuade her to marry himself. 'Now, Mauria agra,' says he, 'sure you won't be after refusing Murty Mulcahy, that's the very *moral* of poor Paddy that's gone; and sure you never'll be able to live or manage all alone here, without having man or mortal to lend you a hand; 'tis myself would do that same for you, as *nate* as any man in Munster; but you know it wouldn't be *dacent* without our being married; so, Mauria dear, you'd better make up your mind at once.'

"Faint heart never won fair lady, they say, but Murty was none of that sort, signs by, that he persuaded Moll Kelleher to go with him before the priest to be married.

"The Rev. Father O'Callaghan was just mixing the fourth tumbler of whisky punch, when who should *bole* in to him but Moll and Murty. And you must know the Rev. Father had a way with him, that he didn't like to be bothered when he was over his tumbler of punch; so he asked them, as gruff as you *plase*, what they wanted

with him at that time of day. Upon which well-become Moll, she up and told his reverence, how she was left a lone woman, without a mankind in the world, to see after her little farm, or do a hand's turn for her; and so she thought as how she'd take Murty for a husband, if his reverence had no objection, and that what brought them there was to be married that very night.

"Then the priest got into a mighty great bit of a fret, and told her she was no better than she should be, to think of marrying so soon after Paddy's death. But Moll, who had a pretty way with her, whispered something in his reverence's ear, without minding in the least his being in a fret.

" 'The fat pig,' says he.

" 'Yes, your reverence can send for her this very night,' says she.

" 'Why, now I consider the matter,' says the priest, 'to be sure you are a lone woman, and live in a lonesome place; so, as there's no knowing what might happen to you, I believe I'd better marry you out of hand.'

"Well, sir, after every one was gone from the wedding, and all the family in bed, who should come to the door but Paddy Kelleher himself, after walking all the way from Buttevant, and a good step it was. So he gave a thundering knock at the door, for he was mighty tired after the journey, and was in a hurry to get into bed.

" 'Who's there? a pretty time of night to come knocking at a *dacent* man's door,' said Murty.

“ ‘Tis I, Paddy Kelleher; get up and let me in; and sure a man may rap at his own door, and no thanks to any one.’

“ When Moll heard that she gave a great screech entirely, ‘The Lord have mercy on us,’ says she, ‘what is it you want now, Paddy; but don’t I know very well it isn’t you at all, but only your ghost; and sure you haven’t any business in life to be coming here now, for didn’t I give you a fine wake and a decent *berring*, and the fat pig to the priest to say masses for the good of your *soul*.’

“ ‘The devil you did,’ said Paddy, and away he ran to the barn to look for his pig, for he saw it was all in vain to knock or call; they wouldn’t let him in, and he didn’t like to break his own door; so, finding the pig safe in the barn, he lay down to sleep in the straw till morning; but he was’nt long there, when the priest’s boy came for the pig, and was putting a *sugan* about her leg to drive her away, for ’twas settled he should take her in the night; but Kelleher, not liking to lose his pig that way, and thinking it was stealing the beast he was, for he didn’t clearly understand what his wife had said, up he jumps and gives him the mother of a beating.

“ I’ll engage the boy did’nt wait for the pig after it, but ran off to his master as fast as his legs could carry him.

“ ‘Where’s the pig?’ says the priest.

“ ‘The never a pig have I,’ says the boy, ‘for just as I was going to take her, Paddy Kelleher’s ghost jumped out of a corner of the barn, and gave me the truth of a

beating ; so I ran away as fast as I could, and I wouldn't go back again for half Cork.'

" ' A likely story indeed,' says the priest ; ' you know well enough 'tis no such thing, but the glass I gave you, and you going, that made you drunk, you vagabond, and so you fell down and cut yourself and couldn't bring the pig.'

" ' May I never see Grenough Chapel again, if every word I told your reverence wasn't as true as the sun,' says the boy ; ' but come yourself with me, and see if I won't bring the pig home, if you'll only give her into my two hands.'

" ' I will,' says the priest, and away they went to the barn ; but the moment he put a hand on the pig, up jumped Kelleher, from among the straw, and gave the priest such a beating as he never got before or since. Away he went without the pig surely, and the boy after him, roaring ten thousand murders. Poor Kelleher, you may be certain, was tired enough after this, so down he lay, and slept as sound as a top till late next morning, which happened to be a Sunday, so that when he got up and went into his own house, he found every one was gone to mass, except an old woman who was left minding the place, and she, instead of getting him his breakfast as he desired, ran away out of the house screeching for the bare life, at the sight of the drowned man walking in to her.

" So Kelleher had to make out breakfast for himself as well as he could ; and when he was done, away he goes to mass, thinking to find all the people there before him, and learn some account of how things had been

going on at home. He was walking smartly along, when who should he almost overtake, but his *ould* neighbours, Jack Harty and Miles Mahony. 'Good morrow, Jack,' says Paddy; 'Can't you stop for a body, Miles?' says he; but when they looked back at the sound of his voice, and saw who they had after them, they took to their scrapers and ran as fast as their legs would carry them, thinking all the time it was a ghost was at their heels.

"Kelleher thought it was running to overtake mass they were, so he ran too, for fear he'd be late, which made them run the faster; and sure enough they never stopped or staid, till they got into the chapel and up to the priest where he was standing at the altar.

" 'Why, boys,' says the priest, 'what's the matter with ye?'

" 'Oh, your reverence!' says one, and 'Oh, your reverence,' says the other, ' 'Tis Kelleher's ghost that's running after us, and here he is in.'

" 'Murder alive!' roared the priest, ' 'tis me he wants and not you; so if he's in, I'll be out,' and flinging off his vestments, away with him through the side door of the chapel, and the people after him: he never stopped to draw breath till he got to the top of a hill a good mile or better from the chapel, and there he begun to say mass as fast as he could, for fear of the ghost. But it was Murty Mulcahy, the red haired tailor, was in the pucker when he saw Kelleher; he roared like a bull, and went clean out of the country entirely, and never came back again.

"To be sure, Kelleher thought nothing at all, but

they were all out of their senses, every mother's son of them, till his *ould* crony Tom Barret, seeing at last that he wasn't a ghost, came up to him and *tould* him how they all thought they buried him a fortnight before.

"So Kelleher went home to his own house, and his wife was kind and quiet of tongue; and the priest ever after was as civil to him as may be, and all for fear he'd spake about the fat pig."

THE POET.

SAY, who is independent?—He enrolled
 Mid grandeur's servitors; proud to emboss
 His chains: or he who burrows 'mid the dross,
 Gnome-like, which men first buy, then worship—gold?
 Or he, who for ambition all hath sold,
 And feverously grasps at a splendid loss,
 To whom in vain her stores may Nature toss,
 Her bosom open, and her eye unfold?
 The POET alone is free. For him all time
 Is fortunate: all Nature is his dower;
 Unmoved amid the change of Fate and Tide—
 His eye doth weary not, nor want—Sublime,
 His now is ever.—Like that eastern flower,
 Living upon Heaven's breath, and nought beside.

T. D.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THOU wert well known, Newstead of old,
When England, with her clothyard shaft,
Won kingdoms, and as blythe as bold,
Drank her brown ale and laught.
Beneath thy broad and ancient oak,
Her wassail shout she merrily woke,
And with white hand and welcome glance,
Called out Will Scarlett to the dance ;
With Will, the gallant and the leal,
Came Little John, as true as steel,
And Allan of the dale ; a score
Of lads in Lincoln green, and more,
Bestirred them, till that shaking tree
Dropt acorns to their games and glee.
Whilst Robin Hood, to mend their cheer,
A sharp shaft sent to seek the deer,
And Lincoln's prelate quaking stood,
And blest the knaves of blithe Sherwood.



NEWSTEAD — SUNSET.



Less joyous, but far smoother times,
 Have passed o'er Newstead since her tree
 Shook its green branches to the rhymes
 Of Robin's minstrelsie.

A soul of other stamp hath woke
 His song beneath the outlaw's oak ;
 One nobly born and proudly bred
 Hath there the mirth and revel led ;
 Whose lofty soul and haughty heart
 Were stung as with a poisoned dart.
 One, like bold Robin, proud and kind,
 Of daring thought and generous mind.
 For wild of life, untamed of mood,
 Was Byron, so was Robin Hood :
 All else unlike, as saw to sword,
 Lived Newstead's first and latest lord ;
 As frost to fire, as tears to mirth,
 As light to darkness, heaven to earth.

To jolly Robin yet belongs
 Enough of joy, enough of mirth,
 Of social tales and saucy songs,
 To keep his name on earth.
 But to his great successor more
 Was given than this, for he had store
 Of lofty thought and lordly scorn
 For meanness high or humbly born ;
 Much of that will which owned no awe
 For holy or for human law ;

Much of that lightning power which burned
All those on whom in wrath he turned ;
Too much, too, of that withering thought
Which blasted all with whom he fought.
He sang of man—his poet rod
Called up the fiend and sank the god.
He threw his spell—men mourned to mark
Strong spirits rise, for they were dark.

He came to Newstead, came at length ;
Came, not as Lara, soured and stained
With crime, but shorn of all his strength,
His charmed goblet drained.
The harp o'er which Childe Harold flung
His practised hand, lay all unstrung ;
And he, the loftiest of his race,
Lay rotting in his pride of place.
There ! proof of his unsouled soul,
His wassail cup—a ghastly bowl !
Fill it with wine, and when 'tis full,
Drink, mortal ! 'tis thy brother's skull.
O, noble Byron ! thou hadst light,
Pure as yon sun, and warm, as bright ;
But thou hadst darkness deeper far
Than winter night that knows no star.
I glory in thee ; yet I weep
For thy stern moods and early sleep.

There stands thy mansion, lordly, lone ;
Its friendly cheer I've proved,
And Danby o'er its roof has thrown
The cloud its owner loved ;
One brightly splendid as the vast
Grand spirit which from earth has past.
Proud baron's hall, and poet's tower,
And artist's toil, all have their hour ;
For this will sink and that will pass,
Like autumn's fruit and summer's grass :
Man's art to them their being gives,
But Byron is of God, and lives.
O hadst thou writ of brother men,
With milder mood and soberer pen ;
Nor poured thy scorching spirit proud,
O'er them, like lightning from a cloud ;
I could, beneath thy favourite tree,
Have blessed—done all but worshiped thee.

LORD BYRON.

[We cannot resist the temptation of illustrating our plate and our poetry with the following characteristic letter from Lord Byron, dated Genoa, 1823, and addressed to one of his best and wisest friends. It is an answer to a letter advising economy and retrenchment. Its peculiar humour cannot be mistaken; the Poet's resolution to become parsimonious was but a pleasant theory, for in practice he spent a fair fortune. Ed.]

*** THIS is merely a line of advice to your honour, to get me out of the tremulous funds of these oscillatory times. There will be a war somewhere, no doubt; and wherever it may be, the funds will be affected more or less; so pray get us out of them with all proper expedition. It has been the burthen of my song to you these three years and better, and about as useful as wiser counsels.

With regard to Chancery, appeals, arbitrations, surveyings, bills, fees, receipts, disbursements, copyrights, manorial ditto, funds, land, &c. &c. &c. I shall always be disposed to follow your more practised and practicable experience. I *will* economize, and *do*, as I have partly proved to you by my surplus revenue of 1822, which almost equals the ditto of the United States of America, in proportion, (*vide* President's report to Congress); and *do* you second my parsimony by judicious disbursements of what is requisite, and a moderate liquidation. Also make an investment of any spare monies as may render some usance to the owner;

because, however little, "Every little makes a meikle," as we of the north say, with more reason than rhyme. I hope that you have all receipts, &c. &c. &c. and acknowledgments of monies paid in liquidation of debts, to prevent extortion and hinder the fellows from coming twice, of which they would be capable, particularly as my absence would lend them a pretext.

You will perhaps wonder at this recent and furious fit of accumulation and retrenchment; but, it is not so unnatural. I am not naturally ostentatious, although once careless, and expensive because careless; and my most extravagant passions have pretty well subsided, as it is time that they should on the very verge of thirty-five. I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine; and I flatter myself that perhaps I have pretty well done so, and now the *dross* is coming, and *I loves lucre*. For we must love something. At least, if I have not quite worked out the others, it is not for want of labouring hard to do so. But perhaps I deceive myself. At any rate, then, I have a passion the more; and, thus, a feeling. However, it is not for myself; but I should like, God willing, to leave something to my relatives more than a mere name; and besides that, to be able to do good to others to a greater extent. If nothing else will do, I must try bread and water, which, by the way, are very nourishing and sufficient, if good of their kind.

NOEL BYRON.

LINES TO AN OLD BAGPIPE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

YOU'RE rough and rusty, old compeer,
 And what the world would scorn,
 But yet to me the chanter's dear,
 Although its reed be worn ;
 And when I hear your honest voice,
 For still a strain ye'll lend,
 It comes upon me like the tongue
 Of old, remembered, friend.

We've been together, hard and soft ;
 Early we've been, an' late ;
We've helped the cogies' social clink,
 An' gar'd him speed his gate ;
We've heard the Coquet's music clear,
 And beat him in his line ;
 And we've added cadence to the sough
 Of old fantastic Tyne.

But when we sung together then,
 Far fewer days we'd seen ;
 The head would own no touch of grey,
 Aye, and the heart was green :

And though a voice be left us yet,
 And we pipe cheerly still,
 We cannot make a music now
 Like that first early thrill.

Full many a song I've heard sin' syne,
 But ne'er a strain like those ;
 No foot goes down as once it did,
 No heart-warm tear-drop flows.
 Or if, perchance, across the cheek
 Some wandering water strays,
 'Tis at the fond remembrance brought
 Of those wild youthful days.

I cannot touch your keys again
 I cannot press them now ;
 The days are gone, when breasts were light,
 And bright was every brow.
 There is no need to lesson me,
 Why should I wake your strain,
 To tell me that my heart beat once
 As it ne'er shall beat again !

EVENING.

BY JOHN MACDIARMID, ESQ.

HUSH, ye songsters ! day is done,
 See how sweet the setting sun
 Gilds the welkin's boundless breast,
 Smiling, as he sinks to rest.

Now the swallow, down the dell,
 Issuing from her noontide cell,
 Mocks the deftest marksman's aim,
 Tumbling in fantastic game.
 Sweet inhabitant of air !
 Sure thy bosom holds no care ;
 Not the fowler, full of wrath,
 Skilful in the deeds of death—
 Not the darting hawk on high,
 Ruthless tyrant of the sky,
 Owns one art of cruelty
 Fit to fell or fetter thee,
 Gayest, freest of the free.
 Reeling, whistling shrill on high,
 Where yon turrets kiss the sky,
 Teasing with thy idle din,
 Drowsy daws, at rest within ;
 Long thou lovest to sport and spring,
 On thy never wearying wing.

Lower now, 'midst foliage cool,
 Swift thou skim'st the peaceful pool,

Where the speckled trout at play,
Rising, shares thy dancing prey,
While the treacherous circles swell
Wide and wider where it fell ;
Guiding sure the angler's arm,
Where to find the finny swarm ;
How with artificial fly,
Best to lure his victim's eye ;
Till, emerging from the brook,
Brisk it bites the barbed hook ;
Tugging in unequal strife,
With its death, disguised as life ;
Till it breathless beats the shore,
Ne'er to cleave the current more.

Peace ! Creation's gloomy queen,
Darkest night, invests the scene—
Silence, Evening's handmaid mild,
Leaves her home amid the wild,
Tripping soft, with dewy feet,
Summer's flowery carpet sweet,
Morpheus' drowsy power to meet.

Ruler of the midnight hour,
In thy plenitude of power,
From this burdened bosom throw
Half its leaden load of woe !
Let thy cheerless suppliant see
Dreams of bliss, inspired by thee ;
Let before his wondering eyes
Fancy's fairest visions rise ;
Long lost happiness restore,
None can need thy bounty more !

THE DRAUGHT PLAYERS.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

BEHOLD an image of the strife
Which man with fortune holds for life.
The anxious look, the ardent heart,
The pondering thought, the subtle art,
The skill, the sharpness, touch and tact,
Where cunning gathers strength from fact :
And speculation loves to soar
Above the sea that has no shore.
Behold all these—though thrice a span
That boy is yet from measuring man—
'Tis but a step, at most a stride,
From boyhood meek to bearded pride.

Age thinks of youth's gay time and weeps ;
Youth looks and laughs and forward sweeps,
And chants his song and sips his wine,
Thinks earth is heaven and man divine.
O'erflowed with health and strength, he braves
The battle shout and ocean waves,
Or shakes the senate in the hour
When virtue goes to strife with power ;
Or quotes old sages, makes grave saws,
And reads to wide earth's worms her laws ;
Till grim Death levels, with his shafts,
This monarch of life's game at draughts.

THE TEMPTATION.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth.

MIDDLETON.

SCENE I. *A Street in Murcia.*

The Count of ORTIZ and MORDAX enter, as from a Tavern.

Count (singing). Wine! wine!
 The child of the grape is mine:
 We'll nurse it again and again,
 Until it array the brain
 With wit, or until it expire
 In hot desire,
 And then we'll drink again, &c.

Mordax. Count!

Count. I am well, quite well: the air blows fresh.

Mord. If ever you should go to Lapland (mark!
 To Lapland, where lean witches sweep the moon),
 I'll lend thee a broom to ride on.

Count. Ha, ha!—well?

- Mord.* I will, by Sathan! You shall be equipped
With expedition for a northern journey.
But speak,—and ere the morning stars look pale
We'll breathe above the Baltic.
- Count.* Ha, ha, ha!
- Mord.* I'll take thee there upon a goat's back flying,
Look! amongst all those lights: dost see 'em twinkling?
- Count.* Away! I could not do an impious deed
Before the eternal splendour of the stars!
- Mord.* Ho, ho, ho, ho! Now 'tis my turn to laugh.
By Momus, you jest well. Didst ever hear
Of Agaberta, that most famous witch?
- Count.* No.
- Mord.* Thou shalt see her. She shall give thee philtres,
So thou mayst change to air, or walk in fire—
- Count.* Peace, peace! no more: the place seems full of frenzy.
Millions of sparks go dancing through the air:
My brain grows sick and dizzy. How is this?
An armed phantom seems to gaze upon us!
- Mord.* That is my master.
- Count.* What, yon piece of cloud?
- Mord.* Ay, sir, yon lofty gentleman. Folks say
He was a gambler once, and dared a stake
Such as before or since was never won.
He lost, indeed—
- Count.* 'Tis gone!
- Mord.* He came to show
How tenderly he watches over us.
Hark! there are footsteps coming: This way, sir.
They must not track us. Hush!
- Count.* How the wind wails! [*Exeunt.*

DON FERRAND and INEZ enter.

Don F. Look ! where they go, well mated (rake and knave),
The tavern brawler, and his crooked friend !

Inez. Uncle,—beware !

Don F. If the fierce devil still
Sends out his brood to blacken this fair world,
That slave is one,—he with the dusk brute visage,
And shuffling gait, and glittering scorching eyes,—

Inez. But Manuel, sir, has nought in common with him.
The Count of Ortiz, be whoe'er his mates,
Owns something still, methinks, which asks respect.

Don F. Soh ! soh ! You love him still ? *You*, Melchior's
daughter,
With half a kingdom for your dowry ? Good !

Inez. I love him ?—Well, I love him. What must follow ?

Don F. Nothing ; all's said : The worst extremity
Of baseness and enduring grief is touched.

Inez. Speak gently, sir ; and speak more nobly too,
Of one who (though now fall'n) *was* good and wise :
Valiant he *is*, sir, and a peer of Spain ;
And on his brow wears his nobility !
Why do you scorn him, sir ? He ever spoke
Kindly of you : and when my father's fame
And tottering greatness asked for some strong help
He went unto the king, and pled for him.

Don F. That story wants but truth. If time be given——

Inez. If time be given, he'll force the world give back
Its bright opinion, sir, and show him honour.
Oh ! then (*if* he return, and stand redeemed

From his wild youth and be—what he *may* be)
 Soon shall the poor maid cast her mask of pride,
 And look, once more, love upon Manuel! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An underground Cemetery.*

*The COUNT and MORDAX are dimly seen descending a
 broad flight of steps in the distance.*

Mord. (*entering*). Adieu, Sir Phosphor! For thy light, take
 thanks!

We've barred the world out bravely, noble count!

Count. Where are we? What! is *this* the road? 'tis dark.

Mord. Ay; but as fire is dashed from out cold stone,
 We'll pluck bright wonders from this world of night.
 One of earth's wisest sons, 'tis said, taught men
 That they should seek her subtle secrets—not
 In their near likeness, but in opposite shapes,—

Count. Ho, speak! Who goes? I thought—but no, 'twas
 nothing.

Mord. 'Tis nought. Look up! This is a cemetery.
 Take care, else you may stumble on a king.
 Halloo! Methought I trod on a fool's skull.
 This is a learned spot, perhaps a bed
 Of full blown doctors; they are harmless now!

Count. You are a nice observer.

Mord. Oh! I am used
 To choose 'tween knave and fool. Dost thou not see,
 There,—a pale stream of light run to and fro,
 Threading the darkness?—'tis a madman's wits.

- Count.* Where are we? Let us go. The air is close :
And noises as of falling waters, mixed
With strange laments and hummings of fierce insects,
Take my ears captive.
- Mord.* O fine harmony !
'Faith, they have dexterous fiddlers here. Who blows
The trumpet honeysuckle in mine ear?
Speak out, Sir Gnome. Hush ! hark ! That gentleman
Who beats the drum must be a cricket?
- Count.* 'Tis one.
- Mord.* Right,—or a death-watch. Now, sir, what's the matter?
- Count.* I felt a clammy touch, as cold as death,
Flap on my cheek, and something breathed on me
An earthy odour—faugh ! as though the tongue
O'er which 't had passed had fed on worms and dust.
Again,—who goes ? Dost thou not hear a trampling ?
- Mord.* Be calm : 'tis but some people from the moon,
Or the star Venus, or from Mercury,
Madmen, or rakes, or monks, fellows who feed
On air, and rail against our homely dishes.
A plague upon the spiritual rogues,
They always abuse their betters !
- Count.* Hush,—sweet music !
The air is vital : every pore seems stung
Until it whispers with a thousand tongues !

*VOICES are heard ; faintly at first, but becoming
gradually more distinct.*

Spirits (below). Come away ! come away !

Spirits (above). Whither ? whither ?

Spir. (below). Come away! come away!
 And leave the light of the fading day!
 Thorough the vapour, across the stream,
 Come,—as swift as a lover's dream!

Come hither! come hither! come hither!
 Over the wood and over the heather!
 Where winds are dying
 Along the deep,
 Where rivers are lying
 Asleep, asleep!

Spir. (above). We come; we are coming;—but whither?

Spir. (below). Come hither, come hither, come hither!

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! hark! hark!
 A power is peopling all the dark
 With wonder,—life, and death, and terror,
 And dreams which fill the brain with error.
 The elves are coming in glittering streams,
 Loaded with light from the moon beams;
 And the gnomes are behind in a dusky legion,
 Hurrying all to their earthen fare:

A VOICE.

Stand, and gaze! for now ye are
 In the midst of a magic region!

Mord. Dost hear, Count? Look about! What see you, sir?

Count. I see a vault,—spectral,—immeasurable,
 Save that at times the gaunt and stony ribs

Bulge through the darkness and betray its bounds :
 And now come countless crowds (millions on millions),
 Whirling like glittering fire-flies round about us :—
 By hell, the things seem human ! Let me pass.

Mord. Stay,—stay, sir : use more patience : you'll dislodge
 These piles of coffins. Kings and counts lie here, sir,
 Shouldering each other from their places still.
 The villanous lifeless lump of clay——

Count. What's that ?
 Methought I heard the arches crack :—Look, look !
 The pillars are alive ! Each one turns round,
 And grins, as though the weight crushed in his brain !
 Dead faces leer upon me ; figures chatter ;
 And from the darkest depths watch horrid eyes !
 Let me come near thee.

Mord. Rest here.

Count. Ha ! I feel
 As though I leant against an iron shape.
 Thy sinews (and thy heart?) are firmly knit.

Mord. Never did nerve or muscle yet give way,
 From fear, or pity, or remorse, or love !
 Never did yet the bounding blood go back
 Into its springs, nor leave my dusk cheek pale.
 But, I'll not boast at present :—Some dull day
 I'll tell you all I've done,—since Cain went mad !
 Meantime, let's see what comes. How fare you now ?

Count. I feel more firm since I did lean on thee.
 But, hark ! the ground labours with some strange birth.
 What volumes of dark smoke she sends abroad !
 Blow off the cloud !

MORDAX blows, and a Mirror is seen.

What's here? Methinks I see
A mighty glass set in an ebon frame.

Mord. Right, sir; true Madagascar; black as hate.
Now then we'll show you what our art can do:
Wilt have a ghost from Lapland or Japan?
Speak! for 'twill cost a minute, and some rhyme.

Count. You're pleasant?

Mord. Sir, they'll not obey plain prose.
Whate'er my friends, the utilitarians, preach;
Verse *has* its use, you see: but listen, senor.

—Come!

Without torch, or trump, or drum,
Every fine audacious spirit
Who doth vice or spite inherit!
By *His* name, long-worshiped 'round
All the red realms underground,
I bid and bind ye to my spell!
By the sinner who doth dwell
In the temple, like a saint!
By the unbeliever's taint!
By the human beasts who riot
O'er their brothers graved in quiet—

Count. You have a choice collection of quaint phrases?

Mord. I picked 'em up, as men of reputation
Steal musty phrases from forgotten books.
But how's this? 'Wake, dust o' the earth! Are ye deaf?
Mischievous? mad? or spelled? or bound in brass?
Away! a million of you tumbling imps

That jump about here ! Hence, and drag before us
 A squadron of sea-buried bones. Begone !
 Ravage the deep, and let us see your backs
 Crack with a ship load from the ooze—Oh, ho !
 Dost thou not hear him ?

Count. A strange noise I hear.

Mord. It is the Atlantic stirring in his depths.
 Dost hear his spouting floods ? Hark ! Banks and cliffs
 Are broken, and the boiling billows run
 Over the land and lay the sea-depths bare !
 Now shall the lean ghosts laugh and shake their sides,
 Cramped by the waves no more.

Count. How the winds blow !

A Throng of Shadows rush in.

Shad. We come :—we have burst the chain
 Of slumber, and death, and pain :
 The ice bolts could not bind us,
 Though they shot through our shrunken forms ;
 And we left the swift light behind us,
 The wrack and the howling storms.

A Group of Spirits descend.

1 *Spir.* I have trod the arid mountains.
 2 *Spir.* I have wing'd the frozen air.
 3 *Spir.* I have left the boiling fountains,
 Which, like flowers rich and rare,
 Spread their leaves of crystal high,
 In the lonely polar sky !

A Crowd of Indian Spirits are driven in.

Ind. Sp. We are come : we came in legions
From the flat and dusky regions,
Where a wooden God they own.
We have perished bone by bone,
Cracked beneath the giant's car,
While our mothers shouted far,
Over jungle, over plain,
And drowned the discord of our pain !

Mord. You see, sir, you may choose your company.

Count. No more of this ; which may be false,—or true.

[Spirits fade away.]

Let me see one I *know* to be now dead.

Mord. Dost see this tawdry coffin ? It is now
A prelate's palace,—Bishop Nunez' see.
The poor at last can come quite near this saint :
Nay, 'round him, now, the worms are met in council :
Cossus and Lumbricus are chosen presidents ;
The one because he is a judge of learning,
And t'other has taste in flesh. Wilt see your friend ?

Count. No, no : I'll not disturb him. What lies here
Beneath this heap of rough and rotting boards ?
A felon's body ! Well,—what shall be done ?

Mord. Kick it, as you would spurn an enemy !

*[Count touches it with his foot : the boards crumble
away and a body is seen.]*

Count. Ha ! Sanchez ! Thou false friend ! Rise up, ye rocks,
Pillars, and floors of stone ! Rise up and press
The villain downwards ! Hell hath let him 'scape.

Mord. This rogue looks paler than his shirt.

Count. Look there !

The name of Sathan is *not* on his brow.

Mord. (*looking*). N—o : there's no name.

Count. And yet, in his black heart,
The devil lived, and swayed him like a slave,
And laughed, and lied, and with a glozing tongue
Cheated the world of love.

Mord. What, *this* poor worm ?
What, he with his throat cut from ear to ear ?
Ha ! ha ! O mighty man !

Count. He slew *my* sister,
So good—so fair—so young—

Mord. I warrant you
The gallant's sorry enough now. Begone !

[*The figure sinks.*]

But how's this ? you look pale, sir. Lean on me :
I'll be the reed, at least, if not the rock.
But, hush ! strange music, like a swarm of bees,
Seems oozing from the ground !

VOICES *from below.*

Hush !—there is a creature forming :
Earth is into beauty warming :
Between dust, and death, and life,
There is now a crimson strife :
Between fire and frozen clay,
Water, ether, darkness, day,
There is now a magic motion,
Like the slumber of the ocean

Heaving in the sullen dawn!
—Is the cloud withdrawn?

A Voice. 'Tis withdrawn!
Friends and foes are met together,
Like a day of April weather,
Beauty hand in hand with death;
What is wanting?—only breath!

The Shadow of the Body of a Girl rises.

Count. Speak, ere I look. What comes?

Mord. A sleeping girl.
Yet—round her white throat winds a dark red line:
What can it mean?

Count. (*looking up*). Ha! 'tis herself, dead, dead!
Poor girl, poor girl, too early lost! Was Fate
(Who gives to all the wretched store of years)
A niggard but to thee?

Mord. Soh,—let her pass.

Count. Yet *one* look; for methinks it is (though pale)
A pretty picture. When stern tyrants perish,
False slaves, or lustful men, we look and loathe
The ghastly bulks; but beauty, pale and cold,
(Albeit washed never in Cimolian earth),
Like the crushed rose which will not lose its sweets,
Commands us after death. She sleeps, she sleeps!
Have you no power to wake her from her sleep,—
To give the old sad accents to her tongue?

Mord. 'Tis past my power.

Count. I'll give thee—

- Mord.* Noble Count,
Dost think I'm bought with gold ?
- Count.* I'll worship thee——
- Mord.* Umph !—that sounds better. Yet,
I cannot do't,—or must not. Wouldst thou have
The dead turn traitors and betray the grave ?
- Count.* Didst thou not swear that I should look through time ?
See joy and sorrow ? wherefore drag me here ?
- Mord.* Sir, you shall see the future, if you will.
But, patience ! This fair thing must vanish first ;
And then we'll try your fortune. Say farewell !
- Count.* Farewell, my dear one—Ha ! be gentle with her.

Dirge, during which the Body sinks.

Lay her low in virgin earth,
Till she claim a brighter birth !
Let the gentle spirits weave
Songs, for those who love to grieve,—
Maidens, mothers, lovers (they
Who have locks too early gray),
Fathers who are tempest tossed,
Widows who have won—and lost !
Children, fairer than the morning,
Die and leave an awful warning,
With the unhealing wound, whose smart
Never quits the childless heart !

- Count.* Now let us look on that which is to be.
- Mord.* My glass is there : yet, ere you gaze, think well.
The future——
- Count.* Bid it come, as terrible

As tempest or the plague, I'll look upon't
 And dare it to an answer. Methinks I feel
 Swollen with courage or some grand despair,
 That lifts me above fortune. Quick ! unveil
 Your dusky mirror, you, lords of the mansion !

Mord. Base goblins, quick ! Unveil your lying glass,
 And let my lord look in. Now, noble Count,
 What see you ? [*Shadows appear on the Mirror.*]

Count. Ha !

Mord. Two figures, like ourselves !
 We're linked together, Count ?

Count. True ; but *thy* shadow
 Wears a strange cunning look and quivering eye,
 And the face changes—Ha ! from young to old,
 From fair to dark—from calm to smiles—to mirth !
 From mirth, look ! into—Ha ! DIABOLUS ?
[*turns round quickly.*]

Mord. What is't ?

Count. 'Tis gone !

Methought thou didst assume a fearful visage.
 Let me look on thee nearer :—no, thou'rt fair,—
 As fair as truth.

Mord. No fairer ?

Count. Wouldst thou be
 Whiter than truth ?

Mord. Why,—no : in fact, *my* notion
 Is that she wears a much too cold complexion.
 Now, sir, I like the olive,—or the black.
 Then, she was naked too, or poets lie :
 Give *me* some covering, though 't be but a mask.

Count. That was a fearful face I saw!

Mord. Forget it.

Let us consult the mirror once again.

[*Other Shadows appear.*]

Count. Heaven! 'tis herself, my love, my dear, dear Inez!
She *will* be mine. After Love's fears and pains,
The god sits crowned with roses! What are *they*?

Mord. Your children.

Count. Both?—How fair! no lily fairer.
See, with what matron smiles the mother bends,
Kissing their veined temples with her lips!
Mine? mine? *all* mine? O, Fate, why did I swear
Hate everlasting to thee? I abjure
My rashness at thy feet.

Mord. Had you not better

Dip once again in the dark lottery?

Perhaps this spring may change. But see—what comes?

[*The Shadows alter.*]

Count. A thin shape comes: 'tis like myself; *so* like,
That, but 'tis younger and more spare and pale,
I'd say—'twas I.

Mord. This phantom never lived.

Count. I'll call it. Thou——!

Mord. Be still! You must not talk
To that which ne'er was flesh. Unto my ears
Confide your transports: We may talk together;
Though not to them. These pigmies are as proud
As a rich tradesman, or a new-made lord.

Count. Who is the vision? Speak!

Mord. It is—your son.

Count. Forbid it, Heaven ! Sickness or want hath struck
This pale thin boy with death Must he then bear
Youth without blossom ? without age, decay ?
After all childhood's ills and pains endured,
(Before life's sweets are blown) 'tis hard to die.
Let him not perish !

Mord. Do you pray *to me* ?

Count. I had forgot : methought the thing was real.
But, see, he comes *alone* ! Shew me the rest,
All the fair shapes, and she, the first and fairest,
Whose beauty crowns my dreams, whose heart is mine
My own ! Not all your juggling tricks can shake
My trust in her unmatched fidelity.

Mord. I said not she was false : she is most true.

Count. O, my fast friend !

Mord. But beauty still is frail ;
And what dishonour could not, DEATH has struck !

Count. Ah !

Mord. Stand up, Count ! What, fall at the first word ?
Why, this is but the future. (*Aside.*) The weak fool

Count. O thou false friend ! (He turns his back on me).
Is there no hope,—no way,—no—— ?

Mord. None ;—yes, *one* !

Count. Quick, quick !

Mord. You need but change your—livery, Count.
You've served one thankless king in camps and council
Have got hard knocks, no rank, and little pay ;
Have been *dishonoured* !—What else need be said ?
Push him aside, and choose a better master.

Count (*pauses*). Umph !—he must be a king.

Mord. *He is.*

Count. A great one.

Mord. He is a king more vast and terrible
Than any one whose cannon shakes the world.
He hath huge hosts, wide realms, and such a power
As the strong tempest hath when it is wroth.
Fate cannot awe him : Death is sworn his slave :—

Count. What devil——

Mord. Hu—sh ! You've guessed well. Hark ! his name—
[*whispers.*

Count. Avaunt ! What art thou ? Who art thou ?

Mord. Your friend ! [*The figure of Mordax changes.*]
Your fellow, too, who'll save all those you love :
But, still, you must be prompt. Your vow runs thus—

Count. I will not hear him. Ears, shut up your sense !

Mord. Choose and be quick, Count ; for you're in some peril.
The Inquisitors have scented out your path,
(They are brave bloodhounds), and will soon be here.

Count. I care not.

Mord. But they've racks, which change men's humours.
Then, for the things thou lovest, *their* graves are open :
Wilt save, or thrust them in ?

Count. Be dumb, thou tempter.
Turn your red eyeballs from me—O, 'tis fable,
Black, base, unfounded, false—what else ? what else ?
Yet, if it be,—and I *can* save them thus—?

[*A noise is heard at a distance.*

Mord. Hark ! they are on thee.

Count. Ha ! is death so near ?

No matter ; let it come :—I shake like fear !

Mord. I still can save thee, thee and all thou lovest :
Quick, speak the word.

Count. The word! what word? Speak on.

[*Voices are heard without.*]

Mord. They're at the door. Say thus: "*I give my soul—*"

Count. Stay! stop! What shall be done? Now, life or death?
The grave for *her*,—or love? God! help me—Ha!
I'm safe—'twas a wild struggle—but I'm safe.
Fiend! I abjure thee (*falls down*), loathe thee—

Officer (without). Open the doors,

In the name of the most Holy Inquisition!

Mord. Ha, ha! the holy rogues!—(*whispering*) You still
may choose,

Life, love, and wealth? or the rack and scaffold? Quick!

Officer (without). Burst through the doors!

[*The doors are broken open, and Officers, &c.
of the Inquisition enter.*]

Ho! seize upon him.—Ha!

My lord of Ortiz?—Sir, Count Melchior heard

You were beset by some fierce enemy.

And sent us here to save you. Raise him up!

Now, where's your foe? Seize on him!

A Voice laughs. Ha, ha, ha!

Officer. I hear a horrid voice, but nothing see.

Spread yourselves out, and search the vaults with care.

Haste, and let none escape.

Count (faintly). 'Tis vain:—he's gone!

Wherefore he came, or who he is, or was—

Officer. We do not ask: Our master bade us say

He'd speak in private with you.

Count. He is wise;

Wise, good, and gentle, as a great man should be.

Bring me before him : I will try to thank him.

I'd go,—but cannot.

Voice laughs again. Ha, ha !

Officer. Lean on me.

Now let us haste : Methinks strange sin and horror

Tenant these lonely vaults : Perhaps they sit

Watching the couches of the wicked dead !

Come, let us go :—to the Count's house, my lord ?

Count. Ay, strait, strait, strait—(*Aside*) and strait to Inez
bosom

Which was (and must once more be) my sweet home !

[COUNT, &c. *exeunt*.]

NANCIE IRVING.

O, KEN ye lovely Nancie,

Of Annan's fairy water ;

O, ken ye lovely Nancie,

John Irving's youngest daughter ?

She's peerless when she speaks,

When silent she's a shiner,

There's sorcery in her song,

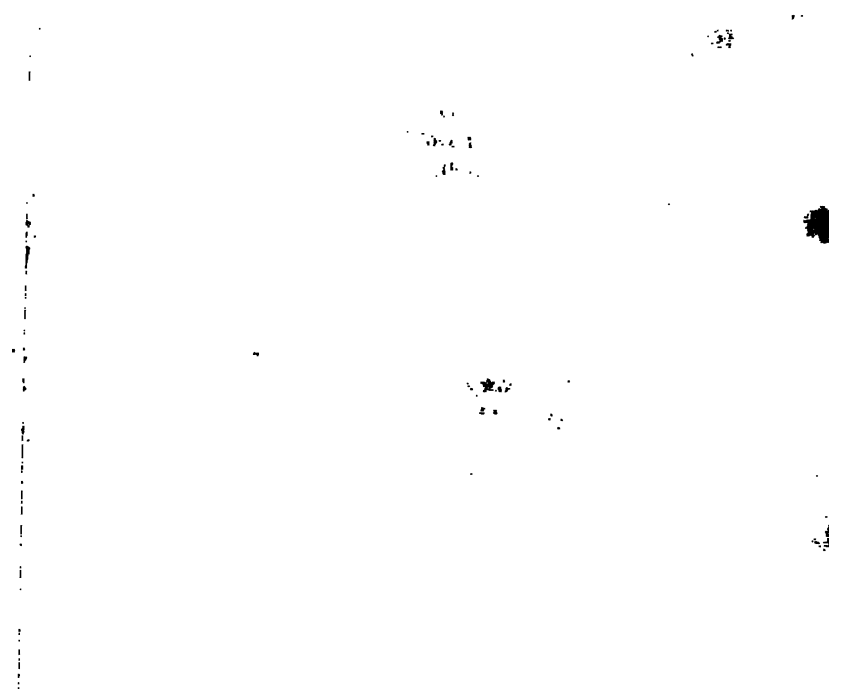
And her dancing's still diviner.

O were I but the light

Of the morning to awake her,

Ere she rises pure and bright,

In the glory of her Maker. A.





J. Hogner & A. pinx.

W. Greathatch. sculp.

LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG.

PRINTED & SOLD BY JOHN SHARPE, LONDON.



A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ?

THERE is nothing, my dear friend, for which I envy former times more than for this, that their information was conveyed from one to another so much by word of mouth, and so little by written letters and printed books. For though the report might chance to take a fashion and a mould, from the character of the reporter, still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man ; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age—inexperienced ignorant youth, to wise and narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditionary memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I know not whether be more pleasant, to look back upon the ready good will, the heartfelt gladness, with which the vene-

rable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past times—the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardships and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs ; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made, upon us whom they favoured with their tale. Of the many traditions which I have thus received, I select for your use one of the most pious and instructive, as well as the most romantic and poetical, for that, while I prize you as a poet, I esteem you as an upright and worthy man. Now, I have such a reverence for the traditions of past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing, and altered nothing, in what I am about to relate, whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.

A branch of my mother's family who lived in Nithsdale, and whom you knew well as distinguished amongst the clergy of that district for faithfulness, had cultivated the most intimate brotherhood with another family, likewise of the Scottish clergy, who, when the father died, betook themselves to Glasgow, where the blessing of God continued to rest upon the widow and the fatherless. When about to repair to that city, to serve our distinguished countryman, my dear and honoured master, Dr. Chalmers, I received a charge from my mother's aunt, now with the Lord, not to fail to pay my respects to the old lady and her children, of whom I had seen the only daughter, when on a visit to our part of the

country. Thus intrusted with the precious charge of an old and faithful family friendship, and with this also for my only introduction, I proceeded to the house of the old lady and inquired for her daughter. The servant who admitted me, mistaking my inquiry as if it had been for the old lady herself, showed me into a large apartment; and deeming, I suppose, that I was well acquainted with her mistress, she shut the door and went away. When I looked around, expecting some one to come forward to receive me, I saw no one but a venerable old woman, seated at the further end of the room, who neither spoke nor removed from her seat, but sat still looking at her work, as if the door had not opened and no one had entered; of which, indeed, I afterwards found she was not conscious, from her great infirmity of deafness. I had therefore time to observe and contemplate the very picturesque and touching figure which was before me. She sat at her spinning wheel, all dressed in black velvet, with a pure white cap upon her head, an ancient plaited ruff about her neck, and white ruffles round her wrists, from under which appeared her withered hands, busily employed in drawing the thread, which her eyesight was too feeble to discern. For as I had now drawn near, I observed that her spinning wheel was of the upright construction, having no heck, but a moveable eye which was carried along the pirn by a heart-motion. She afterwards told me that it had been constructed on purpose to accommodate her blindness, under the direction of her son, a gentleman in a high office in London: for she had so

much difficulty in reading, and was so dull of hearing, that it was a great relief to her solitude to employ herself with a spinning wheel, which also preserved her habits of early industry, and made her feel that she was not altogether useless in the world. I felt too much reverence for this venerable relict of a former generation that was now before me, to stand by, curiously perusing, though I was too much impressed immediately to speak ; besides, feeling a little embarrassed how I should make my approach to a stranger for whom I instinctively felt so much reverence, and with whom I might find it so difficult to communicate. Having approached close up to her person, which remained still unmoved, I bent down my head to her ear, and spoke to her in a loud and slow voice, telling her not to be alarmed at the sight of a stranger, of whose presence she seemed to be utterly unconscious, for that I was the friend of one near and dear to her. I know not whether it was from her being accustomed to be thus approached and spoken to, in consequence of her infirmity of sight and hearing, but she was less surprised than I had expected, and relieved me from my embarrassment by desiring me to sit down beside her ; so I sat down, and told her of her ancient and true friends, whose remembrances and respects, thus delivered, she seemed highly to prize ; and as I had touched upon a chord which was very sweet to her memory, she began to talk of her departed husband, and of my departed grand uncle, who had been long co-presbyters and fast brethren, and had together fought the battles of the kirk, against the inva-

sions of moderation and misrule. I loved the theme and love it still; and finding what a clear memory and fine feeling of ancient times she was endowed withal, I was delighted to follow her narratives, as she ascended from age to age, so far as her memory could reach. When she found that I had so much pleasure in her recollections of former times, she said that she would tell me a story of a still older date, which her father had oft told her, and in which he was not a little concerned. So, pushing her wheel a little away from her and turning her face round towards me, for hitherto for the convenience of my speaking into her ear, she had looked towards her wheel, she began and told me the following history, of which I took a faithful record in my memory, and have oft told it since to pious and well disposed people, though never till this hour have I committed any part of it to paper. I shall not attempt to recall her manner or expressions, but simply recall the very remarkable events of Divine Providence which she related to me.

AFTER the restoration of Charles the Second, when the presbyterian clergy of Scotland were required to conform to the moderate episcopacy which he sought to introduce, the faithful ministers of the kirk were contented, with their wives and children, to forego house and hall, and to tear themselves from their godly people, rather than suffer the civil power to bring guilt upon its own head, and wrath upon the land, by daring, like Uzziah, to enter into the sanctuary of the church and intermeddle with its government and discipline. But

when the civil authorities of the realm, not content with this free will resignation of all they held of their bounty, would require the ordained ministers of the word to shut their mouths and cease from preaching the gospel of the grace of God to perishing sinners, they preferred to obey God rather than man, and the head of the church whose vows were upon them, rather than the head of the state, who had ventured to usurp the power of the keys, instead of resting contented with the power of the sword, which by right appertaineth to them. The first who suffered in this contending for Christ's royal office in his house, was James Guthrie, professor of divinity in the university of Edinburgh. He was the first of that time who was honoured with the martyrs' crown, and having witnessed his good confession unto the death, his head, according to the barbarous custom of those evil days, was placed upon a pole over one of the ports of the city of Edinburgh, called the West Port, which lies immediately under the guns of the castle, and looks towards the south, and west, the quarter of Scotland where the church ever rallied her distressed affairs. And at the same time a proclamation was made at the Cross, and other high places of the city, forbidding any one, under peril of instant destruction from the castle, to remove that head of a rebel and traitor to the king. The body was given to his sorrowful kindred, amongst whom was a youth, his nephew, of great piety and devotedness to the good cause of Christ and his church, of strong and deep and tender affection to his uncle, in whose house he had lived, and under whose

care he had studied until he was now ripe for the ministerial office, and might ere this have been planted in the vineyard, but for the high and odious hand with which ungodly power and prelatical pride were carrying it in every quarter of poor suffering Scotland. This youth, his heart big with grief to see his uncle's headless trunk, vowed a vow in the presence of God and his own conscience, that he would, in spite of wicked men, take down from the ignominious gate his uncle's reverend head, and bury it beside his body. Full of this purpose, and without communicating it to any one, he went his way, at high noon, and climbed the city wall, and from beneath the guns of the castle, in broad daylight, he took down his uncle's head, wrapped it in a linen napkin, and carried it away with him; whether overawing by his intrepidity the garrison, or by his speed outstripping them, or whether protected by the people, or favoured by the special providence of God, my venerable narrator staid not to tell, but as he vowed he was honoured to perform, and in the same grave was the martyr's head buried with his body. Soon was it noised abroad what this devoted and fearless youth had done, who, regardless of his life, was disposed to walk abroad and at large as usual, and abide whatever revenge and violence might be permitted to do against him. But his kindred, and the stedfast friends of the distressed church, perceiving from this heroic and holy act what such a youth might live to perform, set themselves by all means to conceal him from the public search, which was set on foot; and to save him from the high price which was

placed upon his head. Finding this to be almost impossible, in the hotness of the search which the lord provost, zealous in the cause of prelacy, whereof he was a partisan, had set on foot, they sought to convey him beyond seas. This was not difficult at that time, when Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide in, and many of her nobles and gentlemen found it better to leave their lands and habitations and follow their religion in foreign parts, than by following it at home, to suffer fines, forfeitures, imprisonment, and death. These noble witnesses by exile, for that cause for which the ministers and the people witnessed by death, were glad to find pious scholars or ministers who would accompany them as chaplains to their households and tutors to their children, and the name of Guthrie had already risen to such distinction in the service of Christ, and of his church, that little difficulty was found in obtaining for the proscribed youth honourable shelter and occupation in a foreign land. But here, said the venerable matron, I should have told you that young Guthrie was knit to Edinburgh by a tie which made it more after his heart to abide in the face of threatening death than to accept the protection of any noble family or the shelter of a foreign land. For the providence of God to give in this youth a notable example of true faith as well as of high devotion, had fast knit his heart to a maiden of good degree and fervent piety, as the sequel of this sad history will prove, being no other than the only daughter of the lord provost of the city, who with such zeal and bitterness was seeking her lover's life.

To this true love religion had been the guide and minister, as she was destined to prove the comforter; for the soul of this young maiden had been touched with the grace of God, and abhorring the legal doctrines of the curates, she cast in her lot with the persecuted saints, and in the hiding places from the wrath of man, where they worshiped God with their lives in their right hand, these two hearts grew together, as it were, under the immediate eye and influence of the Holy Spirit; and now that they were knit together in the bands of faithful love, they were called upon to sacrifice their dearest affections to the will of God. She, knowing her father's zeal and speed to serve the cruel edicts of the reigning powers, was not only content to part with the proscribed youth, but anxious to hasten his escape from the danger to which he was continually exposed from her father's diligent search; and he, though very loath to leave his heart's desire under the sole authority of a father who sought his life and persecuted the saints of God, was fain at length to yield to the remonstrances of all his friends, and become an exile from his native land. Yet did these pious lovers not part from each other until they had plighted their mutual truth to be for one another while they were spared upon this earth, and to fulfil that vow by holy wedlock, if Providence should bless them to meet in better days. And so they parted, never to meet again in this world of suffering and sorrow.

All this passed unknown to her father, and, indeed, hardly known to herself; for the events of the uncle's

martyrdom, and the nephew's piety and proscription, had awakened the maiden's heart to the knowledge of an affection whose strength she had not dreamed of; and all at once, setting her father, whom next to God she honoured, in direct hostility to him whom more than all men she loved; there was neither time nor room, nor even possibility, to give heed to any other thought than how she might prevent the man whom most she honoured from slaying the man whom most she loved. Fearful predicament for one so young and uncounselled, but a more fearful predicament was reserved for her.

She was her father's only child, and he was a widower; so that all his affections and hopes centred in her alone. Her fear of God made her mind beautiful, and her walk and conversation as becometh godliness. Her father, also, bore himself tenderly towards her predilections for the persecuted preachers, thinking thereby the more easily to win her over to his views, not finding in his heart to exercise harsh authority over such a child. Sore, sore was her heart as she thought on her exiled lover and her affectionate father, who lay in her heart together, and yet she must not speak their names together; than which there is no trial more severe to a true and tender mind. To sit beside her father, night after night, and not dare mention the name of him over whom she brooded the livelong day, was both a great trial, and seemed likewise to her pure conscience as a great deception. But aye she hoped for better days, and found her refuge in faith and trust upon a

good and gracious Providence. But Providence, though good and gracious unto all who put their trust therein, is oft pleased to try the people of the Lord, and make them perfect through sufferings, which truly befell this faithful but much tried lady.

Her father, seeing the hopes of his family centred in his only-daughter, naturally longed to see her united to some honourable and worthy man, which, above all things, she feared and sought to prevent, well knowing that the man to whom she had betrothed herself could not be he. Her father's official rank and good estate made her hand to be sought by young men of high family, with whom he would have been glad to see her united, but her own disinclination, to the cause of which he must remain a stranger, continually stood in the way, until at length, what at the first he respected as a woman's right, he came at length to treat as a child's perverseness; and being accustomed to obedience, as the companion and colleague of arbitrary men, leagued in the bad resolution of bowing a nation's will from the service of God, he was tender upon the point of his authority, especially over a child whom he had so cherished in his bosom. At length, when his patience was well nigh worn out, the eldest son of a noble family paid his court to the betrothed maiden, and her father resolved that he should not be gainsayed. When she saw that there was no escape from her father's stern and obstinate purpose, she resolved to lay before him the secret of her heart. Terrible was the struggle, for she dreaded her father's wrath; and yet at times she would

hope from a father's kindness. But when he heard that she had given her affections to the man who had defied his authority and set at nought the proclamation of the state, his wrath knew no bounds. His dignity as chief magistrate, which had been braved by that young man; his religion, which had been contended against by him and his fathers; his prospect of allying his family to the nobles of the land; and, above all, the joy of heart which he had set upon his beautiful, his obedient, and his only child, arose together in his mind, and made him sternly resolve that she should not have for a husband the man of her own choice. It was in vain she pleaded a woman's right to remain unmarried if she pleased. It was in vain she pleaded a Christian woman's duty, not to violate her faith, nor yet to give her hand to one, while her will remained another's. When she found her father unrelenting, and that he would oblige her upon her obedience to marry the man of his choice, she felt that she had a duty to perform likewise unto him whom he would make her husband. But whether God would, in her case, teach unto all young maidens a lesson how they betrothed themselves without their fathers' consent, or whether he would show to betrothed maidens an example of true heartedness and faithfulness to their plighted troth, it was so ordered that this pious and dutiful child should find both a hard hearted father and a hard hearted husband, who vainly thought that their after kindness would atone for their present cruelty. But, alas! it fared to her and them as she had told them beforehand, that they were mingling poison in their cup, and

together, a father and a husband, compassing her death. Oh that this tale of sorrow might prevent such deeds of stern authority and unrelenting wilfulness! This young woman, who had borne a lover's peril of death, and a lover's exile from his land, and hidden her sorrows in her breast, without a witness, through the strength of her faith, could not bear the unnatural state in which she now found herself placed, but pined away, without an earthly comforter, and without an earthly friend. Resignation to the will of God, and a conscience void of offence, bore her spirits up, and supported her constitution for the space of twelve months only, when she died, without a disease, of a blighted and withered heart. Yet, not until she had brought into this world of sorrow an infant daughter, to whom she left this legacy written with her dying hand: 'I bequeath my infant daughter, so long as she is spared in this world, to the care of William Guthrie, if ever he should return to his native land; and I give him a charge before God, to bring up my child in the faith of her mother, for which I die a martyr, as he lives a banished man.'

This, all this misery, had passed unknown to her faithful lover, who had no means of intercourse with his own land, and least of all with that house in it from which his death warrant had issued and vigilant search gone out against him. But shortly after these things were consummated, a full opportunity was given to him and every brave hearted exile, to take share in that great demonstration which was made by William of Orange for the Protestant cause in Britain. Without

delay, William Guthrie hastened to Edinburgh, where all the faithful sufferers for the truth were now overwhelmed with joy. But for him, alas! there awaited in that place only sorrow upon sorrow. Sorrow, they say, will in a night cover the head of youth with the snows of age; sorrow, they say, will at once loose the silver cord of life, and break the golden pitcher at the fountain; and surely hardly less wonderful was the change wrought on William Guthrie's heart, which grew cold to the land of his fathers, and indifferent to the church for which the house of his fathers had suffered so much. For in his absence also, his cousin or brother, I wot not which, the persecuted minister of Fenwick, and the author of the 'Trial of the saving Interest in Christ,' with other principal works of practical godliness, had been violently ejected from his parish, and died of sorrow for the suffering church. Wherefore the youth said that he would turn his back upon the cruel land for ever, and with his staff go forth and seek more genial heavens. They sought to divert his grief, but it was in vain. They sought to stir him up to exercise his gift and calling, of a minister, but it was in vain. His faculties were all absorbed in the greatness of his grief, and the vigour of his heart was gone. One thing only bound him to that cruel city, the charge he had received of the infant child, whom God spared only for a short season after his arrival, and then removed to himself. Upon this, true to his purpose, he took his staff in his hand and turned his face towards England, which hath often yielded shelter since, to many a Scotchman tossed

in his own land with envious and cruel tempests, and by the way he turned in to the town of Dumfries, being desirous to take solemn leave of some of his kindred before leaving his native land for ever. His friends soon saw of what disease he was pining, and being men of feeling, they gave themselves to comfort and heal him. Being also men truly devoted to the church, they grieved that one who had proved himself so faithful and true should thus be lost from her service. They meditated, therefore, how they might win him back unto God and to his duty, from this selfish grief which had overclouded all his judgment. But wisely hiding their intent, they seemed only to protract his visit by friendly and familiar attentions, taking him from place to place, to show him the monuments of those who, in the much persecuted dale of the Nith, had sealed their testimony with their blood; skilfully seeking to awaken the devotion of the martyr, that it might contend with the sorrow of the broken hearted lover. And from day to day, as thus they endeavoured to solace and divert his grief, they would point out to him how, now that the church had gotten rest, she was threatened with a hardly less grievous evil, arising out of the want of well educated and well principled ministers, who had been mostly cut off by martyrdom, imprisonment, or exile. And as they spake to him of these things, they would gently, as he could bear, press upon him their grief and disappointment that he who was fitted by his learning and devotedness to be an example and a help to many, should thus surrender himself to unavailing grief, and forsake the

church which his fathers had loved unto the death. And being now removed from Edinburgh, the scene of his sufferings, the seat of business and bustle and hard hearted men, and dwelling amongst the quiet scenes and noble recollections of his country, he felt a calm and repose of soul which made it pleasant to abide amongst his friends.

Now, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, there is a parish called Irongray, and in the remote parts of this parish, in a sequestered hollow amongst the hills, looking towards the south and west, whence least danger came, but on every other side surrounded with summits which command the whole of Nithsdale, the foot of Annandale, and a great part of Galloway. In this hollow are to be seen at this day, nearly as they were used, tables and seats cut out of stone, at which the persecuted people of the country were wont to assemble from the face of their enemies, and meet their pastors, who came forth from their caves and dens of the earth to administer to them the precious memorials of the dying love of our Lord; for which they are called, to this day, the communion tables of Irongray. And as they were filled by one company after another, some were stationed upon the summits round about to keep watch against the approach of their persecutors. To these communion tables of Irongray would William Guthrie wander forth and meditate upon the days of old; and then there would come over his heart a questioning of his backwardness and opposition to the work of the Lord, like the voice which spake to Elias in the cleft of the rock

of Sinai, saying, "What doest thou here, Elias?" Now, it so happened at that time, that the faithful people of Irongray were without a pastor, and God was preparing to give them one according to his own mind. Little wist William Guthrie why God permitted that darkening of His glory, and hiding of His face, in his soul. Little knew he for what end God had loosened him from Edinburgh, and from Angus, the seat of his fathers, driven him from his station, and "tossed him like a ball into a wide country." Little thought he wherefore he was turned aside from his heedless course, and drawn and kept for a season at Dumfries.

The people of Irongray, as I said, were, in the south, like the people of Fenwick in the west, a home and a rallying place unto the distressed of the Lord; and if aught under heaven, or in the Providence of God, could hallow a spot, which may not be until Jerusalem be rebuilt and his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, then would these communion tables of stone, from which so many saints, famishing saints, were fed with heavenly food, have hallowed the parish of Irongray. But though there may not be any consecrated places under this dispensation, there is a Providence, be assured, which extendeth itself even to the places where worthy and zealous acts have been done for the testimony of God and of his Christ. And in no way was this faithfulness, unto a well deserving and much enduring parish, shown more, than in that providence which drew this much tried and faithful youth to their borders. Haply moved thereto, and guided by the friends of

the youth, who longed for his stay, the heads of the parish came and entreated him to become their pastor, offering him all affection and duty. Whereupon our worthy was much pressed in spirit, and sorely straitened how he should refuse, or how he should accept the entreaties of the people; and then it was that his heart said, "What art thou, foolish man, who settest thyself up against the providence of God? Hast thou suffered like Job, or like any of the cloud of witnesses, wilt thou leave that land unto which thou hast received thy commission to preach the gospel? What would she thou mournest advise thee to do in this strait? How wouldst thou most honour and best please her whom thou believest to be a saint of God? Would it not be in caring for those with whom she preferred to cast in her lot, and unto whose society she bequeathed her child?" And thus, after sore strugglings between the righteousness of duty and the inclination of grief, between the obedience of the Head of the church and the idolatry of a departed saint, whom he loved as his own soul, he surrendered himself to the call of the heads of the parish and was ordained over the flock. Yet, so far as nature was concerned, there was a blank in his heart which he preferred should remain a blank, rather than seek the fellowship of any other woman. Year passed over year, and found him mourning; for thirty years he continued to deny himself the greatest comfort and joy of human life, though drawn thereto by a true and tender heart, but after this long separation unto the memory of her who had proved herself so faithful unto him, he at

length yielded to the affections of the living and married a wife. Of which marriage," said the venerable old mother who told me the history, "I am the fruit."

Such was the history of her father; after hearing which, you may well believe, my dear friend, I was little disposed to listen to any thing besides. My desire for traditions was swallowed up in deep sympathy with the wonderful narrative which I had heard; and I felt disposed to withdraw to my own reflections. But the worthy and venerable woman would not suffer me to depart until she had taken me to her own little apartment and shown me a small picture, but whether of her father or of her husband, who was minister of the neighbouring parish of Kirkmahoe, I cannot now recall to my remembrance. She also showed me the Bible on which she was wont to read, and told me it had been the Bible of a queen of England. I took my leave; and not many weeks after, I followed her body to the grave: so that this story, if it contain any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend, may the Lord make us worthy of our sires!

THE SNUFFBOX.

A LADY young and gay and fair,
 And joyous as a bird in May,
 Sat nigh a youth who much did look,
 Sigh sometimes, and but little say.
 He looked first this, then looked that way,
 And upward looked. The lady free,
 Smiled as she said, " Kind sir, I pray,
 What colour may your musings be?"

He answered with embarrassed brow,
 " O they are pure, for I did think
 On hér I love, and she is fair
 As lily on a rivulet's brink,
 Where lambs stay and forget to drink,
 With looking on the flower." Aside
 She turned and seemed nigh hand to sink,
 Then spoke, and spoke with meikle pride.

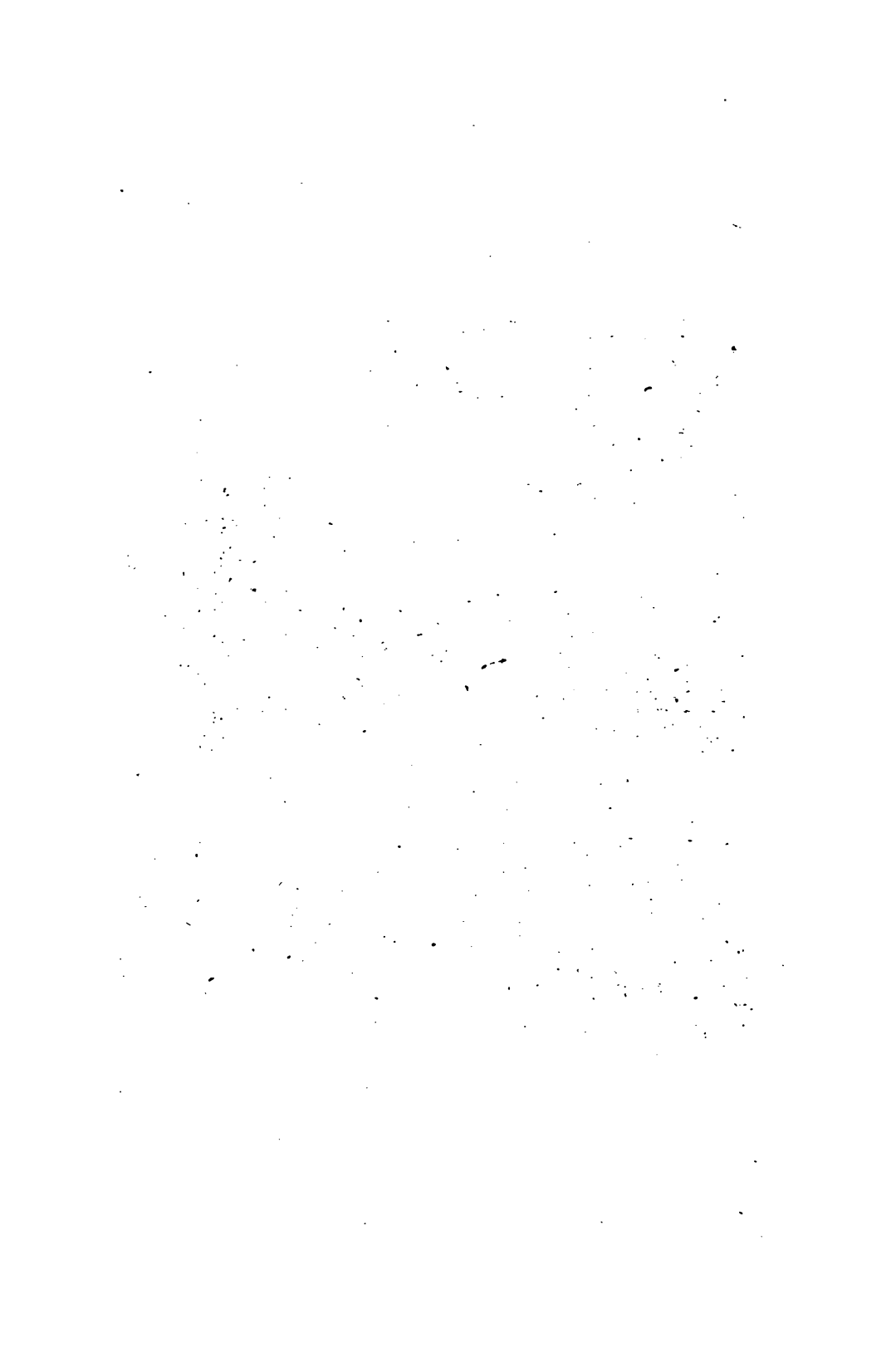
" I leave thee to thy thoughts, to shapes
 Formed, like thy words, of empty air."
 Her curls, her head, disdainful tossed,
 Like rays of sunshine here and there.



F. P. Shepherd pinx.

H. Robinson sculp.

THE SNUFF BOX.



Then gathering thus her golden hair,
She would have gone, when he said, "Stay,
See my love's form, is she not fair
And lovely as a morn of May?"

She took the jewelled box ; she looked
Upon the mirrored lid ; she grew
Like crystal stained with rosy wine,
Or like a sunbeam seen through dew.
She saw herself, and sidelong drew
Nigh him, and with a soft low voice,
Said, " If the mirror tells me true,
I know her, and approve thy choice."

Such is the story told by one
Excelling in the natural way
Of saying simple things, whom none
In elegance surpassed. The gay,
The grave, the young, and hoary gray,
Love Nature in her meek undress.
No more, for words will poorly say
What Art's embodied thoughts express.

THE SORROWS OF HOPE.

BY GEORGE DARLEY, ESQ.

“ ARRAY! array the bridal feast!
 Be ready, paranympths and priest!
 Hurry to church the swooning Maid!—
 The rite is done, the blessing said:
 She is the old Lord Walter’s wife,
 Her destiny is sealed for life!
 No heir from these unfruitful bands
 Shall step between us and her lands,
 Which should have come to us by right;
 Our Uncle was a drivelling wight
 To leave the Girl his treasures, when
 He had as near relations men!”

So spake her Cousins. Months flew past,
 I left my fevered couch at last:
 “ O, Eveline! dear Cousin! now
 For thy soft hand to sooth my brow!
 Thy breath, as sweet as morning air,
 To pour its perfume on my hair!
 Come, with thy harp, my soul to calm;
 Come, with thy voice, my spirit’s balm!
 Sweet-murmuring, like the forest dove,
 Sing me the ditty that I love!”

A brother's voice in laughter broke
Close at my elbow as I spoke :
'Twas Simon, with as sly a grin
As drunken Death might cast on Sin :
Another face as blear, but older,
Looked with a death-sowl o'er his shoulder,
My brother Roland's ; black as night,
When Hell has suffocated light.

“Six months ago, our Cousin wed,
While you lay groaning on your bed ;
And now is—where, the Heavens can say !—
But sure some thousand miles away.
Glad was the Nymph to save from you
Her broad lands and her beauty too.”

Had Heaven upon my head let fall
The fiercest thunderbolt of all,
It had not withered thus my youth !
Age came at once : in very sooth,
By agony, in one short day,
My raven locks were turned to gray !
Misfortune now most bitter made
The scenes where we together strayed,
The hills we ranged like two gazelles,
The banks we sought for cowslip bells,
Or lily pale, her favourite flower,
The darkling grove, the secret bower,
The simple lays our hearts approved,
The tales of beauty that we loved,
The silent, dim, secluded vale,
Where love had breathed his ardent tale,—

All, all like bosomed scorpions were,
That stung with native vigour there.
In foreign lands, perchance, thought I,
These adders of the mind may die.

With empty scrip, but heart o'erflowing,
I chose an autumn morn for going.
Vain hope, indeed, the hope to find
In change of place, a change of mind !

“ My Eveline !—that potent name
Should still my deathward steps reclaim.
I would not quit this mortal sphere
And think I left thee lonely here ;
I would not quit this terrene shore,
Till I beheld thy face once more.”
Methought, that while my throbbing heart
Was conning o'er this bleeding part,
A shadowy form, like that I loved,
Before my dim perception moved ;
And uttered with a plaintive cry—
“ We'll meet again before we die !”
Howe'er it was, that strong belief
Upheld me 'gainst the waves of grief
Which stormy Fate against me blew :
I hoped, I thought, I felt, I knew
These arms which circled her before
Should press her to my heart once more !
And still whene'er my spirits fell,
Came the sweet voice I knew so well.

I passed one time the lordly towers
Which Shirewood's giant grove embowers,

Beneath whose antiquated reign
Spreads far and wide a green domain :
O'er the soft mead and velvet lawn
Range the staid deer and trotting fawn,
Or primly walk the long arcades,
Like owners of those secret shades.
But on this day, I ween, they stept
Less stately, and the in-wood kept ;
For since the upspring of the morn,
Their ears had echoed to the horn,
And the keen stag-hound's fatal yell
Tolled in them like a passing bell.
I chanced to pass the greenwood nigh,
When the loud pack came sweeping by,
With gallant hunters in their train,
Who all, but one alone, were men.
She on a milkwhite palfrey rode,
That seemed too happy for his load.
In suit of silvan green, the Maid
Was like a kirtled woodnymph clad :
A velvet helm, jet black, she wore,
With snow-bright plumage nodding o'er.

Along they flashed : I could not trace
The clouded features of her face,
Although I guessed it lovely fair ;
But as she past, two rings of hair,
Like twisted threads of matted gold,
Behind each snowy ear were rolled.
My pulse throbbed high ! There was but one
With tresses wound from off the sun,

Like these !—'Tis she ! so bliss be mine !
I knew her by her locks divine !
'Tis Eveline !—And at a bound
I broke the sanctuary ground ;
The greenwood rang with shrill alarms,—
She screamed, and fell into my arms !
“ My Eveline ! my heart-sworn bride !
Look up ! behold thy love ! ” I cried,
And tore her jealous veil aside—
When, Oh ! what horror sealed mine eyes !
What shrieks of anguish and surprise
Burst from my lips !—Fond wretch, away !
'Tis young De Bohun's Ladye gay.

Through fair Hesperia's balmy clime
I journeyed in that reckless time
Which Superstition grants to Sin
For acting her loose pleasures in,
Ere her own gloomy rites begin,—
The Carnival. Fair Florence shone,
The imperial Druggist's classic town !
Like the great orb at going down,
Gorgeous and glorious ; while the breath
Of fuming Luxury beneath,
Who led the wine-flushed, panting crowd,
Sat o'er the city like a cloud ;
Dizzying the sight, though amber clear,
Of all in its Circean sphere.

'Mid all this joy, and hum, and whirl,
Who is that melancholy girl ?
Fixed on that marble block alone,
She seems of kindred to the stone ;

Woe, looking at her clasped hands,
Or counting Death's slow minute sands ?

So wrapt my thoughts, I spoke aloud,
When one of the near-standing crowd :
" Alas ! who knows not, by her mien,
The lovelorn lady Eveline ?
An angel from another sphere,
Whom friends by force have carried here ;
Because her maiden choice, 'forsooth,
Instead of palsied Age, was Youth !"

No more ! my heart has long confest
Her presence whom it knows the best !
Long ere we die, indeed, we meet !—
I rushed, and threw me at her feet :
With upraised arms and streaming eyes,
Poured out my soul in sobs and sighs,
And broken words, and gasps of joy,
Like a fond, visionary boy !
Then rose the statued beauty, while
Her eyes betrayed a pitying smile,
And sighing like a thing of clay,
Walked slow and silently away.

At once the hope my folly nursed,
Her tall majestic form dispersed :
That beauteous Grief might be a queen,
But, ah ! 'tis not my Eveline !

Along the deep majestic Rhine,
Flowing as dark as his own wine,
I took my meditative way.
Dim Twilight, in her veil of gray,

Stood on the Eastern hills afar,
Watching pale Vesper's beacon star.
Pondering, I woke not from my dream
Till broadly o'er the rippling stream,
A battlemented mansion threw
Its form athwart the sullen blue.

Lost in the splendour of the sight,
I gazed upon the vision bright,
And stood in long abstraction here ;
When sweetly, faintly on my ear,
O'er the reflecting waters stole
A strain deep drawn from Passion's soul ;
Melody that the Saints might sigh,
Seeing a sister spirit die.

"The very voice ! the very lay !
My Eveline ! O haste away !
Descend ! descend ! my bride ! my wife !
The pride, the passion of my life !"—
Ere twenty ripples kissed the shore,
We ferried the deep current o'er,
And like two doves that seek their nest,
Flew through the greenwood, breast to breast.

At length ! at length my hopes are crowned !
At length my Eveline is found !
Even in its treasury of ill,
Heaven had some mercy for me still !
She gazed—she faintly, wildly screamed—
The moon which then unclouded streamed,
Fell on her cheek, the boughs between—
O God ! it was not Eveline !

Down sank I, as a corpse that stands
Falls, when you take away your hands.

Homeward I bent my steps again—
Joined by a youth from old Bretagne,
Upon whose brow, though fair and young,
The cloud of melancholy hung ;
His raven curls and sable plume
Deepened his fixed look of gloom,
And though I often wished to be
Left to my own sad company,
I could not to a Youth so fair,
So desolate, refuse his prayer,
That he “ might journey o’er the wild
With the good Pilgrim, as his child.”

Together, then, we journeyed on,
Like father and his youthful son ;
For Grief was canker to my prime,
And Woe had done the work of Time,
And cloak and staff and scallop shell
Suited my tremulous accent well.

With this poor Youth (I heard him sigh)
My ministry begins, said I ;
Some vision seems to haunt his mind,
He often starts and looks behind,
As if some foe or spectre grim,
Studios of blood, still followed him.
Like ivy round an elder tree,
He crept, he clung, he grew to me ;
And trembling pulled me from the way
Which through the mountain valley lay.

"No! we must quit the sunny road,"
Said I; "this leads to my abode;
The deep, green, silent valley's shade
Seems for the weary pilgrim made."

We went. A visor'd horseman keen,
Rushed on us from a dark ravine;
And fierce of mood and fell of hand,
Struck my fair comrade with his brand,
Who shrieked my name and fled. I drew
My sword and thrust the murderer through.
He gazed, and shuddering on the bank,
"Arden!" exclaimed—and lifeless sank.
I flew into the wood and cried,
"Where art thou, Boy?" But nought replied.

I found him underneath a cave,
Leaning beside a crystal well,
Into whose green translucent wave

His piteous tears in silence fell.
He dipt his napkin in the spring,
And wiped therewith his pallid brow,
But all the plaint and murmuring
Was from the little stream, I trow,
That bubbled, all too crimson, by;
For scarce the Youth was seen to sigh.

But, oh! more near, I saw his breast
Heave through his scarcely opened vest.
'Tis white as undescended snows,
Or the pure foam that crests the linn!

Full as a woman's breast it rose,
That time he put his napkin in!

O, pity ! see, the breast doth bleed !
And 'tis a woman's breast indeed !

I placed her dying on my knee,
Her bonnet fell upon the green ;
Her golden hair flowed splendidly—
O, God ! it is my Eveline !—

Is this, is this your mercy, Fate ?
Is this the work of Hope or Hate ?

That voice recalled her from the skies.
“ Why ”—and she gazed with dim surprise ;
“ Why from the grave of absence rise
To greet, in vain, my closing eyes ?—
Yet, no !—'tis much to see thy face,
To feel, once more, thy kind embrace ;
I am content, if so thou art,
To find me near thy beating heart ;
'Tis much to hear thy tender tone,
To die in thy loved arms alone.”

These words I echoed with a groan.—
Wishing my sorrows to beguile,
She strove,—but 'twas such pain to smile,
Her lips were grave again.

I wept,
Some unknown tears mine eyes had kept.
“ Weep not ! ” she said, “ but let us give
The few short moments I can live
To sweet affection.—Care and woe,
Young Arden ! have they changed thee so ?
Thy Eveline, too weak for strife,
Was made the old Lord Walter's wife,

While thou, who might'st have been my aid,
Wert on the couch of sickness laid :
Spite of her grief, his bride he bore
To wild Illyria's murmuring shore ;
But threat, nor prayer, deceit, nor dread,
Could force me to his hated bed ;
For still I hoped, when he had died,
I should have been thy unstained bride."—

Sighing (though half immortal !) here,
She wept another human tear.

Then, as I kissed it off: "Nor long
Lived the old Baron. All the wrong
He did, lay with him in his grave.
My soul was on the Adrian wave,
And, bird like, o'er the silvering foam,
Returned to love, and thee, and home.
But—Fortune razed what Fancy reared !
Ere died the Baron, oft appeared

Scowling amid the castle walls,
Two visages my childhood feared ;
Nay, glared upon me in the halls,
Or from the gloomy woods around,
As I passed on, looked out and frowned."

"Death came at last ; and with it, they,
Like vultures, to devour the prey.
Both widowers : so, to strife they grew,
And Simon his dark brother slew.
Meantime, disguised, afoot I fled,
And begged, through France, my way and bread:

But still upon my track pursued
That fiend, who now hath shed my blood,
Lest both my wealth and person, he
Should wrest from him, who married me,
Thyself I hoped ; but, kindly Fate
Comes with the boon a pace too late."

" 'Tis sad—almost too sad—that when
So far I 'scaped—that I should then
Be murdered in my native glen !—
Within thy very arms !—so near
The only bliss that made life dear !—
But vain—all vain, beneath the sun !
Let the great will of God be done !"

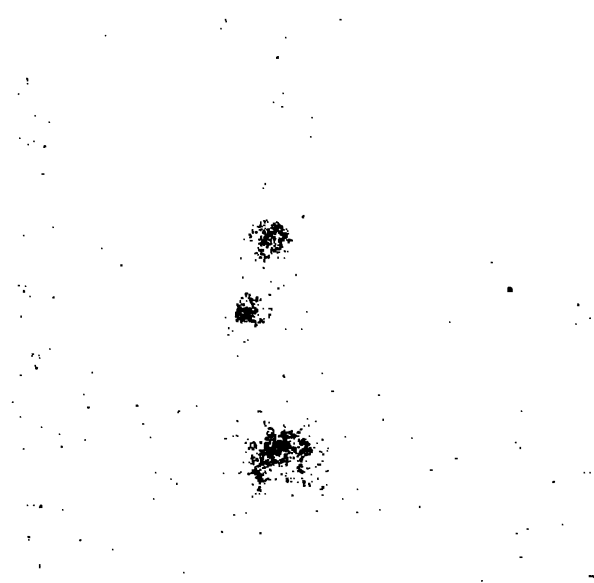
Her lips grew settled : mine begun—
" No pity, Heavens ? No mercy ? none ?"—
She oped her faint death-clouded eye,
Looked up, and whispered in a sigh,
" We meet—some consolation !—
We meet again before we die !"—
Then joined her sister saints on high.

Beneath that fountain's margin-sands
I buried her with my own sad hands ;
And led the little stream to rave
A requiem round her hallowed grave ;
And plucked white roses for her tomb,
Fit emblems of her virgin bloom,
Her beauty, and her luckless doom !

THE YOUNG COTTAGERS.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH is distinguished in British art for truth and force, and his landscapes open out upon us like flowers expanding in the morning sun. Nature was his instructor, and Suffolk woods were his academy. He felt and saw and thought for himself. A group of cattle, a winding brook, a vacant shepherd, a maiden singing through a wood, and a matron smiling at her cottage door, were the themes which inspired him; and these he found, without travel, in the varied scenes of his native island. He loved nature—a little wild and rough and disbevelled; and despised her when trimmed and pruned and reduced to regular beauty and artificial elegance. His hand was ever ready to dash off, at a few hasty and happy strokes, the subjects which touched his fancy; and his fancy and his taste united in selecting what was simple and wild and impressive.

There is a charm about the children running wild in the landscapes of Gainsborough, which is more deeply felt by comparing them with those of his more fortunate rival, Reynolds. The children of Sir Joshua are indeed beautiful creations—free, artless, and lovely. But they seem to have been all nursed in velvet laps and fed with golden spoons. They are the progeny of rank rather than of nature. A long train of powdered tutors and nurses, wet and dry, crowd into the picture as we look,





and we think of future lords and ladies rather than of men and women. This will not be much felt, unless we glance from Reynolds to Gainsborough. There is a rustic grace and untamed wildness about the children of the latter, which speak of the country and of neglected toilettes. They are the true unsophisticated offspring of nature, running unchecked among woods as natural as themselves. They are not afraid of disordering their satins, of soiling their finery, and wetting their shoes. They roll on the greensward, burrow like rabbits, and dabble daily in the running streams. They have an illiterate, yet an intelligent look, with the frank spirit of old England in their eyes.

In this the works of Gainsborough and Reynolds are unlike each other, and both differ materially from the productions of the great painters of Italy. The babes of Raphael and Titian and Correggio are not mortal, they are divine. We think not of mothers' bosoms when we look at them—they are infant divinities—juvenile saints—hallowed babies—allied more to heaven than to human nature—things dedicated to the church and removed from mortal sympathy. We admire, but cannot love them as we do more homely and more earthly things.

ON HEARING "THERE'S A SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME"
SUNG BY ITS AUTHOR, THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

BY MISS A. D. REYNETT.

HUSH ! move not, sigh not, let not breath be heard,
Lest we should lose a tone, a look, a word.
Hark ! 'Tis " a master spirit of his kind,"
And all that's sweet in language is combined
With all that's sweet in sound. 'Tis almost pain
To lose in listening, that delicious strain,
" There's a song of the olden time;" he sings,
And touches the soul's most sensitive strings.

The vision of my early days I see,
The dream of youthful fancy visits me.
Matchless enchanter ! whence derived the power
To bring back with thy spell the blissful hour :
To give again, as in my brightest years,
Those who have left me long, to earth and tears ;
Spirit of Melody ! by every token . . .
Alas ! the strain has ceased, the enchantment's broken.



EVENING TWILIGHT.



BETTER FAR THAN BONNY.

BY JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

HE's what they ca' a bonny lad,
 That I loo best of ony ;
 But, O ! what makes my heart fu' glad,
 He's better far than bonny !
 I met him first at Moffat-Wells,
 Where a' the Nithsdale gentry,
 In summertime, amuse themsels,
 Aud make a joyous entry !

At gloaming, down by yon burnside,
 The last time that I saw him,
 He vowed that I should be his bride,
 Whatever might befa' him :
 But war, that scourge of young delight,
 Has torn him frae my bosom,
 And I am dowie, day and night,
 For fear that I should lose him !

What though there's lairds in Annandale,
 At kirk and market booing ;
 And mair than ane, in Nith's sweet vale,
 That fain wou'd come awooing ?
 Fareweel to them and their green braes,
 Where crystal streams are gliding ;
 For my poor heart, far, far frae these,
 Is wi' my love abiding !

TO JOY.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Joy ! we search for thee in vain
 In the monarch's gilded train,
 In the mask's fantastic crowd,
 In the revels of the proud,
 In the camp or festive hall,
 At the rout and midnight ball.

Thou, in all that's pure and fair,
 Dost delight, O ! Joy, to share.
 In creation's vesper song,
 Warbling with the winged throng ;
 In the cuckoo's mellow voice,
 Shouting to the woods, " Rejoice !"
 Thou art on the dewy lawn,
 Sporting with the lamb and fawn,
 Joining in the frolic play
 Of childhood's happy holiday.
 Thou the homeward bark dost greet,
 Thou art near when lovers meet,
 Thou art in the mother's breast
 When she sings her babe to rest ;
 In all that's lovely, sweet, and holy,
 Thou art e'en in melancholy ;
 Glistening in the hallow'd tear
 Affection sheds o'er virtue's bier.

TYRANTS AND SLAVES.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

“ BY Allah ! I long for the music of war ! ”
 Cried Hassan, and grappled his broad scymitar :
 “ The love of light woman—nay more—the chibouque,
 Are pleasures too tame for my spirit to brook.

“ The poppy’s black juice, the foul infidel’s wine,
 Will not kindle a flame in this bosom of mine ;
 Drag hither the captives, why live such as they,
 When the jackall and vulture are pining for prey ! ”

The slaves of fierce Hassan are gone at his word,
 And each, like a falcon, comes bearing his bird ;
 To sooth the dread Lion, they show with what skill
 The sons of the Prophet have learned to kill.

The fresh-severed heads, nicely ranged upon spears ;
 The sack, quite correct, with its *quantum* of ears ;
 And the last of the lot to eternity sped,
 Well pleased, the Pashaw says his prayers, and to bed.

Though the curses of thousands encompass him round,
 The sleep of the savage is tranquil and sound ;
 Though his guards in the night are his victims by day,
 And loath while they watch him, they do not betray.

O blame not the Moslem, thou pale-visaged Frank,
Free actions are fair "in a man of his rank ;"
Nor cry out with me, " Let his slaves bear the shame !"
Till thou and thy tribe cease to share in the game.

Thy country may boast its religion and law,
Yet it holds many chiefs like the hated Pashaw ;
Their deeds not so daring, their hearts not less vile,
Nor their vassals less ready to suffer and smile.

And better to kneel to a Mussulman lord,
Whose home is the battle, whose bride is the sword,
Than cringe to a creature of Europe, whose claim
Is the glitter of gold, or the sound of a name.

Fly, lovers of freedom, indignantly fly
The pack always yelping the democrat cry ;
Who growl about tyrants, with feelings as base
As ever to earth bent a recreant face.

For what is a tyrant ? the idol of slaves,
Who creep at his bidding to infamous graves,
And make, God of Heaven ! thy image a stool
To bear the vile heel of a madman or fool.

With wormwood and gall may their cup overflow,
Who batten the monster which causes their wo !
Who truckle to riches, or cower to brands,
With souls in their bodies, and arms in their hands !



